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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

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From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., P.R.W.S., in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

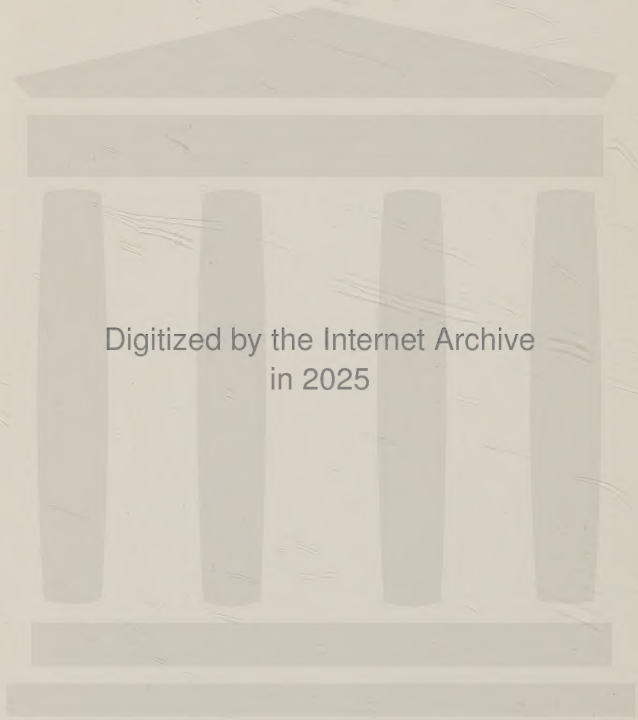
Petruchio brings home his bri

Petruchio. "You logger-headed a
What! no attendanc
Where is the foolish

("The Taming of the Shrew").

polish'd grooms!
regard? no duty?—
I sent before?"

ACT IV., SC. I.



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THE MODERN READERS

SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by
Henry Norman Hudson, M.A.
Israel Gollancz, M.A.
C. H. Herford, Litt., D.
and over One Hundred other
Eminent Shakespearean Authorities.

VOLUME IV

KING JOHN
TAMING OF THE SHREW
KING HENRY IV—PART ONE
KING HENRY IV—PART TWO

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPERIAN EDITORS
NEW YORK

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

King John was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of "Histories." The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II to that of Richard III, with King John and Henry VIII respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John.*

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,* printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was "written by W. Sh.;" in the later edition boldly expanded to "W. Shakespeare." [1] *The Troublesome Raigne* may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> "The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
> Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:
> The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
> Records Philippus Regius filius:

[1] *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles,* ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library;* Nichols' *Six Old Plays, etc.*).

> Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
> Filling the air with glory of my birth:
> Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
> Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." [1]

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i) there is no hero; (ii) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii) its Anti-Romish spirit which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge [2] and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking

[1] *"The Troublesome Raigne"* must be carefully distinguished from Bale's *"Kynge Johan"* (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*cp.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

[2] Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewes.

are the closing words of *The Troublesome Raigne* which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

> "Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign
> And bloody wars are closed with happy league,
> Let England live but true within itself,
> And all the world can never wrong her state.
> Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France
> For never Frenchman got of English ground
> The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
> . . . . . .
> If England's peers and people join in one,
> Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

"KING JOHN" AND "THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE"

In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,[1] though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV): (ii) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,[2] but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e. g.* Constance,[3] Hubert, Pandulph, and espe-

[1] Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e. g.* there is a scene in which the five "moons" actually appear.

[2] Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the Magna Charta in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne.*

[3] The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

> "My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
> When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
> Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
> Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say

cially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John.*

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii) that John "contemned" the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an Adapter,* Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne,* Part i; *Forewords* to *Troublesome Raigne,* Part ii, Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare,* Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare,* Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894), etc.).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

King John is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II* and *Richard III,* especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

> She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
> Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
> Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Shakespeare has probably done more to spread a knowledge of English history, than all the historians put together, our liveliest and best impressions of "merry England in the olden time" being generally drawn from his pages. Though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact, yet in some way and for some reason or other we secretly make him our standard of old English manners, and character, and life, reading other historians by his light, and trying them by his measures, whether we be aware of it or not. He had indeed

> "A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
> And equal surface can make things appear,—
> Distant a thousand years,—and represent
> Them in their lively colors, just extent."

Drawing forth from "the dark backward and abysm of time" the shades of departed things, he causes them to live their life over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye, we being rather spectators than students of their course and passage.

And yet, the further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to acknowledge the general justness of his representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is generally in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy; and the result is in most cases favorable to right conceptions: the events being thereby knit together and articulated into that vital harmony and circulation of nature, wherein they can be better understood, than if they were ordered with literal exactness of

time and place. If, which is often the case, he bring in fictitious persons and events, mixing them up with real ones, it is that he may set forth into view those parts, and elements, and aspects of life, which lie without the range of common history, embodying in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms have not been preserved.

So that, without any loss, perhaps we should say, with much gain, of substantial truth, Shakespeare clothes the dry bones of historical matter with the warm living flesh of poetry and wit, and thus gives them an interest such as no mere narrative could be made to possess, insomuch that thousands, who would fail to be won even by the fascinating pages of Hume, are caught and held by the Poet's dramatic revivifications of the past. If there be any others able to give us as just notions, provided we read them, still there are none that come near him in the art of causing themselves to be read.

But what, perhaps, is most remarkable is, that out of the materials of an entire age and nation he so selects and orders and uses a few, as to give a just conception of the whole; by subtle conveyances impressing upon the mind a sort of daguerre, wherein a close inspection may discern "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" all the lines and features of its life and action, public and private, its piety, chivalry, policy, wit, and profligacy, being gathered up and wrought out in fair proportion and clear expression. So true is this, that even the gleanings of after-times have produced scarce any thing touching the history of old England, but what may be better understood for a previous acquaintance with the Poet's historical representations; though it must be owned that these have in turn received much additional light from those. Where he deviates most from all the historical authorities accessible to him, there is a large wise propriety in his deviations, such as to justify the conjecture entertained by some, that he must have written from some traditionary matter which the historians received in his day had failed to chronicle, but which later researches have amply verified. An in-

stance of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, in the change of character from "the madcap Prince of Wales" to the brave, wise, gentle, heroic Henry V. So that our latest study and ripest judgment in any historical subject handled by the Poet will be pretty sure to fall in with and confirm the impressions at first derived from him; that which in the outset approved itself to the imagination as beauty, in the end approving itself to the reason as truth.

These remarks must not be taken as in disparagement of other forms of history. It is important for us to know much which it was not the Poet's business to teach, and which if he had attempted to teach, we should probably learn far less from him. Exactness and variety of historical knowledge, running out into the details of time, place, and circumstance, is every way a most useful and desirable acquisition. Nor can we be too much on our guard against resting in those vague general notions of the past, which are so often found ministering to conceit, and fume, and fond impertinence. For, in truth, however we may exult in the free soarings of the spirit beyond the bounds of time and sense, one foot of the solid ground of facts, where our thoughts must needs be limited by the matter that feeds them, is worth far more than acres upon acres of cloud-land glory, where men may expatiate forever without coming to anything, because the only knowledge it yieldeth is of that kind which, being equally good for all purposes, is therefore practically good for none, and which naturally fosters a conceit of far-sightedness, because it presents nothing to be seen, and therefore nothing to bound the vision. And perhaps the best way to drive off or keep off this frightful disease is by drawing and holding the mind down to the facts, by gluing the thoughts to the specialties of particular local truth. These specialties, however, it is not for poetry to supply; nay, rather, it would cease to be poetry, should it go about to supply them.

Let none suppose, then, that we would anywise substi-

tute Shakespeare for the ordinary sources of history. It is enough, surely, that in giving us what lay within the scope of his art he facilitates and furthers the learning of that which lies out of it; working whatsoever matter he takes into a lamp to light our way through that which he omits. This, indeed, is to make the historical drama what it should be, namely, "the concentration of history;" setting our thoughts at the point where the several lines of truth converge, and from whence we may survey the field of his subject in both its unity and its variety.

All which is to be understood but as referring to the dramas in English history, these being the only of Shakespeare's plays that were originally, or can be properly, termed historical. And respecting these the matter has been put so strongly and so well by Schlegel, that we gladly avail ourselves of his statement. "The dramas," says he, "derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and are partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly "one" of his works; for the Poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies. The main features of the events are set forth with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs are placed in so clear a light, that we may gain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is designed as the vehicle of a much higher and more general instruction: it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of princes: from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors and crimes of kings, for whole na-

tions, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II to Richard III, are linked together in uninterrupted succession, and embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II, first ends with the accession of Henry VII to the throne."

In respect, however, of *King John*, what we have been saying must be received with not a little abatement or qualification. As a work of art, the play has indeed considerable, though by no means the highest merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may easily be overstated. In such a work diplomatic or documentary exactness is not altogether possible, nor is it even desirable any further than may well consist with the laws of art, or with the conditions of the poetic and dramatic form. For to be truly an historical "drama," a work should not adhere to the literal truth of history in such sort as to hinder the dramatic life, or to cramp, or fetter, or arrest its proper freedom of movement and spirit. In a word, the laws of the drama are here paramount to the facts of history; which of course infers that where the two cannot stand together, the latter are to give way. Yet, when and so far as they are clearly compatible, neither of them ought to be sacrificed: historical accuracy, so far forth as it can be made to combine freely with the principles and methods of dramatic life, seems essential to the perfection of the work. And perhaps Shakespeare's mastery of his art is in nothing more forcibly approved than in the degree to which he has reconciled them. And the inferiority of *King John*, as an historical drama, lies in that, taking his other works in the same line as the standard, the facts of history are disregarded much beyond what the laws of art seem to require. For it need scarce be urged that in an historical drama literal truth is fairly entitled to give law, whenever dramatic truth does not overrule it.

The point where all the parts of *King John* center and converge into one has been rightly stated to be the fate of Arthur. That is the hinge whereon the whole action is made to turn,—the heart whose pulsations are felt in every part of the structure. The alleged right of Arthur to the throne draws on the wars between John and Philip, and finally the loss from the English crown of the provinces in France. And so far the drama is strictly true to historical fact. But, besides this, the real or reputed murder of Arthur by John is set forth as the chief if not the only cause of the troubles that distracted the latter part of his reign, and ended only with his life; the main-spring of that popular disaffection to his person and government, which let in upon him the assaults of papal arrogance, and gave free course to the wholesome violence of the nobles. Which was by no means the case. For though, by the treatment of his nephew, John did greatly outrage the loyalty and humanity of the nation, still that was but one act in a life-long course of cruelty, cowardice, lust, and perfidy, which stamped him as a most base and wicked wretch, and finally drew down upon him the general hatred and execration of his subjects. Had he not thus sinned away and lost the hearts of the people, he might perhaps have safely defied the papal interdict; for who can doubt that they would have braved the thunders of the Vatican for him, since they did not scruple afterwards to do so against him? But the fact or the mode of Arthur's death was not the chief, much less the only cause of that loss. So that here the drama involves in its central point such a breach of history, which it is not easy to see how the laws of the dramatic form should require, and which nothing less than such a requirement could fairly excuse: in other words, the rights of historical truth are sacrificed without sufficient cause.

Such a flaw at the heart of the piece must needs greatly disarrange the order of the work as a representation of facts, and make it very untrue to the ideas and sentiments of the English people at the time; for it implies all along,

that Arthur was clearly the rightful sovereign, and his uncle as clearly an usurper, and that they were so regarded: whereas, in truth, the rule of lineal descent was not then settled in the state, and the succession of John to the throne was so far from being irregular, that of the last five occupants four had derived their main title from election, the same right whereby John himself took it.

The same objection lies proportionably against another feature of the play. The life of the Austrian archduke, who had behaved so harshly and so meanly towards Richard I, is prolonged five or six years beyond its actual period, and he is made responsible for the death of the English king, for no other purpose, seemingly, than that the king's natural son may have the honor of revenging his father's wrongs and death. Richard fell in a quarrel with Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges, one of his own vassals. A treasure having been found on the viscount's estate, and a part of it having been offered the king, he claimed the whole; and while in pursuance of this claim he was making war on the owner he was wounded with an arrow from the hand of Gourdon, one of Vidomar's archers. This occurred in 1199, when Leopold of Austria had been dead several years. The play, however, drives the sin against history to the extreme point of making Austria and Lymoges the same person. Now, if such an exploit were needful or desirable for the proper display of Faulconbridge's character, it does not well appear but that the real Vidomar would have answered the purpose: at all events, the thing might surely have been compassed without so gross a breach of historical truth. Here, however, the vice stops with itself, instead of vitiating the other parts, as in the former case.

Again, in the play the people of Angiers stoutly refuse to own either John or Arthur as king, until the question shall have first been decided in battle between them; whereas in fact Anjou, Touraine, and Maine declared from the first for Arthur, and did not waver at all in their allegiance. The drama also represents the imprisonment and death of

Arthur as occurring in England; while in fact he was first put under guard in the castle of Falaise in Normandy, and afterwards transferred to a dungeon in the castle of Rouen, from whence he was never known to come out alive. Other departures from fact there are, which may easily be justified or excused, as being more than made up by a gain of dramatic truth and effect. Such, for example, are the freedoms taken with Constance, who, in the play, remains a widow after the death of her first husband, and survives to bewail the captivity of her son, and the wreck of his hopes; but who, in fact, after a short widowhood was married to Guy of Thouars, and died in 1201, the year before Arthur fell into the hands of his uncle. A breach of history every way justifiable, since it gives an occasion, not otherwise to be had, for some noble outpourings of maternal grief; and her depth of maternal affection might well enough consist with a second marriage, though to have represented her thus would have impaired the pathos of her situation, and at the same time have been a needless embarrassment of the action. It is enough that so she would have felt and grieved, had she been still alive; her proper character being thus allowed to transpire in circumstances which she did not live to see.

But of the justifiable departures from fact the greatest consists in anticipating by several years the papal instigations as the cause of the war in which Arthur was taken prisoner. For in reality Rome had no hand in setting on that war; it was undertaken by Philip of his own will and for his own ends; there being no rupture between John and the Pope till some time after Arthur had disappeared. The crusade which Philip did undertake against John by order of the Pope was in 1213. Thus the Poet brought the two together; and he was right in doing so for this reason, that the conditions of dramatic interest required more intensity of life than either would yield of itself: united, they might stand in the drama; divided, they must fall. So that, by concentrating the interest of both in one, as much of actual truth was secured as could be told

dramatically without defeating the purpose of the telling. Than which no better justification of the thing could well be given, or asked.

Shakespeare drew the material of his other histories from Holinshed, and no doubt he had, or might have had access to the same authority in writing King John. Yet in all the others the rights of historical truth are for the most part duly observed. Which would seem to argue that in this case he not only left his usual guide, but had some special reason for doing so. Accordingly it appears that the forementioned sins against history were not original with him. The whole plot and plan of the drama, the events and the ordering of them, all indeed but the poetry and character, the life and glory of the work, were borrowed. And it seems deserving of special note, that in his historical dramas he committed no offenses worth naming against the laws of his art, but when building on another's foundation.

The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England, upon which Shakespeare's play was founded, came from the press, first, in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first edition was anonymous; the second claimed to be by "W. Sh.," the third by "W. Shakespeare;" which has been taken by some as strong evidence of its being the Poet's work; and would indeed go far to prove it, but that plays that were certainly none of his were often thus fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but he afterwards gave it up, as well he might; and all the English critics since agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did. The German critics, so far as we know, uniformly take the other side, arguing the point at much length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader of but tolerable competence, none able to understand the reasoning, will need it, after having once read the play. Coleridge, indeed,

writing of the play in 1802, went so far as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him;" a judgment in which few, we apprehend, will concur. For not a single passage or even line of the old play is to be found in Shakespeare's *King John;* and as there are many that were well worth keeping had they been his, this concludes pretty strongly that he had no hand in it.

The Troublesome Reign bears strong internal marks of having been written when the enthusiasm of the nation was wrought up to the height about the Spanish Armada, and when the Papacy was spitting its impotent thunders against the throne and state of the lion-queen. Abounding in spoken and acted satire and invective against Rome, the play must have been hugely grateful to that national feeling which, issuing in the Reformation, was greatly deepened and strengthened by its own issues. The subject was strikingly apt for this purpose; which was most likely the cause of its being chosen.

This aptness had suggested a like use or abuse of the same matter many years before. The precise date is not known, but Bishop Bale's *Pageant of Kynge Johan* was probably written in the time of Edward VI. Touching this singular performance, perhaps we cannot do better than to abridge the account given by Mr. Collier. The design of *Kynge Johan* was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. Some of the leading events of John's reign, his disputes with the Pope, the suffering of his kingdom under the interdict, the surrender of his crown to the legate, and his reputed death by poison, are there applied in a way to suit the time and purpose of the writer. Historical persons, also, are liberally introduced, the king himself, who figures largely till his death, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Pandulph, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swinstead, and a monk called Raymundús, and with these are mixed up divers personifications, such as England, who is said to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the government at John's death, No-

bility, Clergy, Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who serves as the Jester of the piece. Thus we have some elements of historical plays, such as were used on the public stage forty or fifty years later, and some of the common materials of the old moralities, which gradually gave place to real or imaginary characters. So that the play stands about midway between moralities and historical plays; and it is the only specimen in that kind of so early a date that is known to exist.

The original manuscript of Bale's *Pageant* was preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been lately edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society. The play, though written by a bishop, teems with the lowest ribaldry and vituperation, insomuch that Mr. Knight pronounces "the intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal." And, therewithal, the thing is totally barren of any thing that can pretend to the name of poetry or of dramatic life; and, in brief, is at once thoroughly stupid, malignant, and vile. In both these respects the *King John* of 1591 is a prodigious advance upon its predecessor. The most considerable exception in the later play is where Faulconbridge, while by order of the King he is plundering the religious houses, finds a fair young nun hidden in a chest which was supposed to contain the abbot's treasures. Campbell regrets that the Poet did not retain this incident; a regret with which we can by no means sympathize: for, surely, to set forth the crimes of individuals in such a way or at such a time as to fix a stigma upon whole classes of men, was a work that might well be left to meaner hands. In both the old plays, however, an intense hatred of Popery runs as a special purpose through the drama. Which matter is reformed altogether in Shakespeare; who, no doubt, understood well enough that any such special purpose would not consist with the just proportions of art; that to make the drama a vehicle for any such particular invective or sarcasm was quite "from the

purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." He therefore betrays no repugnance to Popery save in the form of a just and genuine patriotism; has no particular symptoms of a Protestant spirit, but only the natural beatings of a sound, honest English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings, or emperors, or popes. Thus his feeling against Rome is wisely tempered in that proportion which is equally required by the laws of morality and of art, issuing in a firm, manly national sentiment with which all men may justly sympathize, be their creed what it may. And, surely, no English mouth can refuse the words,—"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake." So that the Poet's *King John*, viewed thus in connection with the model after which it was framed, yields a most forcible instance and proof of his universality. He follows his guide in those things which appeal to the feelings of man as man; but forsakes him in whatsoever flatters the prejudices and antipathies of men as belonging to this or that party or sect. And as aversion to Rome is chastised down from the prominence of a special purpose in the play, the parts of Arthur and Constance and Faulconbridge proportionably rise; parts that spontaneously knit in and combine with the common sympathies and sentiments of humanity,—such a language as may always dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his heart forever.

Still the question recurs, why did Shakespeare, with the authentic materials of history at hand, and with his own matchless power of shaping those materials into beautiful and impressive forms of dramatic life,—why did he in the single instance of *King John* depart from his usual course, preferring a fabulous history to the true, and that, too, even though, for aught now appears, the true would have answered his purpose just as well. It is with the view of suggesting a probable answer to this question that we have dwelt so much at length on the two plays that preceded

his. We thus see that for special causes the subject of King John was early brought upon the stage. The same causes long operated to keep it there. The King John of the stage, striking in with the passions and interests of the time, had become familiar to the people, and twined itself closely with their feelings and thoughts. A faithful version would have worked at great disadvantage in competition with the theatrical one already thus established. This strong prepossession of the popular mind Shakespeare probably did not think it wise to offend or disturb. We agree therefore with Mr. Knight, that "it was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of habit in the same audience." In other words, the current of popular association being so strong already, he chose to fall in with it, rather than undertake to stem it. We may regret that he did so; but we can scarce doubt that he did it knowingly and upon principle: nor should we so much blame him for not turning that stream, as thank him for thus purifying it.

The only extant or discovered notice of Shakespeare's *King John*, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, is by Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*. So that all we can say with any certainty is, that the play was written some time before 1598. Blount and Jaggard made an entry in the Stationers' Register, November 8, 1623, of the plays "not formerly entered to other men;" and *King John* is not among them. From which we might naturally infer that the play had been "entered to other men," and perhaps already published; but nothing of the sort has been heard of in our day. In the folio it stands the fifteenth in the volume, and the first in the division of Histories; printed so clearly and carefully in the main, as to leave little room for question concerning the text.

Divers attempts have been made to argue the date of the writing from allusions to contemporary matters: respecting which attempts we cannot stop, nor is it worth the while, to say more than that they do not really amount

to anything at all. Some of the German critics, on the other hand, seem altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidence of style, structure of the verse, tone of thought, and peculiarity of dramatic logic, they refer *King John* to the same period of the author's life with *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In all these respects it strikes us rather as having something of an intermediate cast between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We are persuaded, though we should be troubled to tell why, that it was written some time before the two parts of *King Henry IV*. The play, especially in the first three acts, has a certain smoothness and fluency of diction, an uniformity of pause, and a regularity of cadence; therewithal, the persons deliver themselves somewhat in the style of set speeches, rather as authors striving for effect, than as men and women stirred by the real passions and interests of life; there is something of a bookish grandiloquent tang in the dialogue: all which smacks as if the Poet had here written more from what he had read in books, or heard at the theater, than from what his most prying, quick, and apprehensive ear had overheard of the hitherto unwritten drama of actual and possible men. These peculiarities, to be sure, have been partly justified by Schlegel, as growing naturally out of the subject: still we must needs think them to have proceeded mainly from the undergraduate state, so to speak, of the author's genius. "In *King John*," says that accomplished scholar and critic, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language: he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived, there being in his view of the world no other choice." In

the last two acts, however, we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting: the hidden elements of character, and the secret subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought, shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the very stress of action and the exigencies of passion; with frequent kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration, such as might befit his wealthiest years.

That the reader may have the whole matter before him here, we will present, as briefly as may be, so much of actual history as will throw light directly upon the play, omitting, however, such points as we have already noticed. In 1190, when Arthur was but two years old, his uncle Richard I contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, at the same time owning him as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue." At Richard's death, however, in 1199, John produced a testament of his brother, giving him the crown. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine were the proper patrimony of the Plantagenets, and therefore devolved to Arthur as the acknowledged representative of that house, the rule of lineal succession being there fully settled. To the ducal chair of Brittany Arthur was the proper heir in right of his father, and his mother was then duchess regnant of that province. John claimed the dukedom of Normandy, and his claim was there allowed, as the proper inheritance from his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Poictou and Guienne were the inheritance of his mother Elinor; but she made over her title to him; and there also his claim was recognized. The English crown he claimed in virtue of his brother's testament; but took care, as we have seen, to strengthen that claim with whatsoever of force might accrue from a popular election. In the strict order of hereditary right, all these possessions, be it observed, were due to Arthur; but that order, it appears, was not fully established, save in the three provinces belonging to the house of Anjou.

As duke of Brittany, Arthur was a vassal of France,

and therefore bound to homage as the condition of his title. Constance, feeling his need of a protector, engaged to Philip Augustus, the French king, that he should do homage also for the other provinces, where his right was clogged by no such conditions. Philip accordingly met him at Mans, received his oath, gave him knighthood, and took him to Paris. Philip was cunning, ambitious and unscrupulous, and his plan was to drive his own interests in Arthur's name: with the prince entirely in his power, he could use him as an ally or as a prisoner, whichever would best serve his turn; and in effect "Arthur was a puppet in his hands, to be set up or knocked down, as he desired to bully or cajole John out of the territories he claimed in France." In the year 1200 Philip was at war with John in pretended maintenance of Arthur's rights; but before the close of the year the war ended in a peace, by the terms of which John was to pay twenty thousand marks, and give his niece, Blanch of Castile, in marriage to Lewis the Dauphin, with a dowry of several valuable fiefs, and was acknowledged rightful heir to his late brother; and Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John, and was created earl of Richmond. At the time of this treaty Constance was still alive; and Arthur, fearing, it is said, his uncle's treachery, remained in the care of Philip. In less than two years, however, the peace was broken. John, though his former wife was still living, having seized and married Isabella of Angouleme, already betrothed to the Count de la Marche, the Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, and Philip joined him, brought Arthur again upon the scene, and made him raise the flag of war against his uncle. For some time Philip was carrying all before him in the French territories of his adversary, till at length Arthur was sent with a small force against the town of Mirabeau, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed; and while he was besieging her in the castle, John, being apprised of her danger, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand any thing of his coming." His mother was quickly relieved,

Arthur fell into his hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Falaise; and Philip withdrew from the contest, as the people would have nothing to do with him but as the protector of their beloved Prince.

The capture of Arthur took place in July, 1202. The story of what presently followed is thus told by Holinshed: "It is said that King John caused his nephew to be brought before him at Falaise, and went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. . . . King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed that he should be straitly kept in prison."

The king then betook himself to England, and had his coronation repeated by Hubert the Primate, who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hubert de Burgh, the jailer of the young prince; and shortly after he returned to France, where, a rumor being spread abroad of Arthur's death, the nobles made great suit to have him set at liberty, and, not prevailing in that, banded together, and "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch that it was thought there would be no quiet in those parts, so long as Arthur lived." A charge of murder being then carried to the French court, and the king being summoned thither for trial, he refused; whereupon the court gave judgment, that "whereas John, duke of Normandy, in violation of his oath to Philip his lord, had murdered the son of his elder brother, an homager of the crown of France, and near kinsman to the king, and had perpetrated the crime within the seigniory of France, he was found guilty of felony and treason, and was therefore adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held by homage."

Thence sprung up a war in which John was totally stripped of his French possessions, and at last stole off with inexpressible baseness and cowardice to England.

The quarrel between John and the Pope did not break out till 1207. First came the interdict, then, some years after, the excommunication, and finally, at a like interval, the deposition, Philip being engaged, as we have already seen, to go with an army and execute the sentence; wherein he was likely to succeed, till, John having made his submission, the Pope took his side against the French king. John died in 1216, amidst his contests with the barons touching Magna Charta. Sundry critics have complained that the Poet made no use of this celebrated instrument, and did not even once allude to it in the play. Concerning which point we need but say that, besides that Magna Charta was then little known and less cared for by any but lawyers, it was nowise legitimate matter of dramatic interest. So that the complaint may be set aside at once as altogether impertinent.

The characterization of this play in the degree of excellence corresponds very well with the period to which we have on other grounds assigned the writing. The king, as he stands in authentic history, was such a piece of irredeemable depravity, so thoroughly rotten-hearted, weak-headed, and bloody-handed, that to set him forth truly without seeming to be dealing in caricature or lampoon, required no little art. The Poet was under the necessity in some sort of leaving his qualities to be inferred, instead of directly expressing them: the point was to disguise his meannesses, and yet so to order that disguise as to suggest that it covered something too vile to be seen. And what could better infer his cringing, cowardly, slinking, yet malignant spirit, than his two scenes with Hubert de Burgh, where he durst not look his purpose in the face; and his base mind dodges and skulks and backs out from fathering its own issues; and he tries by hints and fawning innuendoes to secure the passage of his thought into effect, without committing himself to any responsibility for

it; and wants another should be the agent of his will, and yet bear the blame as if acting of his own accord; and then, when the consequences begin to threaten and press upon him, he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of his suggestion; and the only sagacity he shows is in shirking and shifting the responsibility of his own guilty purpose; his sneaking selfish fear inspiring him with a quickness and fertility of thought, such as he could never exert in any good cause.

The genius and art of Mrs. Siddons, to which the part of Constance was no doubt peculiarly fitted, have apparently caused the critics of her time, and their immediate followers, to set a higher estimate upon the character than seems fully borne out by the work itself. The abatement, however, that we would make refers not so much to the idea of the character, as to the style of the execution, wherein we cannot but think her far from exemplifying the Poet's full strength and inwardness with nature. That idea is well stated by Hazlitt as "the excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power." The character, though drawn in the best of situations for its amiability to appear, is not a very amiable one, and therein is perhaps the truer to history, as the chroniclers make her out rather selfish and weak; not so religious in motherhood, but that she betrayed a rather unhandsome impatience of widowhood. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the voice of maternal grief and affection speaks from her lips with not a little majesty of pathos, and occasionally flows in strains of the most melting tenderness: though in general the effect of her sorrow is marred by too great an infusion of anger; in her grief she has too much pride, self-will, and volubility of scorn, to have the full touch of our sympathies; her speech being stinging and spiteful, and sounding quite as much of the intemperate scold, as of the broken-hearted and disconsolate mother. As to the execution of the part, there is in many of her speeches too much

of what we have already referred to as smacking more of the author than of the woman; redundancy of rhetoric and verbal ingenuity giving them something of a theatrical relish, as though they were spoken rather for effect than from true feeling.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how any thing so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech,—"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,"—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says,—"If any thing ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by some artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of

nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth;* but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

The reign of King John furnished no characters fully answerable to the demands of dramatic interest. To meet this want, therefore, there was need of one or more "representative" characters,—men in whom should be centralized and consolidated various elements of national character, which were in fact dispersed through a multitude of individuals. And such is Faulconbridge, with his fiery flood of Norman vigor bounding through his veins, his irrepressible gush of animal spirits, his athletic and frolicsome wit, his big, brave, manly heart, his biting sword, and his tongue equally biting, afraid of nothing but to do what were dishonorable or wrong. And with all his laughing roughness of speech, and iron sternness of act, so blunt, bold, and downright, he is full of humane and gentle feeling. With what burning eloquence of indignation does he denounce the supposed murder of Arthur! though he has no thought of abetting his claim to the throne against the present occupant. The Poet has managed with great art that he may be held to John throughout the play, by ties which he is too clear of head and too upright of heart to think of renouncing. "In the outset he receives honor from the hands of John,—and he is grateful: in the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless." In his clear-sighted and comprehensive patriotism the diverse interests that split others into factions, and plunge them into deadly strife, are smoothly reconciled; and he is ready with tongue and sword to beat down whatsoever anywhere obstructs the reign of a broad and generous nationality. Verily, he stands next to Falstaff as an ideal repre-

sentative of actual men. Thoroughly Gothic in features and proportions, and as thoroughly English in temper and spirit, his presence rays life and true manliness into every part of the drama, where they would else be wanting. Is it strange that a nation which could grow such originals should have beaten all the rest of the world in everything useful, or beautiful, or great?

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

KING JOHN

The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the background; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are, however, few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenseless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur, because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it; and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

ARTHUR

As to Arthur, he is scarcely a dramatic character with the rest, but rather a vision of something too gentle to be

human, too good for human tears; and while literary judgment is suspended, description must take refuge in similitude; he is, let us say, a fledgling dove in a cage of vultures, a frail Alpine hare-bell swept down by an avalanche: such innocence, tender pity, and gentle pathos were never blended and embodied before or since in drama or poem.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: "I am not worth this coil that 's made for me"; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: "Good my mother, peace!" Of the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE DISPUTED SUCCESSION

After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in virtue of a testament of this king, and at the instigation of the queen-mother Elinor, the rightful heir of England, the young Arthur of Bretagne, is excluded from the throne, and Richard's brother John becomes his successor. The old Elinor —an offense to morality, as Constance upbraids her in our present play and as history exhibits her—an Ate, as the play names her, who in the reign of her husband, Henry II, stirred up the sons against their father, as she now did the dying Richard against the lawful heir—this Elinor is the political genius and guide of her son John. His succession serves her ambition and gratifies her hatred of Arthur's mother, Constance, who, according to Elinor's declaration,

sought on her side the throne for her son only with the ambitious design of ruling herself and "kindling all the world." Constance and her adherents call John a base usurper; John at first, in opposition to his mother, seems to trust his right as much as "his strong possession;" but his mother whispers in his ear as a secret that his throne rests more on strong possession than on right. The testament of the former king, which she has procured, and its judicial validity, rest as the dubious point between the indubitable right of Arthur and the usurpation of John. On his side is the actual possession, on Arthur's and his mother's the armed assistance of an apparently generous friend, the King of France.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

There is a degree of uncertainty allowed to rest in the play, on the true claim of John or Arthur to the crown, which expresses, not so much the hesitations of historians with which a poet has nothing to do, but an actual condition of things. John is found in strong possession, strong in itself in his personal qualities and in national support; beyond this, Queen Elinor, it is true, hints at a will in his favor barring the claim of Arthur of Brittany, the representative of the elder branch, but she scarcely cares to insist on it. Although, however, Elinor whispers a protest of conscience when John appeals to his right; though even Faulconbridge over the dead body of Arthur recognizes some sacred sanction of his prior claim, while it is assumed by the allies of Constance as self-evident; still there is in the abstract such superior fitness of John for his position, and backed by willing English barons, he appears to such advantage in opposition to the allies of Arthur, that we are left with the impression that with such allegiance he had in truth a better claim, had he understood the just principles of sovereign claim, than even he himself supposes.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

JOHN AND THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will produce assassination he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the king's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

DRAMATIC USE OF ARTHUR

Shakespeare keeps Arthur alive, after the fashion of the old play, for some years after the real date of his death, and uses him as a dramatic puppet in events which had no relation whatever with him or his claims upon the English throne. Indeed this use of Arthur Plantagenet is the great puzzle in any effort to discriminate between what is historical in the play and what is purely dramatic license. The reader of the play must infer that this twelve-year-old boy was the central figure of human and political interest in the England of that day. He was nothing of the kind. He was of very small importance in the actual shuffling of the cards. But he offered dramatic material of considerable value, and Shakespeare used him, as the older dramatists did, without reference to the chronicles and with no attempt at preserving the real perspective of history.

Thus the assumed position of Arthur, as an abused and

oppressed rightful claimant to the throne, is connected, on no legitimate grounds whatever, with the quarrel between the Pope and King John; and also with the revolts of the Barons. All the critics note the importance attributed by the play to Arthur's movements, but not all of them point out the gross anachronism thus involved.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

CONSTANCE

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is power—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient: or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical coloring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance—the fluctuations of temper, and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride, nor her strength of intellect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure. . . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione [in *A Winter's Tale*]: but what a difference between her silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakespeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason,—that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Constance is drawn with far more delicate insight than any of the women in *Richard III*, and is the most highly elaborated female figure in the historical plays. She is another of that numerous company in Shakspere's earlier dramas whose sensibilities are developed to an extravagant degree. Her instinct of maternal affection is not chastened by reason into a moral principle, but is inflamed by an imagination of hectic brilliance into an abnormal passion that swallows up every thought and energy. It is this exaggerated imagination, as Mrs. Jameson has rightly insisted, that is the controlling force in the nature of Constance. The impetuous ardor of her fancy gives a special quality to her maternal love. The very attribute that is wont to be the source of all that is tenderest in womanhood breeds in her ambition, scorn, and hysterical passion, till at last it consumes her in its fires.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

Constance is a sublime personification of the maternal character, lashed into frenzy by the potency of will, but

impotence of power to right herself of the injustice with which she is surrounded. She is a lioness at bay, her resources failed, and her retreat cut off. In the blind desire to secure her child's birthright, and in her wrath at his oppression, she fatally loses sight of the great privilege of his existence. How true to nature all this, and how accurately do we trace the gradual subsiding of her spirit of fury and resentment into an outpouring of tenderness and deprecation, as all her hopes and prospects of success fade away.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

Philip Faulconbridge is an interesting study. It would appear that Shakespeare intended to have him represent the sturdy heart of English manhood, which, while often misused, humiliated, and beaten back, finally conquered and rose to its proper place in the making of later and nobler England, as the commons; not the legislature of that name narrowly, but the makers of legislatures. So while Philip Faulconbridge was an imaginary character he was not an imaginary force.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

Of all the characters in the play, he [Faulconbridge] is the most independent, the most vigorous; a man bound by no prejudice, or by any consideration of the past. This advantage he owes to his very birth which connects him with the reigning dynasty, but also with the people. His motives are of the purest, or, at least, gradually become motives of pure, devoted patriotism and knightly honor; hence he alone can, with impunity, speak the truth to all, and he says it with that overflowing wealth of humor, which, according to Shakspeare's psychology, is generally at the command of minds in a truly vigorous and healthy state. This humor—which does not proceed from subtle reflection, but which springs forth from the genuine, energetic and straightforward naturalness of his disposi-

tion, as from a clear mountain spring, whose source lies high above the abodes of corrupt civilization—he applies, with bold and pertinent epithets, to ridicule the selfishness, the cowardliness and pretentiousness, the fickleness and untruthfulness of the leading characters of the action, as well as the low selfishness of the policy both of Church and State; in the mirror of his cutting irony, he shows us the rotten condition of both. As he alone bears within his breast the enduring, restoring and saving power of morality, so it is mainly through him that England is saved from the misery of civil strife, from the claws of France and of the papacy.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ELINOR OF GUIENNE

Queen Elinor preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children, and appears to have merited their respect. While entrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I, she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. For that intemperate jealousy which converted her into a domestic firebrand, there was at least much cause, though little excuse. Elinor had hated and wronged the husband of her youth [Louis VII of France], and she had afterwards to endure the negligence and innumerable infidelities of [Henry II of England,] the husband whom she passionately loved:—"and so the whirly-gig of time brought in his revenges." Elinor died in 1203, a few months after Constance, and before the murder of Arthur —a crime which, had she lived, would probably never have been consummated; for the nature of Elinor, though violent, had no tincture of the baseness and cruelty of her son. —Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

BLANCHE OF CASTILE

In her exceeding beauty and blameless reputation; her love for her husband, and strong domestic affections; her pride of birth and rank; her feminine gentleness of deportment; her firmness of temper; her religious bigotry; her love of absolute power and her upright and conscientious administration of it, Blanche greatly resembled Maria Theresa of Austria. She was, however, of a more cold and calculating nature; and in proportion as she was less amiable as a woman, did she rule more happily for herself and others. There cannot be a greater contrast than between the acute understanding, the steady temper, and the cool intriguing policy of Blanche, by which she succeeded in disuniting and defeating the powers arrayed against her and her infant son, and the rash confiding temper and susceptible imagination of Constance, which rendered herself and her son easy victims to the fraud or ambition of others. Blanche, during forty years, held in her hands the destinies of the greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

MAGNA CHARTA

Nor does a single phrase, a single syllable, in the whole play, refer to the event which, for all after-times, is inseparably associated with the memory of King John—the signing of the Magna Charta. The reason of this is evidently, in the first place, that Shakespeare kept close to the earlier drama, and, in the second place, that he did not attribute to the event the importance it really possessed, did not understand that the Magna Charta laid the foundation of popular liberty, by calling into existence a middle class which supported even the House of Tudor in its struggle with an overweening oligarchy. But the chief reason why the Magna Charta is not mentioned was, no doubt, that Elizabeth did not care to be reminded of it. She

was not fond of any limitations of her royal prerogative, and did not care to recall the defeats suffered by her predecessors in their struggles with warlike and independent vassals. And the nation was willing enough to humor her in this respect. People felt that they had to thank her government for a greater national revival, and therefore showed no eagerness either to vindicate popular rights against her, or to see them vindicated in stage-history. It was not until long after, under the Stuarts, that the English people began to cultivate its constitution. The chronicle-writers of the period touch very lightly upon the barons' victory over King John in the struggle for the Great Charter; and Shakespeare thus followed at once his own personal bias with regard to history, and the current of his age.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ADAPTER

People have tried, at one time or another, to show that Shakespeare must have belonged to almost every conceivable trade and profession—he has so wonderful a technical knowledge, we are told, of lawyering, doctoring, soldiering, even grave-digging. There is but one thing which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been attempted: which is, to prove that he was a really good stage-manager, that he had a thorough knowledge of what may be called the business part of his art.

For, as a matter of fact, very few purely literary critics see how all-important such skill is to every dramatist—what it has done, above all, for Shakespeare. The principles and details of the construction of plays for the stage, their division into acts and scenes, and the minor rules which regulate such matters as entrances, exits, and so forth, may seem but small things compared with the power which creates living characters, the genius which produces the highest poetry; yet those lesser qualities were in very truth indispensable to his universal fame. Shakespeare would never have been read as widely, nor studied as

closely, as he now is by every class, had he not been acted always and everywhere. There is not an evening in the year during which at some provincial theater in England some play of Shakespeare is not being acted; "on an emergency," country managers will tell you, "we always put up *Hamlet*." No other dramatist ever kept the stage for three hundred years; no other dramatist ever bore translation into every tongue; no other ever so pleased every class of audience, from the roughs of California to the most cultivated gatherings of artists, poets, critics. It cannot be his poetry, his philosophy, his drawing of character, which have thus supremely fitted him for the stage; they could hardly *tell* so through bad acting and bad translation. It is the way in which he makes the framework of his plots, in which he presents his story and his characters, that gives force to his strong "situations," and secures their effect, under however unfavorable circumstances.—Rose, *King John*, in the *Quarto Facsimile Shakespeare*.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S TREATMENT OF HIS MATERIAL

Though it is quite true that no good play can be made of the historic John, who degraded himself from the representative of England's independence into the Pope's tool, from a man into a cur, yet it is clear that the old Playwright made a very fair drama on the subject for his time. That scene xi of Part I, p. 41–2, when the Bastard finds the Nun locked up in the Prior's chest "to hide her from lay men," and then discovers "Friar Lawrence" locked up in the ancient Nun's chest, must have been a very telling one on the Elizabethan stage: you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it. So also must the Faulconbridge incident, I, i, p. 7–17, and the Bastard killing Limoges on the stage, Pt. I, sc. xi, p. 35, have been thoroughly appreciated. Besides these scenes, the pathos of Arthur's death, the patriotism of the resistance to the Pope, and to

John's oppressive taxation, the treachery of the French turning the nobles back to their allegiance, the final echo of the Chronicler,

> "Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
> And all the world can never wrong her state. . . .
> If England's Peeres and people ioyne in one,
> Nor Pope, nor *France,* nor *Spain* can doo them wrong,"—

all these points must have appealed strongly to an audience of Elizabeth's time, to whom home strife, Armada threats, disputed succession to the throne, and Papal intrigues, were matters of lifelong familiarity.—FURNIVALL, *King John,* in the *Quarto Facsimile of Shakespeare.*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING JOHN.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN
PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king*
The Earl of PEMBROKE
The Earl of ESSEX
The Earl of SALISBURY
The Lord BIGOT
HUBERT DE BURGH
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge*
PHILIP the Bastard, *his half-brother*
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge*
PETER of Pomfret, *a prophet*

PHILIP, *king of France*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin*
Lymoges, Duke of AUSTRIA
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate*
MELUN, *a French lord*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur*
BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion died, the crown of England should have come to his son, Prince Arthur, but his brother John usurped it. Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur and threatens to make war on England. In return John plans an invasion of France and appoints a natural son of Richard as one of the generals under the name and title of Sir Richard Plantagenet.

ACT II

An indecisive battle is fought between the English and French before Angiers in France and afterward a treaty of peace is concluded between the two kings. Blanche, niece to King John, is married to Lewis, Dauphin of France, and for her dowry the English king relinquishes certain English provinces.

ACT III

John refuses to obey a mandate of the Pope and is excommunicated. The papal legate demands that Philip refuse to abide by the terms of the treaty "on peril of a curse." John and Philip again take up arms and the French are defeated in battle. The prince Arthur is taken prisoner and John gives instructions for his murder.

ACT IV

Hubert, an English courtier, is commissioned by John to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the boy's entreaties weak-

Hubert's resolution and he risks disobeying the king's instructions. The French under the Dauphin invade England. Arthur attempts to escape from his prison by leaping from the castle walls, but he is hurt to the death by the stones on which he falls. His body is found by three nobles who, already discontented with John and believing the prince murdered by his order, desert him and join the Dauphin.

ACT V

John, thinking to arrest the invasion of the French, yields to the papal demands. But Lewis refuses to turn back, claiming the crown by right of his marriage since Arthur is dead. A strongly contested battle ensues, but the result is indecisive. The English lords who had joined the French return to their allegiance in time to be pardoned by John before his death from a poison given him by a monk. The French willingly conclude a peace with the English and John's son ascends the throne as Henry III.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

ACT FIRST

Scene I

King John's Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behavior to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Main
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly witheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 20

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my canon shall be heard:

15. *"Thy nephew and right royal sovereign";* as Richard I died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference of Arthur.—H. N. H.

According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably [illegible]d as an Alexandrine, reading the first *"controlment"* in the [illegible] trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems [illegible]otful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there [illegible] an extra syllable before the pause:—

[illegible]*l|ment fór| contrólment || so áns|wer Fránce.*|—I. G.

[illegible] *thunder of my cannon";* the Poet here anticipates the use

So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honorable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

of gunpowder by about a hundred years. Thus, again, in Act ii. he speaks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." A similar anachronism occurs in Macbeth, Act i. sc. 2: "They were as *cannons* overcharg'd with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In all these cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he is found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.—H. N. H.

28. *"sullen presage of your own decay";* there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.—I. G.

34. *"Her son";* Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."—H. N. H.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

49. *"expedition's"*; first Folio *expeditious;* an obvious misprint.—I. G.

"Bastard brother"; Richard I died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says,—"The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:

> "Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
> A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."—H. N. H.

54. *"Cœur-de-lion"; "Cordelion"*; in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,

54. *"knighted in the field";* in *"The Troublesome Reign"* he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Falconbridge of Montbery.—I. G.

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he has a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

85. *"trick";* it has been suggested that *"trick"* is used here in the heraldic sense of "copy"; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.—I. G.

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

137. *"Lord of thy presence";* that is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of The Happy Man, we have a line resembling this:

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all."—H. N. H.

139. *"sir Robert's his,"* so the Folios; Theobald proposed *"sir Robert his,"* regarding *"his"* as the old genitive form; Vaughan *"just sir Robert's shape";* Schmidt takes the *"'s his"* as a reduplicative possessive. Surely *"his"* is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to "his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's"; "sir Robert's his"=*"sir Robert's shape," "his"* emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.—I. G.

143. *"Look, where three-farthings goes";* three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear.—I. G.

145. *"to";* that is, *in addition* to it.—H. N. H.

147. *"I would not";* Folio 1 reads *"It would not,"* probably a misprint, though Delius makes *"it"* refer to *"His face."*—I. G.

"sir Nob," Sir Robert.—C. H. H.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honor, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,

153. *"sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear";* carrying on the jest of l. 94, where it was valued at a groat (*i. e.* 4d.).—C. H. H.

162. *"Plantagenet"* was not the original name of the house of Anjou; but a surname formerly bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a *broom-stalk,* that is, *planta genista,* in his bonnet.—H. N. H.

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty. 181
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honor better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honor doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

171. *"Or else o'er the hatch";* these expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.—H. N. H.

180. *"Good fortune come to thee";* there was an old proverb,—"Bastards are born lucky." The speaker here wishes his brother may have good fortune, and implies that, had he been unlawfully begotten, the wish had been needless; alluding to the proverb.—H. N. H.

184. *"any Joan,"* any peasant-girl.—C. H. H.

189. *"Your conversion";* so in the original, which Pope changed to *conversing.* The speaker calls his *new-made honor a conversion,* that is, a change of condition; and means that to remember men's

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time

names is to be too careful, to punctilious, too *respective,* for one of his newly-acquired rank.—H. N. H.

190. *"My worship's mess";* it is said, in *All's Well that Ends Well,* that "a traveler is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveler. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a traveled man who affected foreign fashions.—*"At my worship's mess"* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed.—*Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honor* was to a lord.—H. N. H.

193. *"My picked man of countries"* may be equivalent to *my traveled fop: picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely, pickedly:* so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race.—H. N. H.

196. *"Absey book";* an A B C or *absey-book,* as it was then called, is a *catechism.*—H. N. H.

That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

208. *"Smack of observation";* that is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has traveled and made observations in foreign countries.—H. N. H.

216. *"strew the footsteps,"* etc., *i. e.* make my footing surer.—C. H. H.

219. *"Blow a horn before her";* a double allusion,—to the *horn* which a *post* blows to announce his coming, and to such a *horn* as the speaker's mother had bestowed on her husband.—H. N. H.

225. *"Colbrand"* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. *The History of Guy* was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat in his *Poly-Olbion,* Song xii.

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Aye, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom I am beholding for these limbs?

231. *"Sparrow"*· Warburton conjectured this should be, *spare me;* whereupon Coleridge has the following: "Nothing can be more lively or characteristic than 'Philip? sparrow!' Had Warburton read old Skelton's *Philip Sparrow,* an exquisite and original poem, and, no doubt, popular in Shakespeare's time, even Warburton would scarcely have made so deep a plunge into the *bathetic* as to have deathified *sparrow* into *spare me."* The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombie: "Phip, phip,* the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow,* formed the verb *pipilabat,* to express the note of that bird. Of course the new Sir Richard tosses off the name Philip with affected contempt.—*Toys,* in the next line, means rumors, idle reports.—H. N. H.

234–235. *"eat his part upon Good-Friday";* evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs:*

"He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat" (i. e. *get*).
—I. G.

Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offense,
Which was so strongly urged past my defense.

244. *"Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like";* an allusion to the old play called *"Soliman and Perseda"* (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

Bas. *"I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*

Pist. *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."*

(*cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271-2.)—I. G.

250. *"proper,"* comely.—C. H. H.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Aye, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

268. *"Robs lions of their hearts";* Rastell's *Chronicle* yields a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See, also, Percy's *Reliques,* introductory Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,

2. *"that great forerunner of thy blood";* Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.—I. G.

5. *"by this brave duke,"* so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.—I. G.

Richard I fell by the hand of one of his own vassals, the Viscount of Lymoges. Shakespeare followed the old play in making Lymoges and Austria the same person. Thus in Act iii. Constance says to the Archduke,—"O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil." And in the old play: "The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin." In point of fact, Leopold, the duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richard I, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne.—H. N. H.

To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

27. *"secure and confident from foreign purposes,"* fearless of invasion.—C. H. H.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

40. *"Best advantages";* that is, to select the most advantageous places.—H. N. H.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humors of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offense and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*

60. Shakespeare uses *"expedient"* in the classical sense of *expeditious;* literally *free-footed.* From *expedire,* to hasten.—H. N. H.

63. *"Até";* the Goddess of Discord.—H. N. H.

64. *"her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain," i. e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII King of Castile.—I. G.

65. *"of the king's deceased," i. e. "of the deceased king";* Folios 2, 3, 4, *"king";* but Folio 1, *"kings"*=*"king's"* is idiomatically correct.—I. G.

73. *"Waft"* for *wafted.*—H. N. H.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defense;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armor here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

101. *"large,"* full-grown form.—C. H. H.

103. *"huge";* Rowe read *"large,"* doubtless a misprint for *"huge"* restored by Capell.—I. G.

106. *"this is Geffrey's"; i. e.* this boy is Geffrey's son (and as such inheritor of his "right" to England). The phrase is ambiguous, but the other possible interpretations (*e. g.* this territory is Geffrey's) are less natural.—C. H. H.

113. *"breast";* Folio 1, *"beast."*—I. G.

119. *"Excuse; it is,"* etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, *"Excuse it is";* Rowe (ed. 2) *"Excuse it, 'tis."*—I. G.

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard:

123. *"a queen, and check the world";* an allusion to the queen at chess.—C. H. H.

131. *"If thou wert his mother";* Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards, in 1151, married to King Henry II.—H. N. H.

134. *"Hear the crier";* alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice.—H. N. H.

136. *"You alone";* the lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honor of his exploit in killing Richard.—H. N. H.

137. *"of whom the proverb goes," i. e. "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant"; cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, *"Hares may pull dead lions by the 'beard.'"*—I. G.

I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

144. *"Great Alcides' shows upon an ass";* alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read *"shooes";* the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.—I. G.

149. *"King Philip,"* etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with *"King Lewis"* instead of *"King Philip";* the error was first corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

152. *"Anjou,"* Theobald's correction of *"Angiers"* of the Folios.—I. G.

156. *"Bretagne";* Folios 1, 2, *"Britaine";* Folio 3, *"Britain";* Folio 4, *Brittain."*—I. G.

159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.—I. G.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Aye, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,

160, 161. *"it,"* old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"yt . . . it"*; Johnson, *"it' . . . it'"*; Capell, *"it's . . . it's."* In the Lancashire dialect *"hit"* is still the common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.—I. G.

167. *"whether,"* monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"where"*; Folio 4, *"whe're."*—I. G.

168. *"wrongs,"* the wrongs done by her.—C. H. H.

171. *"beads"* (playing on the original sense, "prayer").—C. H. H.

177. *"this is thy eld'st"*; Capell's emendation of the Folios, *"this*

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Aye, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

is thy eldest"; Fleay proposed *"this' thy eld'st";* Ritson, *"thy eld'st,"* omitting *"this is."*—I. G.

180. *"the canon of the law," cp.* Exodus xx. 5.—I. G.

187. *"And with her plague; her sin his injury,"* etc.; the Folios, *"And with her plague her sin: his injury,"* etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."—I. G.

196. *"aim";* Folio 1, *"ayme";* Folios 2, 3, 4, *"ay me";* Rowe conjectured *"amen";* Moberly, *"hem";* Jackson, *"shame";* Johnson, *"j'aime."*—I. G.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet Sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for herself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

206. *"For our advantage,"* on our behalf. The French trumpet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded "for England"; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.—C. H. H.

207. *"advanced," lifted.*—C. H. H.

215. *"Confronts your,"* Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, *"Comfort yours"*; Folios 3, 4, *"Comfort your"*; Rowe suggested, *"Confront your"*; Collier, *"Come 'fore your."*—I. G.

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son of the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,

217. *"waist"*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *"waste"*; Folio 4, *"waiste"*; *"doth"*; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *"do."*—I. G.

230. *"To make a faithless error in your ears,"* to seduce you to a breach of faith.—C. H. H.

234. *"Crave,"* so Pope; Folios read *"Craues."*—I. G.

Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offense seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

259. *"roundure,"* so Capell; Folios read *"rounder"*; Singer, *"rondure."*—I. G.

262. *"rude"*; Williams conjectured *"wide."*—I. G.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

289. *"Mine hostess' door";* the reader will of course understand that the picture of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, was used as an inkeeper's sign. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running

Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were
I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play

his favorite war-cry into an humorous allusion. Mr. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's.'"—H. N. H.

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armors, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France:
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

316. *"Frenchmen's blood";* Shakespeare has used this image again in Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3: "Here lay Duncan, his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood.*" It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth Iliad: "The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilded with his gore.*"—H. N. H.

323. *"Dyed";* Folios 1, 2, 3, *"Dide";* Folio 4, *"dy'd."* Pope suggested *"Stain'd";* Vaughan, *"Dipp'd."*—I. G.

325. In the Folios "the first citizen" is throughout named "Hubert," in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.—I. G.

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

335. *"run,"* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"rome";* Malone reads, *"roam";* Nicholson conjectured, *"foam."*—I. G.

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
First. Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

347. *"Add a royal number to the dead," i. e.* the dead shall number a king among them.—C. H. H.

353. *"fangs,"* Steevens' spelling for *"phangs"* of the Folios.—I. G.

358. *"equal potents";* Collier reads *"equal potent";* Delius, *"equal-potents";* Dyce, *"equal-potent."*—I. G.

"fiery kindled," so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *"fierie kindled";* Pope, *"fiery-kindled";* Collier (ed. 2), *"fire-ykindled";* Lettsom conjectures *"fire-enkindled."*—I. G.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation

371. *"King'd of our fears";* the Folios, *"Kings of our fear";* the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.—I. G.

373. *"Scroyles"; Escroulles,* Fr., scabby fellows.—H. N. H.

378. *"the mutines of Jerusalem," i. e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the "Joseppon," as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602. —I. G.

383. *"Soul-fearing";* that is, *soul-appalling;* from the verb to *fear,* to make afraid.—H. N. H.

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

412. *"drift"* (concrete noun from "drive"), driving shower.—C. H. H.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favor; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;

423. *"The Lady Blanch"* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

425. *"Dauphin,"* so Rowe; Folios, *"Dolphin"* (*passim*).—I. G.

428. *"zealous,"* holy, devout.—C. H. H.

434. *"If not complete of, say he is not she";* that is, if he be not

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay

complete of or *in* those qualities, say it is because he is not like her, or equal to her. The use of *of* for *in respect of,* or *in,* is not uncommon in the old writers. Modern editions generally print the line thus: "If not complete, O say he is not she."—H. N. H.

455. A *"stay"* here seems to mean *a supporter of a cause.* Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by "the *stay,* the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say,"* that is, a speech; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the rest of Faulconbridge's speech. Perhaps, however, *stay* should be understood as referring to the

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

beginning of the Citizen's former speech,—"vouchsafe awhile to *stay*."—H. N. H.

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honors and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

527. *"Volquessen,"* Vexin, the district round Rouen (occupied by the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).—C. H. H.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;

533. *"Close your hands";* this marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.—H. N. H.

For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,

574. *"the bias of the world";* the influence which causes all men

The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus "biassed."—C. H. H.

583. *"Clapp'd on the outward eye."* The figure of the biassed bowl is still kept up. The "eye" of a bowl was "the aperture on one side which contained the bias."—C. H. H.

584. *"aid";* Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture) *"aim."*—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

16–17. *"thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,"* etc.; Rowe's

But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *"jest . . . spirits."* —I. G.

23. *"Peering o'er his bounds";* this seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess,* 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river, overflow their bounds!"* —H. N. H.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,

46. *"Swart"* is *dark,* dusky. See *The Comedy of Errors,* Act iii. sc. 2. *"Prodigious"* is *portentous,* so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.*—H. N. H.

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

69. *"Owner stoops";* the meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops,* or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout,* and has been followed by many editions. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "In *Much Ado about Nothing* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him.* How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."—H. N. H.

The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

86. *"high tides,"* festivals of the church.—C. H. H.

92. *"But on this day";* in the ancient almanacs the days supposed to be favorable or unfavorable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy,* 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in Macbeth: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."—H. N. H.

99. *"counterfeit";* that is, a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait.* The word seems to be here used equivocally. —H. N. H.

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So willfully doth spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

134. *"Thou dost forget thyself";* the following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:

> *"Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall
> Should be a precedent to fright you all.
> *Faulc.* What words are these? How do my sinews shake!
> My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
> How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
> *Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;*
> *Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*
> *Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—*
> Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
> Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
> Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
> And split thy heart for wearing it so long."—H. N. H.

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

148 *"task,"* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *"tast"*; Folios 3, 4, *"taste"*; Rowe conjectured *"tax."*—I. G.

Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

209. *"new untrimmed bride";* so the Folios; Theobald, *"new and trimmed,"* or, *"new untamed," "new betrimmed";* Dyce, *"new-up-trimmed."* Staunton was probably right when he suggested that *"untrimmed"* is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose. —I. G.

213. *"infer,"* prove.—C. H. H.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

225. *"bestow yourself,"* act.—C. H. H.

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself

259. *"chafed lion"*; Theobald's correction of the Folios, *"cased."*—I. G.

And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!

271. *"Truly done";* that is, not amiss when done *according to truth,* because it is then *left undone:* in the sense of *truly,* as here used, a crime is done *truly,* when it is *not* done.—H. N. H.

273. *"Not doing it";* that is, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act.—H. N. H.

280–284. In the First Folio the reading is:—

"But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn."

In line 281 a plausible emendation is *"swar'st* (=*"swor'st"*) for the second *"swear'st." "By what"*="in so far as"; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first *"truth"* as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning "troth": lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after *"unsure,"* and rendering "to swear" with the force of "if a man swear."—I. G.

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honor: O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

318. *"profound respects,"* grave considerations.—C. H. H.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

2. *"airy devil";* in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his *Supplication,* 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."—H. N. H.

While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

4. *"Philip";* Theobald, *"Richard";* the error was probably Shakespeare's; *"Philip"* was *"Sir Richard."*—I. G.

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

12. *"Bell, book and candle";* the order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and three wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in *Bale's Pageant:*

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

—H. N. H.

And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;

26. *"time,"* Pope's emendation for *"tune"* of the Folios.—I. G.

39. *"Sound on into the drowsy ear of night";* the Folios, *"race";* Dyce and Staunton, *"ear";* Bulloch, *"face,"* etc. Theobald suggested *"sound one unto,"* as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.—I. G.

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:

52. *"brooded watchful day"*; Pope's *"broad-ey'd,"* Mitford's *"broad and,"* and various emendations have been proposed, but *"brooded"*= "having a brood to watch over," hence *"brooding"*="sitting on brood"—I. G.

I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,

72. *"attend on you,"* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *"to attend";* Pope reads *"t' attend."*—I. G.

73. King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.—H. N. H.

2. *"convicted," i. e.* "overcome"; there is perhaps a reference here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed *"collected";* other suggestions have been *"convented," "connected," "combined," "convexed,"* etc.—I. G.

6. *"Is not Angiers lost?"* etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.—I. G.

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

19. *"afflicted breath"; the body;* the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.—H. N. H.

32. *"Gap of breath";* that is, this mouth.—H. N. H.

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

44. "*not holy,*" so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*holy*"; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) "*unholy.*"—I. G.

60. "*plague,*" torment.—C. H. H.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meager as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never

64. "*friends,*" Rowe's emendation of "*fiends*" of the Folios.—I. G.

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
[*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.
[*Exit.*
Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

98. *"Then have I reason to be fond of grief,"* Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read *"Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?"*; Folio 4, *"Then . . . grief?"*—I. G.

108. *"Twice-told tale"*; "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told*" (Psalm xc).—H. N. H.

110. *"world's taste,"* Pope's emendation of the Folios, *"words taste"*; Jackson's conjecture, *"word, state."*—I. G.

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintained as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offense.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say aye, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*

176. *"A little snow";* Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII,* speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.—H. N. H.

182. *"strong actions,"* so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints *"strange actions."*—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

46. *"watchful minutes to the hour,"* minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).—C. H. H.

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush

92. *"mote,"* Steevens' emendation for *"moth"* of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.—I. G.
99. *"want pleading,"* be insufficient to plead.—C. H. H.

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

134. "*Much danger do I,* etc."; Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as

Scene II

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,

would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.—H. N. H.

1. *"Once again crowned";* that is, this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the *fourth time.*—H. N. H.

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

29. *"Skill in covetousness";* Lord Bacon, in like manner, attributes the failures of certain to the *love,* not of *excellence,* but of *excelling.* The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration, and which the Poet too often exemplifies in his own pages.—H. N. H.

42. *"then lesser is my fear,"* so Folio 1; *"then"* a common spelling

I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;

of "than" in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"then less is my fear"*; Pope, *"the lesser is my fear."*—I. G.

"more, more strong, than lesser is my fear," more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear; *i. e.* the superior cogency of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff. read "then lesser (lesse)," where "then" is a common sixteenth-century spelling of "than." Tyrwhitt's "when" is very plausible.—C. H. H.

48. *"To sound"*; to *declare,* to publish the purposes of all.—H. N. H.

50. *"myself and them"*= (perhaps) *"myself and themselves"*; hence the ungrammatical *"them."*—I. G.

Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with
you? [*Taking him apart.*
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

65. *"than whereupon our weal,"* etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i. e. 'our weal, on you depending'*) counts it your welfare," etc.—I. G.

85. *"Arthur is deceased,* etc."; here again we must quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."—H. N. H.

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue

110. *"From France to England";* meaning that all in France are going to England.—H. N. H.

113. *"The copy";* that is, the *example.*—H. N. H.

117. *"care";* it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads *"eare"* or *"care";* the other Folios *"care."* There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that *"care"* was corrected to *"eare"* in some copies of the First Folio.—I. G.

120. *"first of April";* according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.—I. G.

123. *"Three days before";* Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.—I. G.

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me

128. *"wildly walks,"* totters, reels.—C. H. H.
"my estate," the state of my affairs.—C. H. H.
147. *"a prophet," i. e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).—I. G.
This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people.

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,

Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."—H. N. H.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French

184. *"Wondrous motion";* thus in Holinshed: "About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."—H. N. H.

198. *"Upon contrary feet";* the commentators, it seems, were for a long time puzzled what this might mean, till at last the forgotten fashion of *right* and *left* shoes came back, and the mystery was cleared up at once.—H. N. H.

That were embattailed and ran'k in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be atte led
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

214. *"More upon humor than advised respect,"* more from caprice than deliberate consideration.—C. H. H.

222. *"Quoted,"* bearing the "note" or observed character (of a criminal).—C. H. H.

This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act

231. *"Or made a pause";* "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb:* nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.

268. *"Bring the angry lords";* Holinshed thus continues the story

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles, if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."—H. N. H.

10. *"Heaven take my soul";* the old chroniclers give various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit;*

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:

and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."—H. N. H.

11. *"him"*=the Dauphin.—I. G.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

29. *"reason,"* discourse.—C. H. H.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem.
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

71. *"Glory to this hand";* so in the original; obviously meaning, till I have ennobled this hand with the honor of revenging so foul a crime. Pope proposed *head,* which has been commonly adopted, Gray the poet having been pleased with it. It is not easy to see how the change betters the passage.—H. N. H.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defense;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

79. "*Your sword is bright*"; so in *Othello:* "Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."—H. N. H.

84. "*True defense*"; *honest* defense, defense in a *good cause*.—H. N. H.

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well;
I honor'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

109. *"traded,"* practiced.—C. H. H.

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth

132. *"ocean"* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.
133. *"stifle up."* "Up" adds the sense of completion to the action. —C. H. H.

The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

147. *"Unowed interest";* that is, *unowned* interest; the interest that now has no acknowledged *owner*. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humor
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

8. *"counties";* it is difficult to determine whether *"counties"*= (i.) "counts," *i. e.* "the nobility," or (ii.) "the divisions of the country": probably the former.—I. G.

10. *"love of soul,"* heartfelt love.—C. H. H.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fight him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

67. "*fair-play orders*"; instructions for courteous treatment (of the enemy).—C. H. H.

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defense.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,

1. "*this*," *i. e.* "this compact with the English lords."—I. G.

I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honorable rescue and defense
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;

27. *"step after a stranger, march,"* so the Folios; Theobald *"stranger march,"* but the original reading seems preferable.—I. G.

30. *"The spot";* that is, the *stain.*—H. N. H.

36. *"grapple,"* Pope's emendation of *"cripple"* of the Folios; Steevens conjectured *"gripple,"* Gould *"couple."*—I. G.

Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Not met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity

44. *"Brave respect";* this *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.—H. N. H.

59. *"Full of warm blood,"* Heath's conjecture for *"Full warm of blood"* of the Folios.—I. G.

As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate come apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

64. *"an angel spake"; "angel"* used probably equivocally with a play upon "angel" the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous *"purse," "nobles."*—I. G.

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,

89. *"Interest to the land";* this was the phraseology of the time. Thus in *2 Henry IV:*

> "He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou, the shadow of succession."

Again in Dugdale's *Warwickshire:* "He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest to* the manor of Pedimore."—H. N. H.

104. *"Bank'd their towns";* that is, passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play: "From the hollow holes of Thamesis echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*" We still say to *coast* and to *flank;* and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.—H. N. H.

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.
Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My only lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.
Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,

115. *"outlook,"* outface, face-down; "conquest" is conceived as cowed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.—C. H. H.

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

133. *"unhair'd,"* Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1, *"vn-heard"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"unheard"*; Keightly proposed *"un-beard."*—I. G.

144. *"your nation's crow"*; probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense of *"crow."* But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilized in the play of *Edward III.*—C. H. H.

Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Aye me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

8. *"Swinstead";* so in *"The Troublesome Reign";* "Swinstead"= Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.—I. G.

9. *"Supply"* is here used as a noun of multitude.—H. N. H.

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn

10. *"Bought and sold";* a proverbial expression intimating treachery.—H. N. H.

15. *"He," i. e.* the Dauphin; perhaps *"lords"* in the previous line is an error for *"lord."*—I. G.

And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?

20. *"Everlasting love";* the chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melun, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old King John:

> "There's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."—H. N. H.

24–25. *"even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,"* alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.—I. G.

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumor of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience

37. *"rated,"* assessed at its value.—C. H. H.
44. *"In lieu whereof,"* in return for which.—C. H. H.
50. *"favor,"* aspect.—C. H. H.

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight; 60
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords

60. *"Right in thine eye";* it has been suggested that *"right"* is a misprint for *"riot"; "pight," "fight," "fright,"* etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.—I. G.

By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

An open place in the neighborhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand

20. *"Good quarter"*; that is, keep in your allotted posts or stations. —H. N. H.

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

12. *"Unkind," i. e.* for having failed him.—C. H. H.
"eyeless night," Theobald's emendation of the Folios, *"endles."*—I. G.
26. *"time,"* emergency.—C. H. H.

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*

30. *"The King yet speaks";* not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time." —H. N. H.

Scene VII

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now

1. Prince *"Henry"* was only nine years old when his father died.—H. N. H.

2. *"his pure brain,"* his otherwise clear mind.—C. H. H.

16. *"Leaves them invisible, and his siege"*; so Folio 1; the other Folios, *"and her siege"*; Pope, *"leaves them; invisible his siege"*; Hanmer, *"leaves them insensible; his siege"*; Steevens, *"invincible,"* etc.—I. G.

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of gód comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Aye, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come

21. *"cygnet";* Rowe's correction of *"Symet"* of the Folios.—I. G.
26. *"Indigest";* a description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid "Quem dixere Chaos rudis *indigestæque* moles."—H. N. H.

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
[*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

62. *"upon advantage,"* as a favorable opportunity occurred.—C. H. H.

64. *"Unexpected flood";* this untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.—H. N. H.

82. *"Cardinal Pandulph."* The historic cardinal who effected the negotiations was no longer Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii. 192).—C. H. H.

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defense.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

99. *"At Worcester";* a stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.—H. N. H.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A'=he; I. i. 68.

Absey book, *i. e.* A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.

Abstract, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.

Adjunct, consequent; III. iii. 57.

Advantage, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.

Adverse, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.

Advice, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.

Advised, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.

Aery, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

Affecteth, resembleth; I. i. 86.

Affections, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.

Affliction, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.

Aim; "cry a."; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim,* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.

Airy, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.

Amazed, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

An; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if;* I. i. 138.

Anatomy, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

Angel; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.

Angerly, angrily; IV. i. 82.

Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.

Answer, face; V. vii. 60.

Answer'd, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

Apparent, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.

Armado, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.

Arms, heraldic device; IV. iii. 47.

Arms, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.

Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.

Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.

Artificer, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

Aspect, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

Assured, betrothed; II. i. 535.

At = by; V. ii. 75.

Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.

Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! begone! IV. iii. 77.

Aweless, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

Back, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behavior, "in my b.," *i. e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction, preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.
Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73.
Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabbler, quarreler, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
Brave, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except; III. i. 92; but that; IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now; V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.

Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
"Champion of our Church"; "the King of France was

styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.

CHAPS, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.

CHASTISED, severely punished; V. ii. 84.

CHATILLON (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.

CHECK, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century" (Staunton); II. i. 123.

CHRISTENDOM, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.

CHURLISH, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.

CINCTURE (Pope's reading; Folios *"center,"* perhaps=French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.

CIRCUMSTANCE, details; II. i. 77.

CLAP UP, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.

CLEARLY, completely; V. v. 7.

CLIMATE, region of the sky; II. i. 344.

CLIPPETH ABOUT, embraceth; V. ii. 34.

CLOSE, secret; IV. ii. 72.

CLOSELY, secretly; IV. i. 133.

CLOSET, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.

CLOUTS; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a ragdoll; III. iv. 58.

CLUTCH, shut close; II. i. 589.

COCKER'D, pampered; V. i. 70.

COIL, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.

COLBRAND THE GIANT; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.

COLDLY, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.

COMMANDMENT ON, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.

COMMODITY, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.

COMPANIES=*company;* IV. ii. 167.

COMPOSITION, compact; II. i. 561.

COMPOUND, agree, settle; II. i. 281.

COMPULSION, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.

CONCEIT, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.

CONCLUDES, settles the matter; I. i. 127.

CONDUCT, escort, guard; I. i. 29.

CONFOUNDED, destroyed; V. vii. 58.

CONFUSION, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.

CONJURE, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

CONSEQUENTLY, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.

CONTEMN'D, despised; V. ii. 13.

CONTROL, constraint; I. i. 17.

CONTROLMENT, compulsion; I. i. 20.

CONVERSION, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.

CONVERTITE, convert; V. i. 19.

CONVICTED, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.

COOPS, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.

CORRUPTIBLY, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

Countries; "man of c.," traveler; I. i. 193.

Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.

Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.

Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.

Create, created; IV. i. 107.

Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.

Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.

Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.

Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.

Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.

Dear; "my d. offense," "the offense which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.

Defy, despise, renounce; III. iv. 23.

Departed, parted; II. i. 563.

Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.

Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.

Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.

Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.

Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.

Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.

Dispose, disposal; I. i. 263.

Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.

Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements; III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.

Doff, take off; III. i. 128.

Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.

Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.

Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.

Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.

Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.

Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.

Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.

Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.

Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.

Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.

Effect, import, tenor; IV. i. 38.

Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6; I. i. 22.

Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.

Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.

Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.

Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.

Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.

Equity, justice; II. i. 241.

Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.

Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.

Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.

Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.

Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.

Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.

Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.

Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.
Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.
Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.
Fine, punishment; V. iv. 37; V. iv. 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.
Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
Fleshly land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.
Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.
Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
For, because; II. i. 591.
Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.
For because = because; II. i. 588.
Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.
Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.
France, the King of France; I. i. 1.
From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.
Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
Gawds, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
Give way, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.
Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.
Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.
Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
Handkerch'r = handkerchief; IV. i. 42.
Harborage, shelter; II. i. 234.

Harness'd, dressed in armor; V. ii. 132.
Hatch, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
Head of war, armed force; V. ii. 113.
Heat = heated; IV. i. 61.
Heinous, odious; III. iv. 90.
Hence, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
His = its; IV. iii. 32.
Hold, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
Holds hand with, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
Holp, helped; I. i. 240.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 119.
Humors, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
Hurly = *hurly-burly*, confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

Idly, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
Impeach, accuse; II. i. 116.
Importance, importunity; II. i. 7.
In = on; I. i. 99.
Indifferency, impartiality; II. i. 579.
Indigest, chaos; V. vii. 26.
Indirect, lawless, wrong; III. .. 275.
Indirection, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
Industrious, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
Infant state, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
Infortunate, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
Innocency, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
Inquire out, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
Intelligence, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
Interest to, claim to; V. ii. 89.
Interrogatories, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.
Invasive, invading; V. i. 69.
Inveterate, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

Joan, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.
Joy, glad; III. iv. 107.

Lasting, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.
Liable, subject; II. i. 490; fit; IV. ii. 226; allied, associated; V. ii. 101.
Lien = lain; IV. i. 50.
Lightning; "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.
Like, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.
Limited, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.
Line, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.
Lineal, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.
List, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.
Litter, a couch for ladies and sick persons in traveling; V. iii. 16.

Make up, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.
Manage, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.
Matter, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

MAY, can; V. iv. 21.
MEAGER, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
MEANS, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
MEASURES, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
MIGHT, could, were able; II. i. 325.
MINION, favorite; II. i. 392.
MISTEMPERED = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
MISTOOK, mistaken; III. i. 274.
MOCKING, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
MODERN, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
MODULE, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
MOE, more; V. iv. 17.
MORE, greater; II. i. 34.
MORTAL, deadly; III. i. 259.
MOTION, impulse; I. i. 212.
MOUNTING, aspiring; I. i. 206.
MOUSING, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
MUNITION, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
MUSE, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
MUTINES, mutineers; II. i. 378.

NEW, lately; III. i. 233.
NICE; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III. iv. 138.
NOB, contemptuous diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
NO HAD, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
NOTE; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
NOTED, known; IV. ii. 21.

OCCASION, necessity, cause; II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities; IV. ii. 62; course of events; IV. ii. 125.
O'ERBEARING, bearing down, overpowering; III. iv. 9.
OF = from; III. iv. 55.
OFFEND, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
OFFER, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
OPPOSITE, contrary; III. i. 254.
OPPRESSION; "our o."= oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
OUT-FACED, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
OUTLOOK, face down; V. ii. 115.
OUTWARD EYE; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; "the eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
OVERBEAR, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
OWE, own; II. i. 109.

PAINTED, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
PARLE, parley; II. i. 205.
PASS, refuse; II. i. 258.
PASSIONATE, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
PAWNS, pledges; V. ii. 141.
PEERING O'ER = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
PEEVISH, wayward; II. i. 402.
PEISED, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
PENCIL, small brush used to lay on colors; III. i. 237.
PERADVENTURE, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
PEREMPTORY, determined; II. i. 454.
PERFECT, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
PHILIP! SPARROW; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's

Boke of Phylyp Sparowe"); I. i. 231.

Picked, affected; I. i. 193.

Plots, positions; II. i. 40.

Possess'd with, informed of; IV. ii. 41.

Potents, potentates; II. i. 358.

Powers, armed force; III. iii. 70.

Practices, plots; IV. i. 20.

Prate, prattle; IV. i. 25.

Precedent, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.

Presages, prognostications; III. iv. 158.

Presence; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.

Presently, immediately; V. vii. 86.

Princes = lords; V. vii. 97.

Private, private communication; IV. iii. 16.

Prodigiously, by the birth of a monster; III. i. 91.

Propertied, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.

Provoke, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.

Puissance, armed force; III. i. 339.

Pure, clear; V. vii. 2.

Purpled hands, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.

Purpose, "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.

Put o'er, refer; I. i. 62.

Pyrenean, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

Quantity, small portion; V. iv. 23.

Quarter; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.

Quoted, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

Rage = rave; V. vii. 11.

Ramping, rampant; III. i. 122.

Rankness, fullness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.

Reason, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.

Recreant, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.

Refuse, reject, disown; I. i. 127.

Regreet, greeting; III. i. 241.

Remembers, reminds; III. iv. 96.

Remembrance, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.

Remorse, compassion; II. i. 478.

Resolved, resolute; V. vi. 29.

Resolveth, melteth; V. iv. 25.

Respect, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.

Respective, showing respect; I. i. 188.

Rest, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.

Retire themselves = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.

Revolts, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.

Rheum, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.

Ribs, walls; II. i. 384.

Ripe, ripen; II. i. 472.

Rounded, whispered; II. i. 566.

Roundure, enclosure; II. i. 259.

Rub, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.

Rumor, din, tumult; V. iv. 45.

Safety, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.

Savagery, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.

Scamble = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.

Scath, injury, damage; II. i. 75.

Scope of nature, natural effect

(Pope "scape," *i. e.* freak); III. iv. 154.

Scroyles, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.

Secondary, subordinate; V. ii. 80.

Secure, free from care; IV. i. 130.

Semblance, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.

Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.

Set forward, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.

Shadow, reflection; II. i. 498.

Shadowing, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.

Shall, must; V. ii. 78.

Shrewd, evil, bad; V. v. 14.

Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.

Sick service, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.

Sightless, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.

Sign'd, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.

Set, close; V. vii. 51.

Skin-coat, *i. e.* lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.

Smacks, savors; II. i. 396.

Smoke, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.

So = if only; IV. i. 17.

Sole, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.

Solemnity, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.

Sooth, truth; IV. i. 29.

Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.

Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.

Sound, give voice to, proclaim; IV. ii. 48.

Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

Sped, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.

Spend, waste; V. ii. 39.

Spirit, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.

Spleen, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.

Spot, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.

Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.

Staff, lance; II. i. 318.

State, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.

States, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.

Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.

Still, continually; V. vii. 37.

Still and anon, now and again; IV. i. 47.

Straight, straightway; II. i. 149.

Strait, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.

Stranger, foreign; V. i. 11.

Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.

Sudden, quick, hasty; IV. i. 27; unprepared; V. vi. 26.

Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.

Supernal, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.

Suspire, draw breath; III. iv. 80.

Swinged, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.

Take = make; III. i. 17.

Tarre on, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.

Task (Theobald's correction of *"tast"* of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.

Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was

to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.

TEMPORIZE, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.

TERRITORIES, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.

THEN, than; IV. ii. 42.

THREATS, threatens; III. i. 347.

TICKLING, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.

TIDES; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.

TIME'S ENEMIES, the enemies of the times, *i. e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.

TITHE, take a tithe; III. i. 154.

TO, added to; I. i. 144.

TOASTING-IRON, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.

TOLL, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.

TONGUE, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.

TOOK IT ON HIS DEATH, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.

TOPFUL, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.

TOTTERING, tattered; V. v. 7.

TOUCH'D AND TRIED, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.

TOWERS, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.

TOYS, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

TRICK, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.

TRUE; "my t. defense," *i. e.* "the defense of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

UNADVISED, without due thought, consideration; II. i. 45; rash; II. i. 191.

UNCONSTANT = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.

UNDER-BEAR, bear, endure; III. i. 65.

UNDERPROP, support; V. ii. 99.

UNDER-WROUGHT, undermined; II. i. 95.

UNDESERVED, not merited; IV. i. 108.

UNHAIR'D (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1), beardless; V. ii. 133.

UNMATCHABLE, not able to be equaled; IV. iii. 52.

UNOWED, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.

UNREVEREND, disrespectful; I. i. 227.

UNRULY, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.

UNSURED, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.

UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald *"untread"*; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.

UNURGED, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.

UNVEX'D, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.

UP, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.

UPON, on the side of; I. i. 34; on account of; II. i. 597.

VEX'D, disquieted; III. i. 17.

VOLQUESSEN, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.

VOLUNTARIES, volunteers; II. i. 67.

WAFT = wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
WAIT UPON, attend; V. vii. 98.
WALKS; "wildly w.," *i. e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
WALL-EYED, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is discolored or wanting in color"); IV. iii. 49.
WANT, lack; IV. i. 99.
WANTON, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
WANTONNESS, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
WARN'D, summoned; II. i. 201.
WATCHFUL; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
WAY, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
WEAL, common-wealth; IV. ii. 65; welfare; IV. ii. 66.
WEAR OUT, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
WEATHER, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
WHAT! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
WHAT THOUGH, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
WHET ON, incite; III. iv. 181.
WHETHER (Folios, "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
WILLFUL-OPPOSITE, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
WIND UP, furl together; V. ii. 73.
WINKING, closed; II. i. 215.
WITH = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
WORSHIP, honor, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
WRESTED, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

YET, as yet; II. i. 361.
YON, yonder; III. iii. 60.
YOU = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

ZEAL, ardor, intense endeavor; II. i. 565.
ZOUNDS; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. Of what play is this a recast? Compare the two plays.

2. Comment upon the play as history; as a work of art.

3. Upon what does the entire action turn?

4. What aspect of the papal power is set forth in the play?

5. Historically, what was the character of John? How fully is it presented in the play?

6. How are historical facts ordered in the case of Constance? For what dramatic purpose?

7. Compare in other respects the handling of history with the development of incidents and portrayal of character, and explain the dramatic purpose in each instance.

8. What element in the play is probably due to popular feeling in Shakespeare's time?

9. Wherein is the beauty of Faulconbridge's fealty to John?

10. What is striking in the character of Faulconbridge?

11. How is Constance portrayed?

12. What is the historic character of Elinor? Is it expressed in the play?

13. Why did she urge John on to keep the throne, and exclude Arthur? Where does she indicate to John what constituted his only stronghold on the throne?

14. What marked event of King John's reign was omitted by the Poet from the course of the drama? What were probable causes of this omission?

ACT I

15. What message from France comes to John in the first scene?

16. Describe the introduction of Faulconbridge.

17. What transpires with regard to him?

18. What are the claims of Arthur to the throne?

19. What title does John bestow upon Faulconbridge?

20. What does John plan upon hearing of the intent of the King of France?

ACT II

21. What are the opening events of this act?

22. How did Richard Cœur de Lion die? How has Shakespeare used this incident? What persons does he combine for his dramatic purpose in this instance?

23. How do the English and French forces meet, and what is the outcome of their parley at first?

24. What is the response of the citizens of Angiers when asked to announce allegiance to one side or the other in the matter of English sovereignty?

25. What does Faulconbridge suggest as an expedient?

26. What effect does this have upon the citizens of Angiers, and what do they suggest?

27. How is their suggestion received?

28. What is the outcome of the proposal?

29. What are the Bastard's reflections in his soliloquy in the final passage?

ACT III

30. How does Constance receive the news of the new terms of peace? How does this treaty affect her cause?

31. What is the human truth in the portrayal of Constance's grief?

32. How does Philip of France seek to mollify her? How does she reply to his attempt? What reproofs has she for Lymoges?

33. What is the Bastard's constant taunt of Lymoges? Explain it.

34. What message arrives from the Pope?

35. How does John receive it, and with what result to himself?

36. What is Pandulph's advice to Philip of France following John's reply to the papal message? How do Austria and Lewis advise him?

37. How does Blanch try to influence the matter?

38. To what action does this disruption by the papal authority lead?

39. What is the outcome of the battle that follows?

40. Whom does the Bastard seek to avenge by killing Austria?

41. Who are taken prisoners by the English?

42. How does John's method of inducing Hubert to do away with Arthur, bespeak his character?

43. What has the Bastard been set to do against the Church in England? Why should such a course appeal to his nature as it is presented? What does it express of the English feeling?

ACT IV

44. Describe the scene between Arthur and Hubert.

45. How do the Lords express their suspicions of John's wickedness with regard to Arthur, and their feeling on account of it? What feeling does this awaken in John?

46. What news concerning the movements of the Dauphin is brought to John at this juncture?

47. Why does it make more alarming to John the possible disaffection of the nobles and his people, owing to Arthur's death?

48. What aspect of the King's villainy does his interview with Hubert betray, when he tries to shift the blame of Arthur's death? What is his main cause of relief when he hears that Arthur still lives?

49. Describe Arthur's death.

50. How do the nobles express themselves on finding the dead Arthur? Especially describe the wrath of Faulconbridge, and its expression of his character.

ACT V

51. Why does John finally accede to the papal demands?

52. What is Lewis's claim? Does John's action restrain him?

53. What are Salisbury's words in substance, regarding the disaffection of the English Barons from the cause of England as represented by John?

54. What does the Bastard advise John with regard to meeting the French?

55. What was the Dauphin's oath with regard to the English Barons who had come to his side against John? How does the betrayal of this oath by Melun affect the Dauphin?

56. What is the result of the battle between the English and French?

57. What news does Hubert bring the Bastard concerning King John? Concerning the Lords?

58. How does John meet his death? What is Holinshed's account of the cause of his meeting it as he did?

59. What final message has arrived from the Dauphin by Pandulph in the last scene?

60. Quote the final words of Faulconbridge?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The Taming of The Shrew was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on November 19, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of *The Shrew* instead of *A Shrew*, the copyright of which he had secured.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW

The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays*, 1776; The Shakespeare Society's publications, 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of *A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.* Pope actually attributed this

crude effort to Shakespeare himself; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe—their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590–2.

THE DATE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ADAPTATION

The Taming of The Shrew is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labor Won.* Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even "as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense."

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connection with his original is considered.[1] It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between *A Shrew* and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and the scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearean portion of *The Shrew.*

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearean portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

[1] Meres mentions *King John,* though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of *The Shrew.* One should note, too, the mention of *Titus,* and the omission of 1, *2, 3 Henry VI.*

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors;* at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV.*[1] Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596–7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601–3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602).

SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE IN THE PLAY

As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II, i, is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearean portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169–326; 115–326, with the omission of ll. 241–254; 115–326. Act III, i, may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearean. Act III, ii, is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130–150, or possibly of ll. 1–88, 126–185. Act IV, i, iii, v, are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV, ii, iv, Act V, i, are similarly throughout non-Shakespearean. Act V, ii, 1–175 (or 1–181), certainly Shakespeare's. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual,* p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society,* 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America,* 1890.)

[1] The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the First Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to *"Sinklo,"* in the Folio; "Sinklo" acted in *3 Henry VI,* an early play, and *2 Henry IV* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of "a keeper"; in the latter instead of "a beadle."

["Nicke" the messenger, mentioned in Act I, i, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

"THE SHREW" AND "A SHREW": SOME NOTEWORTHY VARIATIONS

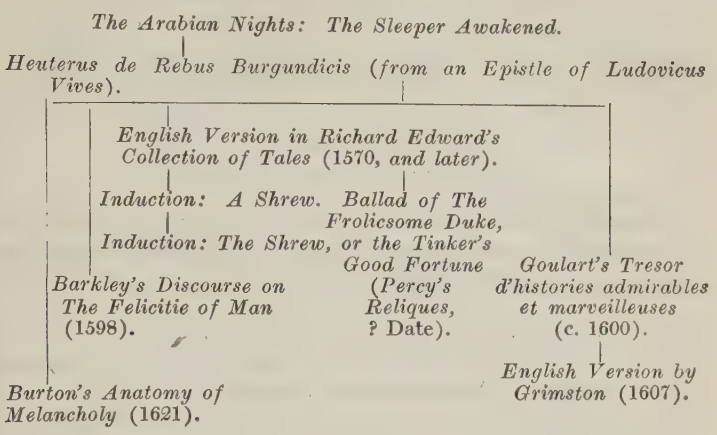
(i) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterization are concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in *The Shrew;* [1] in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play: —"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the Tapster." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had "the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life," etc. (iii) Further, the scene of action has been changed from "Athens" to "Padua." (iv) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant "Ferando" has given place to the "whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio." (v) Kate in *A Shrew* has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in *The Shrew.* (vi) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

THE SOURCES. (I) THE INDUCTION

The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the *Arabian Nights,* whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatized by Calderon in his *La Vida es Sueño*

[1] From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I, i, seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.

(*Life's a Dream*, c. 1633), probably from Rojas' *Viaje Entretenido*, is perhaps as follows:—


The Arabian Nights: The Sleeper Awakened.
Heuterus de Rebus Burgundicis (from an Epistle of Ludovicus Vives).
English Version in Richard Edward's Collection of Tales (1570, and later).
Induction: A Shrew.
Ballad of The Frolicsome Duke,
Induction: The Shrew, or the Tinker's Good Fortune (Percy's Reliques, ? Date).
Barkley's Discourse on The Felicitie of Man (1598).
Goulart's Tresor d'histories admirables et marveilleuses (c. 1600).
English Version by Grimston (1607).
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (1621).

(II) THE MAIN PLOT

The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of The Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, *A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin* (*before* 1575),[1] but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII, 2 (published in 1550).

(III) THE UNDER PLOT

The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV and V of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.[2]

1 Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew*, in the (old) Shakespeare Society's publication.

2 From this same source, too, the name "Petruchio" was, perhaps, derived.

(iv) THE LATIN LESSON

This element (Act III, i) may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, VI, 500).

THE DURATION OF ACTION

According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I.
Day 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.
Day 3. Act III, i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.
Day 4. Act III, ii; Act IV, i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?).
Day 5. Act IV, ii. Interval (?).
Day 6. Act IV, iii, iv, v, and Act V (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I and II should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days" (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society*, 1877–79, p. 168).

THE TAMER TAMED

Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the *Taming of the Shrew* in his *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed* (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and "eke her patience," and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the "masculine" daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account,

aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and "Commander-in-Chief" Bianca, "city wives," "county wives," etc. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, "born again," and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

> "The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men
> Can find one just cause to complain of, when
> They fitly do consider, in their lives
> They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives.
> Nor can the women from this precedent
> Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
> To teach both sexes due equality,
> And as they stand bound to love mutually.
> If this effect arising from a cause
> Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
> We something more than hope our honest ends
> Will keep the men, and women too, our friends."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Taming of the Shrew makes the eleventh in the division of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; or, if there were an earlier impression, no copy of it has reached us. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And the text is in general so clear as to leave little room for critical controversy.

No certain contemporary notice of this play having been discovered, we have no external guide to the probable date of the composition. So that here we must make the best we can out of such judgments as come recommended to our hands. Malone at first thought the play was written in 1606, but this opinion did not hold: he says,—"On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions, and near, in point of time, to *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*." Farmer thought the Induction to be in the Poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it; that more than one hand was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes where Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged. To which Steevens replies,—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author: I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharina and Petruchio." Mr. Collier, whose judgment in such matters is always deserving of respect, was once of the opinion that it should be set down to 1606; but his later sentence is for 1601, or

1602. We should attach more weight to his judgment herein, had he withheld the reasons thereof. One of which is, that in *Hamlet* Shakespeare used Baptista as the name of a woman, but, before he wrote *The Taming of the Shrew* had found out the mistake. He adds,—"The great probability is, that *Hamlet* was written at the earliest in 1601, and *The Taming of the Shrew* perhaps came from his pen not very long afterwards." The other reason is as follows. In *The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill*, which was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in 1599, one of the persons says,—"I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." In July, 1602, Dekker received payment of Henslowe for a play he was then writing, entitled *A Medicine for a curst Wife*. From whence Mr. Collier conjectures, "that Shakespeare produced his *Taming of the Shrew* soon after *Patient Grissill* had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his *Medicine for a curst Wife*, having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's play at a rival theater." There is much ingenuity, perhaps some force, in these reasons; but surely not enough to stand against the internal evidence of the play; which is too strong to admit of the belief that the whole could have been written by Shakespeare at that time. Mr. Collier is sensible of this, and therefore supposes that some parts of the play must have come from another hand; a supposition for which there is no authority, save that the assigning so late a date renders it necessary. Our persuasion, therefore, is, that the best parts of the play do not relish much of Shakespeare as he was at the period in question; and that none are so bad but they may well enough have been written by him several years before. And we should much sooner think he wrote it at different times, than that he had any help in writing it then.

That no certain contemporary notice of this play should have come down to us, is the more remarkable forasmuch as we have several such of an earlier play, called *The Tam-*

ing of a Shrew, which was first published in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. The title-page of 1594 reads thus: "A pleasant-conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594." Of this play there are, also, three several entries in the Stationers' Books; and Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, says,—"Read the book of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her." All which argues the play to have been popular enough. And Shakespeare may have taken the more pains to keep his play out of print, and therefore out of the Stationers' Books, because it was so like one already printed.

The old *Taming of a Shrew* evidently furnished Shakespeare the plot, order, and incidents of his play, so far as these relate to the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Katharina, and the whole taming process. The scene of the first is at Athens, of the other at Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning. Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger, till the elder be disposed of. Presently one Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the tailor and haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behavior, all follow, in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a

merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives, and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both, save that in the first Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the play, and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in Shakespeare this part is not carried beyond the first act.

This close similarity of title, matter, and interest, shows that the Poet had no thought of concealing his obligations; rather, it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the old play to the advantage of his company. Nevertheless, excepting a very few lines and phrases imitated or adopted, the dialogue, language, and poetry are all his own: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more determinate and specific individuality; and the whole is quickened and permeated with the briskness and vigor of his genius: even in the poorest parts there is a clean evolving of the thought, an energetic directness of style, and a driving right straight at the point, that lift it immeasurably above its model. So that the thing is emphatically a new substance cast in a borrowed mould; and that, too, with as little disturbing as might be of those associations that would be apt to make it tell on the receipts of the theater. Yet the old play must be owned to have considerable merit: probably few of the English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity and vapid common-place.

There is no telling with certainty when or by whom the old play was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592, at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. The weight of probability bears strongly in favor of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the title-page to the Orlando Furioso, which is known to have been Greene's, because it was spoken of as such by a contemporary writer. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publisher; and both are called histories. Knight, after stating this point, asks,—"Might not the recent death of Greene, the reputation he left behind him, the unhappy circumstances of his death, and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, 'principally touching Robert Greene,' have led the bookseller to procure and publish these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the labored finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy." And he thereupon quotes from the two plays several passages, a comparison of which certainly goes to bear out his view.

To our mind this view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in *The Taming of a Shrew* that were evidently copied or taken from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine.* From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this we could start many arguments; but probably all of them would not weigh so much with considerate readers as the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who, after giving his opinion the other way, remarks as follows: "I find enough in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the

very words of his favorite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus*."

Marlowe was killed June 1, 1593. Of his *Faustus* the earliest known edition was in 1604. Henslowe's *Diary* has several entries concerning it, the earliest of which is dated September 30, 1594. From one of these entries it appears that twenty shillings were paid to Thomas Dekker, December 20, 1597, for making additions to *Faustus*. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Register January 7, 1601. All which seems to warrant the conclusion that it had not been printed in 1594, when *The Taming of a Shrew* first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of *Faustus*. And as this was probably written as early as 1588 or 1589, there appears no reason but that the above-mentioned plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before *The Taming of a Shrew* came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript, than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards our present purpose, is, that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* may have been written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and it can scarce be denied that the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may not unfairly presume *The Taming of the Shrew* to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance*. Part of the passage was quoted in our Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* but the whole is so remarkable, that it may well enough bear to be quoted again. He is ex-

horting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colors. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands allowed. And the general opinion is, that the second and third parts of *King Henry VI* are the plays in which the Poet more especially drew upon the labors of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner, as the old *Taming of a Shrew*. This, to be sure, noway infers but they were among the writings meant; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own. But the passage quoted certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded. In case of those he seems to have had little if any cause to complain on his own account, however he might resent a wrong done to his

friends; and it is natural to suspect that Shakespeare had remodeled or appropriated some other work in which Greene had a stronger personal interest, and felt himself more nearly touched.

For our own part, though we cannot quite say we believe that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was one of the plays referred to in *The Groatsworth of Wit*, yet we have to admit there are some pretty strong reasons for believing so. And from the early publication of the older play we are apt to suspect that it may have been in a manner superseded on the stage by Shakespeare's improvement upon it; while in turn the printing of that may have served to discourage the acting of this. It is to be further observed that Henslowe's *Diary* has an entry showing that *The Taminge of a Shrewe* was performed at Newington Butts, June 11, 1594. Now Henslowe was notoriously careless in the form of his accounts. So that if it be not certain that this entry related to Shakespeare's play, neither is it at all improbable that such was the case. Henslowe's accounts at the time in question were of performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The Lord Admiral was the Earl of Nottingham; the Lord Chamberlain's men were the company to which Shakespeare belonged: and the title-page of the older play in 1594 reads,—"As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants;" a company quite distinct from both the former.

The most that seems able to be said against so early a date as we have been arguing for, is, that the play was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and that the express purpose of his list would scarce have allowed him to omit *The Taming of the Shrew*, had it been in existence then. There is indeed much force in this, as Mr. Collier observes; nor should we well know how to answer it but for the fact that there was then another play, twice printed, well known, with almost the same title, and therefore very liable to be confounded with it. Besides, it were natural enough, in the circumstances, for Meres himself to doubt whether

Shakespeare had written any such play, knowing there was one of that name that he did not write. But indeed nothing is plainer than that there might be ever so much mistaking between two performances so alike in title and all the main points of stage-effect.

It hath been already remarked how Shakespeare varies from his predecessor in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to *The Supposes*, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learned how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.—There is no likelihood that the Poet went beyond *The Taming of a Shrew* for the material of his Induction; since all that any body but himself could have been the author of, is to be found there. The main features of this part, however, were by no means original in that play: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it have not traveled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and perhaps was born there; as the earliest known traces of it are met with in *The Sleeper Awakened*, of the *Thousand and One Nights*, but suspected by Mr. Lane not to be a genuine tale. But the most available version of it is in Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, though it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, being at Bruxelles, and taking a walk one night after supper with some of his favorites, found a certain artisan lying drunk and sound asleep upon the stones. It pleased him in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused the sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland to be put on him. He having digested his

wine and beginning to awake, there came about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many courtesies, and ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel he will put on that day. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen who salute him with all honor, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they give him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they usually did to the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the court. This done, he is taken to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet with store of Ipocras and precious wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that

if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savory quality: the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humor! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colors of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall any where find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skillfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are every where sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence any way save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do any thing wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister. The play indeed has little depth and vigor of characterization save what is contained in Grumio, Katharina, and Petruchio: these, especially the last, have character enough, are thoroughly compacted of individual life and are forcibly drawn.

In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes

to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and willful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst conduct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honors and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it dares a conquering power, because it wants to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

Now all this Katharina has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as "a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spir-

its, and without a particle of ill-humor from beginning to end." His plan is, to drive her out of her humor by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this, the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PETRUCHIO AND KATHARINA

The wooer, Petruchio, is fashioned out of coarse clay; he comes not to Padua as Lucentio does, for the sake of study, but to marry for gold. The rich shrew is offered to him in jest, and he enters upon his courtship in a spirit of good-humored bravado; this even his Grumio perceives. He has never been of refined nature and habits; he goes about badly dressed; to strike his servants and wring them by the ears on the smallest cause, is common with him; but at the same time he has traveled and is experienced, he has learned to know men and how to handle them. To tame the shrew cannot frighten a man who, with all his manly power, is conscious of understanding the play of jest and flattering gallantry, and who in extreme cases knows that the

> Little fire grows great with little wind,
> Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

—He is a soldier, huntsman, and sailor—enough of each to develop a rugged character; he is a rigid disciplinarian, unapproachable and imposing. He is compared by Katharina to a crab-apple, and I know not what could be more expressively likened to the hard-skinned muscular faces of soldiers long in service.

Katharina, whom he undertakes to woo, is like a wasp, like a foal that kicks from its halter—pert, quick, and determined, but full of good heart; Petruchio already takes pleasure in her nature, because her honest heart overflows

in the right place, as in the last act with the widow. Spoilt by her father, she is an ill-behaved child, who cannot crave nor thank; who mistreats her gentle sister, binds her, and beats her. She is excited to the highest pitch of violence by her father's preference for her sister, but principally from envy of the numerous suitors who press round Bianca, whilst she has the prospect of remaining unmarried. She is not one of those beautiful feminine souls who remain unembittered with this prospect and in this lot, and who do not lose the special harmony of the female nature. The key rather to her character and to her conduct to the ill-mannered suitor, is that she is embittered against her threatening lot, to "lead apes in hell"—a proverbial humorous expression for the fate of the unmarried, which Beatrice also uses of herself in Much Ado about Nothing. She wishes for a husband, he wishes for gold; thus the way is smoothed to each of them.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

KATHARINA

It is through his wife's physical nature that Petruchio begins his attack. Kate's high stomach is brought down by fatigue, starvation, and want of sleep, and to exasperate her further, all this is done in an overstrained spirit of anxiety about her well-being. So, too, in the scarcely less primary necessity of dress she is tantalized by the sight of caps and gowns of the newest cut, only to see them rejected on the plea that they are not worth the wearing. Through the body the spirit is quickly subdued, and we know that the field is won when on the return journey to Padua we find Katharina ready, at Petruchio's bidding, to call the sun the moon, and to embrace the aged Vincentio as a young, budding virgin.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

SLY

To the *Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare supplied a pathetic frame; here a comic setting encloses the comedy, or rather, encloses it on one side; for the merry fooling of Christopher Sly, which reaches a dramatic conclusion in *The Taming of A Shrew*, is interrupted in Shakespeare's play, where the "Induction" is an introduction, and little more. But in the earlier comedy Sly makes an occasional remark—or is reported to be asleep—throughout the performance, till he is carried back in his drunken slumber to the ale-house door—or near it; and at the close, when he awakes, and hears the ominous words of the tapster, "Your wife will course you for dreaming here to-night," he answers sleepily, "Will she? I know how to tame a shrew, I dreamt upon it all this night till now. . . . I 'le to my wife presently and tame her too." Why did Shakespeare break off this pleasant encircling play? His work has marks of haste, and this may be one reason; or the semi-serious close given to the piece by the over-tamed Katharina made it impossible for him to complete the enveloping comedy.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

The Taming of the Shrew is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord, when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. His answer when he is asked how he likes it, "Indifferent well; 'tis a good piece of work, would 'twere done," is in good keeping, as if he were thinking of his Saturday night's job. Sly does not change his tastes with his new situation, but in the midst of splendor and luxury still calls out lustily and repeatedly "for a pot o' the smallest ale." He is very slow in giving up his personal identity in his sudden advancement.—"I am Christophero Sly, call not me honor nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give

me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.—What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom."

This is honest. "The Slys are no rogues," as he says of himself. We have a great predilection for this representative of the family; and what makes us like him the better is, that we take him to be of kin (not many degrees removed) to Sancho Panza.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

There is but one trait in Katharina's character that might seem to be wrongly drawn, namely, that the self-willed, violent, refractory girl should so quickly and readily consent to marry Petruchio, and that she obeys him almost without resistance, with, indeed, a nay on her lips, but a yea in her heart. However, upon a closer examination we shall again have to admit this to be a proof of the poet's thorough knowledge of human nature. It would unquestionably have been an easy matter to have given more obvious motives for Katharina's consent, but the best motive here was the very surprise, the irresistible impression made upon her by an energetic and thoroughly manly spirit. In Petruchio she probably, for the first time in her life, met with a man worthy the name of a man; hitherto she had been surrounded only by women in male attire. A genuine man she could not but esteem, nay even love, and accordingly

obey. This, in fact, is the result of woman's nature in general, and the psychological result of the pride and unusual energy of her character. Petruchio and Katharina, therefore, are excellently suited to one another, and as the closing scene intimates, their marriage will prove a happy one. And herein again we find an indication of the fundamental idea of the whole: that only that which is natural, and in accordance with the nature of mankind and things, is enduring, and a guarantee of happiness and contentment.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

WEAKNESS OF THE PLAY

Looking over the play at large it must be thought that the leading subject is scarcely of a caliber to correspond with the length of it, and, as in the *Comedy of Errors*, not only is blank verse bestowed on matter scarcely worthy, but the theme (at least as it is treated) seems more akin to farce than comedy. Part of this weakness is no doubt due to the comparative tameness and disparity of the underplot. This, the wooing of Bianca by lovers in disguise and masquerading servants, is a characterless tale of intrigue, and however successfully its incidents may be interwoven with those of Petruchio's enterprise, this does not overcome the essential discordance in tone and spirit. The tale of Katharina and Petruchio stands in unsupported isolation, bold spirited, lively and exciting in itself, and requiring doubtless some more sober relief, but a relief not dependent on tameness or mere difference of incident, but with contrasted geniality of characterization that would not only relieve but refresh.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

TRACES OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAND

With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakspere can mingle his mirth, and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat discon-

certs the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that the *Taming of the Shrew* was not altogether the work of Shakspere's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen and Servants } *Persons in the Induction*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio*
A Pedant

KATHARINA, *the shrew* } *daughters to Baptista*
BIANCA,
Widow

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

INDUCTION

Christopher Sly, a tinker, is discovered in a drunken sleep by a lord. The latter, to make some fun, orders his servants to take him to the castle, to place him in the fairest chamber, to dress him in fine clothes, to put rings on his fingers, and to have sweet music ready to play when he should awake. All this is done and when Sly awakes, he is persuaded that he is a nobleman who has been insane for many years. For his amusement the following play is presented.

ACT I

In Padua lives Baptista, a rich gentleman. He has two daughters, Katharina the elder, who is known far and near for her shrewish disposition, and Bianca the younger, who is equally celebrated for her charms and gentleness. The latter has many suitors, but her father refuses her to each one, saying he will not consent to her marrying until her sister is off his hands. One of these admirers is Lucentio, a gentleman of Pisa. He disguises himself and enters Baptista's service as a tutor for Bianca. His own name and position he bestows on his servant, Tranio. In the meanwhile there has come to Padua, Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, who determines to marry Katharina.

ACT II

Baptista gladly consents to this marriage. Tranio as Lucentio asks to be counted among Bianca's suitors. It is with a strong wooing that Petruchio courts Katharina;

her loud and angry words are greeted by his praises of her sweetness and gentleness. When her father comes in Petruchio tells him to prepare the wedding-feast, for they are agreed to be married the following Sunday.

ACT III

In another part of the house the real Lucentio in his guise as tutor tries to win Bianca. On Sunday, when all the wedding-guests are assembled, the bridegroom is missing. After a long wait, he comes in a fantastic attire which he cannot be persuaded against wearing during the ceremony. As they leave the church he insists on starting immediately for their home, not even waiting for the wedding-feast, although Katharina entreats and storms.

ACT IV

At his country-house Petruchio pretends to be very careful of his wife's welfare, but he finds fault with the food, so that she gets nothing to eat, and when she retires to sleep, he finds fault with the bed and tosses the pillows and clothes about until Katharina is forced to seek rest in a chair. Every time she sleeps she is awakened by his storming at the servants. The next day it is the same way; even a new hat and gown which he had ordered for her she is not allowed to have, although, or rather because, she likes them. Finally, to make Petruchio keep his temper, Katharina will do or say whatever he likes. In Padua, Tranio as Lucentio introduces a schoolmaster to Baptista as his father and by the former's help wins Baptista's consent to his marriage with Bianca. The real Lucentio is successful with the lady herself.

ACT V

Just then, matters are complicated by the arrival of Lucentio's real father. Tranio tries to bluff it out to make time for his master and is about to have the father arrested

when Lucentio and Bianca arrive and announce their marriage. Explanations are made and a great feast is spread in Lucentio's house. Among the guests are Petruchio and Katharina and a third bride and groom. The gentlemen pass jokes about Petruchio's wife and after the dinner is over and the men are alone, each wagers that his wife is the most obedient and gentle. To the surprise of all Katharina is the only one who yields to her husband's wishes.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION

Scene I

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third borough. [*Exit.*

3. *"The Slys";* Knight says,—"The tinker was right in boasting the antiquity of his family, though he did not precisely recollect the name of the Conqueror." Doubtless the name is from the same original as our words *sly* and *sleight.* So that there have been Slys ever since there began to be ***skillful, cunning*** men. The name is said to have been common in the Poet's native town.—H. N. H.

9. *"go by, Jeronimy";* a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."—I. G.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

17. *"Brach Merriman"; "brach"* usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires "brach" to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of "couple," "mate." Hanmer proposed *"leech";* Keightley, *"bathe";* Singer (ed. 2) *"trash,"* &c.—I. G.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honor will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Traveling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honor, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

64. *"And he says he is,"* &c., so the old eds. The reading is probably correct; the line means "when he says he is mad, say that he dreams." Rowe proposed *"And when he says he's poor";* Keightley *"And when he says what he is,"* &c.—I. G.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behavior,—
For yet his honor never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,

88. The Folio and Quarto prefix *"Sincklo,"* the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of *2 Henry IV,* V. iv., and in the Folio, *3 Henry VI,* III. i.—I. G.

"Soto" is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased.* —I. G.

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance,
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

112. *"accomplished,"* performed.—C. H. H.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honor taste of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honor' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me

131. *"usurp,"* assume.—C. H. H.

conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, aye, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;

85. *"of,"* during.—C. H. H.

And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Aye, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband? My men should call me 'lord:' I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

96. *"John Naps of Greece";* Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green." Probably there is an allusion to some place in Warwickshire, then known by the name of Greece."—H. N. H.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Page. Aye, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Aye, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

15. *"hopes conceived";* that is, to fullfil the expectations of his friends.—H. N. H.

By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. *Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

26. *"affected,"* disposed.—C. H. H.
32. *Cp. The Taming of a Shrew:—*

"Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks."—I. G.

42. *"If Biondello, thou wert";* the Collier MS. reads "now were"; Dyce adopts this emendation.—I. G.

But stay a while: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!

64. *"To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool";* an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales.* "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole." —I. G.

Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A' pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.
[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labor and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

108–109. *"Their love";* it seems that we should read—*Your* love. yr in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good-will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.—H. N. H.

"Blowing the nails" seems to have been a proverbial expression for *doing nothing*.—H. N. H.

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the highcross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole? He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Aye, marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him? would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,

240. *"I, sir! ne'er a whit."* Rowe proposed *"Ay, sir, ne'er,"* &c.; Dyce, *"Ay, sir.—Ne'er."* It is difficult to determine whether *"I"* is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for *"Ay."*—I. G.

253–254. *"The presenters," i. e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.—I. G.

surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship!
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.
Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

26. *"Petruchio";* Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelled this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio,* in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*—H. N. H.

28. *"what he 'leges in Latin";* the Folios and Quarto, *"leges,"* an authorized form for *"alleges":* Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.—I. G.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake
you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me
here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock
me soundly'? And come you now with,
'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's
pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

60. *"Ill-favored"* has reference, no doubt, to the features of her mind, not of her person. *"Shrewd"* in the sense of *shrew*.—H. N. H.

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is; why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst

74. *"Adriatic seas";* a writer in the *Pictorial Shakespeare,* in a note upon this passage, says,—"The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by 'the swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over it into the Lagunes."—H. N. H.

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

118. *"a cat"*; Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."—H. N. H.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.
Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?
Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

120. "*Keep*" here means *care*, keeping, custody.—H. N. H.

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah!
Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior

153–154. *"paper" . . . "them";* changed by Pope to "papers": Mr. Daniel considers *"paper"* to be the note of the *"books,"* and *"them"* the books.—I. G.

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? aye, or I 'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offense?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

227. "Not her to"; the original has a dash in this place. As the dialogue here runs in rhyme, the ending of the next verse shows that this was to end with *woo.* Of course Tranio anticipates and interrupts Gremio.—H. N. H.

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

273. *"gratify,"* reward.—C. H. H.

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[*Exeunt.*

286. *"motion,"* proposal.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*to Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;

75–84, arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.—I. G.

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favor as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor. Bio. following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

105. *"Lucentio is your name."* We may suppose, with Mr. Lee, that "From Lucentio" or the like was written on the parcel.—C. H. H.

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Aye, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Pet. Aye, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I 'll fume with them:'
And, with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what 's a movable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Aye, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

207. *"no such jade as you";* probably an error for *"no jade for such as you,"* as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "no such load as you, sir"* (Singer), &c.—I. G.

212–214. *"buzzard"* in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 212); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 213, 214); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) "a buzzing insect," hence "you wasp" (l. 215). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—"that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove"; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial "blind buzzard."—I. G.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Aye, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

301. *"morn"; cp. Troilus,* I. iii. 229:—

"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

The Collier MS. has *"moone."*—I. G.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

330. *"We will have rings and things,"* probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.—I. G.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'Tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,

383. *"Marseilles' road,"* Folio 1 and Quarto, *"Marcellus";* the other Folios *"Marsellis";* the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp. "Venice gold," "Pisa walls"* in the previous speech. —*L. G.*

If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor. [*Exit Baptista.*

Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

4. Theobald proposed *"she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is"*; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.—I. G.

9. *"Preposterous,"* here in its literal sense, of one who inverts the natural order of things.—C. H. H.

"So far to know," far enough to know.—C. H. H.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,' presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

52. *"Æacides was Ajax"*; this is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out.—H. N. H.
61. *"formal,"* precise.—C. H. H.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*reads*] " 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die." 80
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

73. *"gamut,"* the scale.—C. H. H.

82. *"I am not so nice";* one of the ancient meanings of nice was *silly, foolish.* Thus in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale:* "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice."* Likewise in Gower:

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise,
> I shall the tell in such a wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act v. sc. 2: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge, of dear import."—In the original the next line reads,—"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." *Charge* was a frequent misprint for *change,* and was so corrected in the folio of 1632. Theobald changed *old* into *odd;* which is evidently right, as the speaker has just said,—*"Old* fashions please me best." Besides, *old* and *inventions* will hardly go together.—H. N. H.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though.

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

16. *"make friends, invite and proclaim the banns";* so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert *"yes"* before *"and."* The more noteworthy suggestions are:—*"Make friends invite, yes"* (Singer); *"make friends invite guests"* (Dyce); *"make feasts, invite friends"* (Dyce, ed. 2).—I. G.

Bion. Why, no, sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine old news?
Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candlecases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stum-

58. *"Near-legged";* the original has *neere leg'd;* which is the way *near* is there usually spelled. The common reading is *ne'er legged,* which Malone explains to mean "foundered in the fore-feet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on." Of the reading we have given, Lord Chadworth says,—"I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old *Jacob Tonson,* two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left."—H. N. H.

bling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humor of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Aye, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparel'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.
Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accouterments,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

132. *"But to her love concerneth";* in the original *to* is wanting before *love.* Of course *concerneth* is used impersonally, *it* being understood.—H. N. H.

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Aye, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again? 170
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck 181
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

177. *"Threw the sops in the sexton's face";* the custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII "For the Marriage of a Princess":—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe,* and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practiced at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* it is called a *knitting cup;* in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's,* the *contracting cup.* The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the *Salisbury Missals.*—H. N. H.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Aye, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Aye, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:

I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like. 249

Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, aye, Curtis, aye: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire already: and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

28. *"And myself, fellow Curtis";* Grumio calls himself *a beast,* and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow:* this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thyself.* Grumio's sentence is proverbial: "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."—H. N. H.

31. *"Am I but three inches?";* Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.—H. N. H.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not

crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Aye; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

99. "*curtsy*," this mark of respect (also called making a leg) was used by both sexes.—C. H. H.

Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!
Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

147. *"Where is the life that late I led";* a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV,* V, iii, 147. Similarly *"It was the friar of orders gray,"* &c., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.—L. G.

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Trolius? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First Serv. Aye.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

152. *"It was the friar of orders gray";* Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Gray,* from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.—H. N. H.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter Curtis

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Aye, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

198. *"sharp,"* with a keen appetite, "peckish."—C. H. H.
216. *"to kill a wife with kindness,"* a proverbial expression. Hey-

And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

wood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602[7]—I. G.

7. "*The Art to Love*"; an allusion to Ovid's *Ars amandi.*—C. H. H.

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case?
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Aye, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Aye, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,

45. *"'longeth";* the Folios and Quartos correct *"longeth,"* without apostrophe; *"to long"* in the sense of *"to belong"* is common in older English writings. Similarly *"pointed"* in old eds., III. ii. 1.—I. G.

61. *"An ancient angel";* so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald sug-

Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

gested *"engle"* (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick,* &c., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."—I. G.

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Aye, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;

My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

13. *"as who should say,"* as much as to say.—C. H. H.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

25. *"too hot a little";* this is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glasse of Humours:* "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats,* from *mustard,* and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humors."—H. N. H.

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

60. *"ruffling treasure";* Pope changed *"ruffling"* to *"rustling";* perhaps we should read *"russling"* (for *"rustling"*). *Cp. Lear,* II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is *"russel,"* while the Folios have "ruffle." Mrs. Quickly's *"rushling in silk and gold"* (*Merry Wives,* II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favor of *"rustling."*—I. G.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*
Pet. Thy gown? why, aye: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

88. *"up and down";* a phrase of the time, meaning *exactly,* something like our *out and out.*—H. N. H.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in s throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Aye, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mis-

135. *"loose-bodied gown";* Grumio seems to be quibbling upon *loose-bodied,* as if it meant a *loose woman.*—H. N. H.

tress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
[*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

164. *"conceit,"* design.—C. H. H.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Aye, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

193. *"by dinner-time," i. e.* eleven, then the fashionable hour.—C. H. H.

5. *"lodgers at the Pegasus";* Shakespeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle Temple, and is a very popular sign.—H. N. H.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

48. *"know";* possibly a misprint for *trow.*—C. H. H.
61. *"pittance,"* diet.—C. H. H.
62. *"Cambio,"* probably an error for *"Biondello,"* as suggested by

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here be-

the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have "flown on the wings of love" to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."—I. G.

66. *"Lucentio."* Rowe first assigned this line to Lucentio (*Biondello* Ff.); the Ff. having *Cambio* in 62. The Camb. edd. prefer to read *Biondello* in 62, on the ground that Lucentio is not Baptista's servant (v. 58), and that, had he been thus despatched, he would have "flown on the wings of love" and not been available at v. 72. But (1) as the tutor of Baptista's daughter, he is more naturally regarded as his servant than Biondello, who, as specially attached to the service of Tranio, is doubtless meant by "my boy"; (2) Lucentio is prevented from hurrying away by Tranio's "wink and laugh."—C. H. H.

hind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

79. *"meaning or moral"*; that is, the secret purpose.—H. N. H.

Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.
[*Exit.*

Scene V

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

41. *"lovely bed-fellow";* that the reader may see how well Shake-

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travelest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;

speare could make a good thing better, we subjoin the corresponding passage from the old play:

"Faire lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethists, or glistering hyacinth.—
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.—
Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."—H. N. H.

46. *"everything I look on seemeth green";* another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.—H. N. H.

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travelers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

10. "*bears more toward,*" lies more in the direction of.—C. H. H.

Gre. They 're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Aye, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

31. *"his father has come from Padua,"* so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e. g.* *"to Padua," "from Pisa,"* &c., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.—I. G.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'm good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?

O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father

Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss,
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.
Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*
Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*
Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*
Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. 160
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

8. The *"banquet"* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrows by his woe:

refection similar to our modern *dessert,* consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.—H. N. H.

And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That 's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Aye, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Aye, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

33. *"respecting,"* in comparison with.—C. H. H.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Aye, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white; [*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [*Exeunt.*

185. *"You two are sped"*; that is, the fate of you both is decided; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4 "about"); Induct. ii. 116.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 161.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 284.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised," do you not understand; I. i. 191.

Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.," *i. e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 173.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 240.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.

"A little pot, and soon hot," alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"Alla nostra casa ben venuto," &c., Welcome to our house, my much honored Signior; I. ii. 25–6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 132.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 35; I. ii. 47.

And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 159.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," alluding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

Apply, *i. e.* "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 382.

Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms;* II. i. 230.

Arras, tapestry; II. i. 359.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if; I. ii. 159; as though; II. i. 163; that; IV. iii. 114.

Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 404.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 109.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i. e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 140.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 203.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 204.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 280.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 80.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v." *i. e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 288.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 154.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 127.

Blue coats; the dress of common serving-men; IV. i. 97.

Board, woo; I. ii. 96.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i. e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 231.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.

Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 69.

Boss'n, embossed, studded; II. i. 361.

Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.

Bow'd, bent; II. i. 154.

Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound ("brach merriman," l. 17, *vide* note); Induct. i. 18.

Brave, *i. e.* handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.

Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid*); IV. iii. 125.

Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.

Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.

Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 51.

Breeching, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.

Bring = take; IV. i. 188.

Buckler, shield; III. ii. 246.

Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 214.

Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 86.

Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.

But, except, unless; III. i. 64; IV. iv. 2.

Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.

Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i. 212.

Buzzard; II. i. 212–214 (*vide* note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 175.

Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 54.

Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.

Cast on no water, alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water,

cast on water!" IV. i. 21.

CENSER, a fire pan, which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.

'CERNS = concerns; V. i. 79.

CHAFED, made furious; I. ii. 206.

CHAPELESS, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 48.

CHECKS (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

CLOSE, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

COCK'S, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 124.

COMFORMABLE, compliant, yielding; II. i. 285.

COMONTY; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 142.

COMPASSED, round; IV. iii. 141.

CONDITIONS; "soft c." gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

CONSERVES, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

CONTENTED, pleased; IV. iv. 107.

CONTENTS, pleases; IV. iii. 183.

CONTENT YOU, keep your temper; II. i. 349.

CONTRIVE, while away; I. ii. 282.

CON TUTTO, &c.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

CONY-CATCHED, deceived, tricked; V. i. 105.

CONY-CATCHING, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 47.

COPATAIN HAT, a high crowned hat; V. i. 71.

COUNTENANCE, do honor to; IV. i. 105.

COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes; II. i. 359.

COXCOMB, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 232.

CRAB, crab-apple; II. i. 236.

CRACK-HEMP, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 48.

CRAVEN, a beaten cock; II. i. 234.

CREDIT, do honor to; IV. i. 110.

CRIED; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i. e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct. i. 23.

CULLION, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

CUM PRIVILEGIO AD IMPRIMENDUM SOLUM, *i. e.* "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage rights; IV. iv. 93.

CUNNING, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

CUNNING, skillful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.

CURIOUS, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.

CURST, shrewish; I. i. 185.

CUSTARD-COFFIN; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.

CYTHEREA, Venus; Induct. ii. 54.

DANCE BARE-FOOT; "I must dance barefoot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.

DECLINING; "d. head into" = head d. into; Induct. i. 119.

DEEP-MOUTH'D, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.

DEMI-CANNON, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.

DENIER, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou;* Induct. i. 9.

DIAPER, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.

DIGRESS, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 111.

DOG-WEARY, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.

Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 231.

Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," &c.; *i. e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb; I. i. 110; V. i. 150.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.

Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.

Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.

Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54

Expect, believe (Folio 2, "except); IV. iv. 91.

"Fac'd it with a card of ten," played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 414.

Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.

"Fair befall thee," good fortune befall thee; V. ii. 111.

Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.

Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 53.

Fault; "coldest f." *i. e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.

Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 84.

Fear, frighten; I. ii. 214.

Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.

Few; "in a few," *i. e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.

Fine, smart; IV. i. 143.

Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 55.

"Florentius' love"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 69.

Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.

For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.

Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.

Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 153.

Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 335.

Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.

Full, exactly; I. i. 203.

Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 185.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.

Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 142.

Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 409.

Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.

Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 97.

Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.

Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.

Give over, leave; I. ii. 106.

God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 157.

Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 164.

Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 44.

Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 133.

Gramercies, *i. e.* "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.

Gratify, reward; I. ii. 279.

Green; "whiles your boots are green, *i. e.* (?) freshly greased,

or fresh, new; (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 218.

GRISSEL, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's Clerk's Tale; II. i. 302.

HAGGARD, a wild hawk; IV. i. 201.

HALED, pulled away by force; V. i. 113.

HALT, limp; II. i. 263.

HAND; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 149.

HAP, good luck; I. ii. 275.

HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.

"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion; I. i. 144.

HARD; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.

HA' TO THEE, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.

HAVE, get; Induct. ii. 40.

HAVE TO 'T, set to it; I. i. 143.

HE = man; III. ii. 241.

HIC IBAT SIMOIS, &c., from Ovid, *Epist. Heroid.* I. 33; III. i. 28–9.

HIGH-CROSS, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 136.

HILDING, term of contempt, menial; II. i. 26.

HIPPED, covered to the hips; III. ii. 49.

"HIT THE WHITE"; hit the center of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white); a term in archery; V. ii. 186.

HOLIDAME, halidom; "by my halidom," = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.

"HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES," probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 71.

HUNGERLY, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 179.

HURLY, hurly-burly; IV. i. 211.

HUSBAND, economist, housekeeper; V. i. 72.

HUSHT, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

IDLE, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.

INDIFFERENT, equally; I. ii. 183.

INDIFFERENT, "garters of an indifferent knit," *i. e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 98.

INGENIOUS, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.

INGRATE, ungrateful; I. ii. 276.

INTEND, pretend; IV. i. 211.

INTOLERABLE = intolerably; I. ii. 90.

I WIS, *i. e.* iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

JACK, a term of contempt; II. i. 162.

"JACK, BOY! HO! BOY!" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 45.

JACKS . . . JILLS, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men-servants, and "jills," maid-servants; IV. i. 53, 54.

JADE, worthless nag; I. ii. 255.

JEALOUS, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

JOIN'D STOOL, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 203.

JOLTHEADS, blockheads; IV. i. 176.

JUMP, agree; I. i. 195.

JUNKETS, dainties; III. ii. 255.

KATE, a play on *Kate* and *cat;* II. i. 284.

KATED, perhaps with a play upon *cat;* III. ii. 252.

KATES, "Dainties are all Kates," a play on the word *cates;* II. i. 193.

KEEP YOU WARM, referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 273.

KENNEL, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

KINDLY, "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

KNACK, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

LAMPASS, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.

LAYING ON, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

LEDA'S DAUGHTER, *i. e.* Helen; I. ii. 250.

LEET, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 90.

'LEGES = alleges; I. ii. 28.

LEWD, vile; IV. iii. 65.

LIE, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

LIEF, gladly, willingly; I. i. 135.

LIKE, likely; IV. iv. 70.

LIKE OF = like; II. i. 65.

LINK, a pitch torch; IV. i. 141.

LODGING, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

LONGLY, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 170.

LOOK BIG, angrily; III. ii. 235.

LOVELY, loving; III. ii. 127.

LURE, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 200.

LUSTY, lively; II. i. 164.

MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood; III. ii. 232.

MALT-HORSE, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 136.

MAN, tame; IV. i. 201.

MARR'D . . . MADE, a favorite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115–116.

MARRIED O' SUNDAY; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister;* II. i. 331.

MART, bargain; II. i. 334.

MASQUING, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.

MEACOCK, timorous, worthless; II. i. 320.

MEANER, of lower rank; I. i. 210.

MERCATANTE (spelled "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.

MERRY PASSION, merriment; Induct. i. 97.

MESS, course; IV. iv. 70.

MEW UP, shut up; I. i. 87.

MINION, saucy wench; II. i. 13.

MI PERDONATO (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"), me being pardoned; I. i. 25.

MODESTY, moderation; Induct. i. 68.

MOSE IN THE CHINE, a disease in horses; III. ii. 52.

MOVED, angry; V. ii. 142.

NAPKIN, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.

NEAT, ox; IV. iii. 17.

NEWS; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 230.

Of = for; II. i. 238; on; IV. i. 73; V. ii. 72.

Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow"; III. ii. 30.

On = of; IV. i. 31.

Orchard, garden; II. i. 115.

Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.

Other, others; I. ii. 123.

Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 127.

Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.

Palabris; "paucus pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.

Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy; III. i. 38.

Parle, parley; I. i. 117.

Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.

Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 116.

Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.

Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.

Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 52.

Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct. i. 1.

Plash, pool; I. i. 23.

Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 49.

Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.

Port, style of living; I. i. 208.

Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.

Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.

Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.

Pricks, incites, III. ii. 75; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in; III. ii. 71.

Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally: to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 146.

Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically); III. ii. 151; elegant; IV. iii. 102.

Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 165.

Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 54; IV. i. 3.

Rebused, Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.

Reckoning, description; IV. i. 90.

Redime te Captum, &c., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 167.

Rests, remains; I. i. 250.

Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 212.

Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 145.

Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric"; (*cp.* the Nurse's

"ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154); I. ii. 112.

ROUNDLY, straightway, directly; I. i. 59; bluntly; III. ii. 221; without needless ceremony; IV. iv. 109; used with a play on the word; V. ii. 21.

RUDESBY, rude clown; III. ii. 10.

RUFFLING (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.

RUSHES STREWED; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 50.

SACK, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.

SADNESS, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.

SCRIVENER, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

SEALED QUARTS, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 91.

SECRET, confidential; I. i. 158.

SEEN; "well seen," well-skilled, skillful; I. ii. 136.

"SEIZE THEE THAT LIST," *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 93.

SESSA, "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

SHEATHING, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 142.

SHEER ALE, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

SHOULD, when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 163.

SHREWD, bad, evil; I. i. 185.

SIMPLE, foolish; V. ii. 161.

SITH, since; I. i. 216.

SKILLS, matters; III. ii. 136.

SKIPPER, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 347.

SLIPP'D, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"SOCRATES' XANTHIPPE" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"), the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

SOUD, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 149.

SORTED TO NO PROOF, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

SO VERY = SO great; I. i. 128.

SPECIALTIES, special deeds; II. i. 130.

SPEED, succeed; I. ii. 253.

SPLEEN, sudden impulse of mirth, Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.

SPOKE=spoken; II. i. 196.

STALE, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 92.

STAND, withstand; I. ii. 115.

STAY, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

STEAD, aid; I. ii. 272.

STILL, continually; IV. i. 215.

STOCK, stocking; III. ii. 68.

STOMACH, perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 165.

STOOP, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 199.

STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

STROND (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 175.

SUITS, "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

SUPPOSES, assumed characters; (*cp.* Ariosto's "I Suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as *"The Supposes,"*); V. i. 126.

SWEETING, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.
SWIFT, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
SWINGE, lash; V. ii. 104.

TA'EN; "orders . . . ta'en," *i e.* given; I. ii. 128.
TALL, fine; IV. iv. 17.
TENDER, tend; Induct. i. 16.
TENTS AND CANOPIES, probably bed hangings; II. i. 360.
THIRDBOROUGH (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
TOOK, gave; III. ii. 167.
TOWARD, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile; V. ii. 182.
TOY! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 411.
TRICK, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
TROT, woman, hag; I. ii. 80.
TRUNK, broad, large; IV. iii. 143.
TURTLE = turtle-dove; II. i. 214.
TWANGLING, twanging; II. i. 162.
TWINK, twinkling; II. i. 317.
TWO-AND-THIRTY, A PIP OUT, "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty"; pip=a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

UNABLE, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
UNAPT, unfit; V. ii. 166.
UNCASE, undress; I. i. 212.
UNCONSTANT=inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
UNDERTAKE, assume; IV. ii. 106.
UNMANNER'D, unmannerly; IV. i. 176.
UNPINK'D, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 140.
UNREVERENT, disrespectful; III. ii. 116.
UNTOWARD, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"VAIL YOUR STOMACHS," lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
VELURE, velvet; III. ii. 63.
VENICE, GOLD, *i.e.* Venetian Gold; II. i. 362.
VIED, challenged; II. i. 316.

WANTS, are wanting; III. ii. 254.
WATCH, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 203.
WHATSOE'ER, at any rate; I. ii. 220.
WHO; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"WHY, WHEN, I SAY?" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 150.
WIDOWHOOD, rights as a widow; II. i. 128.
WILL; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 189.
"WILL YOU, NILL YOU," whether you will or not; II. i. 278.
WINCOT, probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, *2 Henry IV.*, V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.
WISH, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 60.
WITH, by; IV. iii. 111.
WOODCOCK, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 163.

Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 63.

World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 318.

Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.

Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 55.

Yet, still; Induct, ii. 70.

Yourself = you yourself; I. ii. 159.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. From what is the idea of the Induction derived?
2. Where did an incident similar to that in the Induction actually take place?
3. To what sources can be traced the main plot and the underplot?
4. Compare the old play on this theme with the Shakespearean version.
5. In what way does the portrayal of Kate present a dramatic difficulty?
6. What is the fundamental truth supporting such a course as Petruchio's towards the transformation of Kate?
7. Describe Petruchio.
8. Describe the interaction of the two plots.
9. What is the main strength of the play? Wherein is its weakness?
10. What elements of this material were suited to engage Shakespeare's distinctive abilities,—and what were unworthy of them?

INDUCTION

11. Outline the Induction.
12. What is its dramatic quality?
13. Describe Christophero Sly.

ACT I

14. Where is the scene of the first act?
15. What is discussed between Lucentio and Tranio?

16. What is the resolve of Baptista?
17. With whom does Lucentio fall in love?
18. What is the suit of Gremio and Hortensio?
19. What plan does Lucentio devise to compass his suit?
20. What is the avowed intention of Petruchio in coming to Padua?
21. How does he receive Hortensio's suggestion as to his getting a wife?
22. How does Hortensio describe Katharina?
23. How does Grumio speak of his master to Hortensio?

ACT II

24. What disposition does Katharina show in her treatment of her sister?
25. How does Petruchio introduce Hortensio to Baptista?
26. What is the fate of the tutor who takes Katharina in hand?
27. Describe the first interview between Petruchio and Kate. What is its outcome?
28. How do Gremio and the pretended Lucentio present their suits for Bianca to Baptista?

ACT III

29. Describe the Latin lesson of Lucentio. What may have suggested this to Shakespeare?
30. How does Hortensio express his suit through his music lesson to Bianca?
31. How does Petruchio appear for his wedding? How does Biondello describe the get-up of him and his servant?
32. Describe Petruchio's behavior at the wedding.
33. Describe his first step thereafter towards the "taming" of Katharina.

ACT IV

34. Describe the scene between Curtis and Grumio, and the tale Grumio tells of the journey.

35. What are the first tactics of Petruchio when he brings Katharina home?

36. What is the first effect of this upon her? How does she speak to him when he begins his assumed tempers?

37. What is the servants' comment upon it?

38. What is Petruchio's soliloquy upon the situation?

39. Where is the second scene laid?

40. How does it find the matters stand among the suitors of Bianca?

41. What does Hortensio decide he will do, when he notes the lovemaking between Bianca and the pretended Cambio?

42. Who comes along to serve for the part of Vincentio?

43. How does Tranio trick the newcomer into playing Vincentio?

44. Describe the plight of Katharina at her husband's house.

45. Describe the scenes with the tailor and haberdasher.

46. How do the Pedant, Tranio, and Biondello develop Lucentio's plan with Baptista?

47. How do they make the way clear for his clandestine marriage to Bianca?

48. How does Katharina begin to show the effects of Petruchio's discipline, on the journey back to her father's?

49. Whom do they meet upon the way?

ACT V

50. Describe the *contretemps* when Vincentio meets the disguised Pedant and Tranio. What is the outcome?

51. How do Petruchio and Katharina end the scene?

52. Where does the final scene take place?

53. Describe the introductory talk of the guests. What is still the evident opinion of all concerning Kate as a wife?

54. What is the wager of the husbands?

55. What is Bianca's reply to her husband's message? What the widow's? What is Kate's?

56. What is Kate's final reproof to the other wives?

57. Is there a truth of human nature that would produce an extreme change of views like hers, in such a case as hers?

From the painting by Ed. Grützner.

Bardolph and Falstaff ("Henry IV."—Part First).

Falstaff. "Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—
but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp."

Act III., Sc. III.

PART ONE OF
KING HENRY IV

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

PARTS I AND II OF KING HENRY IV

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

(I) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597–8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering

Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II and the beginning of Act II, ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV* to the year 1596–1597. (i) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression "the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose" (II, i) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word "valiant," detrimental to the meter of the line, in Act V, iv, 41,

"The spirits
Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"

may perhaps also point to 1596–7 as the original date of composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, Christmas, 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's "Anon, Anon, Sir." [1] The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterization, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humor" (Verplanck). *Henry IV* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III*, *King John*, and *Richard II* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labor's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Comedy of Errors*, etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV*, much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable; [2] the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II*, contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shake-

[1] *Cp.* "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon, Anon, Sir,'" etc.

[2] 1,464 lines of prose occur in *1 Henry IV*, and 1,860 lines in *2 Henry IV*, out of a total 3,170 and 3,437 lines respectively.

speare shows, in *Henry IV*, that he has learned to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearean drama; in *Henry IV* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V," may with certainty be dated 1598–9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.[1] It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I, as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. "Christmas, 1598" may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The materials of both parts of *Henry IV* were derived from (I) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II, i, 323).

(I) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*), are:—(i) calling the Earl of

[1] *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?
Fasl. No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

Fife son to the beaten Douglas—an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I, pp. 75–159).

(II) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—"Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the 'race of ginger,' that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages," but, in the words of the same critic, "never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious."

FALSTAFF

Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV*, where the Prince addresses the knight as "my old lad of the castle" (I, ii, 47): in 2 *Henry IV* (Quarto 1), the prefix "Old." is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that "Falstaff" was substituted for "Oldcastle" throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as "Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death" (II, ii, 115). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasized. The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the

degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

> "It is no pampered glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest.
> . . . Let fair truth be graced,
> Since forged invention former times defaced."

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honor was." This single passage, in Mr. Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theaters in acting *Henry IV* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix "*Old.*" in a single passage, 2 *Henry IV*, I, ii, 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part in February, 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii, p. 131–2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." [1]

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excus-

[1] *Cp.* Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham,* with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

> "Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,
> God-willing, I will burn for Him."

able by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (*c.* 1378–1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI* (III, ii, 104–9; iv, 19–47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, "though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *thrasonical puff*, and emblem of mock valor." [1] (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by T. O. Halliwell, 1541; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54–77, *On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff; vide "Sir John Fastolf" in Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.)

DURATION OF ACTION

(I) The time of 1 *Henry IV*, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, covers ten "historic" days, with three extra Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three

[1] "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckrammen*" (Warton).

months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477–79):—

Day 1. Act I, i. London. News of the battle of Homildon, etc. *Interval:* a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day* 1*a*. Act I, ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

Day 2. Act I, iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval:* some three or four weeks.

Day 3. Act II, iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval:* a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days* 2*a*, 2*a*. Act II, i, ii, iv; (Act III, ii)].

Day 4. Act III, i. Bangor. *Interval:* about a fortnight.

Day 5. Act III, ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval:* about a week.

Day 6. Act III, iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval:* a week.

Day 7. Act IV, i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval.*

Day 8. Act IV, ii. Near Coventry.

Day 9. Act IV, iii. The rebel camp. Act IV, iv. York.

Day 10. Act V, i to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 12, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403.

(II) The time of *2 Henry IV* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

Day 1. Act I, i. *Interval.*

Day 2. Act I, iii; Act II, iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day* 1*a:* Act I, ii, and *Day* 2*a:* Act II, i, ii, iv).

Day 3 (the morrow of *Day* 2*a*): Act III, i. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act III, ii. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act IV, i–iii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act IV, iv, v.
Day 7. Act V, ii. *Interval* (including *Day* 3*a:* Act V, i, iii).
Day 8. Act V, iv.
Day 9. Act V, v.

The historic period covers from July 21, 1403, to April 9, 1413.

INTRODUCTION

I

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth was entered in the Stationers' Register to Andrew Wise, February 25, 1598; the entry running thus: "*A book intitled the History of Henry IV, with the battle at Shrewsbury against Henry Hotspur of the North, with the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff.*" The same year it was published in a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "*The History of Henry the Fourth, with the battle at Shrewsbury between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North: With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff. At London: Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Angel.* 1598." It was issued again in 1599, the title-page being the same, except the addition,—"*Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.*" And there was a third issue in 1604, with a title-page varying from that of 1599 thus: "*Printed by Valentine Simmes for Matthew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Fox.*" It was also published a fourth and a fifth time by Matthew Law, in 1608 and 1613. Thus far it is simply called "*The History of Henry the Fourth,*" and nothing is said of its being "The First Part;" but in the folio of 1623 it is entitled "*The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry surnamed Hot-spur.*" The play was also mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, in 1598, and was transferred from Wise to Law at the Stationers', June 27, 1603. No further contemporary mention of it has been discovered.

I

All these editions have been collated by Mr. Collier, who says that "the text is unquestionably found in its purest state in the quarto of 1598." The five later editions appear to have been printed from that and from one another, all the errors of the first being retained, and new ones added in every reimpression.

It is our firm conviction that *King John* and *Richard II* were both written some time before the play in hand; the priority of the former seeming so clear from the internal evidence, as to render other argument needless, especially if we bear in mind the Poet's constant progress in art as shown in all his other plays. The extraordinary success and popularity of *Henry IV* appears in that no less than five issues were called for within a few years; and we might naturally infer therefrom that the play would not be suffered to remain unpublished long after it became known. It can scarce be doubted, however, as we shall presently see, that the original name of Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; so that we must suppose the writing to have been long enough before the first entry at the Stationers' for the Poet to see good cause for making the change, as that entry mentions "the conceited Mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nevertheless there seems no strong reason for assigning the composition to an earlier period than 1597.

As to the fact of the change in question, there are some indications thereof in the play itself; as in Act I, sc. ii, where the prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle;*" and in the Epilogue to the Second Part, where the speaker says,—"For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." And in the quarto edition of the Second Part, Act I, sc. ii, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old.*, the change probably not having been in that instance marked in the manuscript. Further evidence to the same effect has been found in the mention of "fat Sir John Oldcastle," in a tract dated 1604, and entitled *The Meeting of Gallants at an*

Ordinary; and in the fact that Weaver makes Oldcastle, as Shakespeare does Falstaff, to have been page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. And the matter is put beyond question by a passage in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, published in 1618, and probably written as early as 1611: "Did you never see the play where the *fat knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this *honor* was?" which could refer to nothing else than Falstaff's soliloquy in Act V, sc. i, of this play.

The reason of the change probably was, that the name and memory of "Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," might be rescued from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the passage quoted above from the Epilogue, and may be gathered from what Fuller says in his *Church History:* "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place." Likewise in the Prologue to the *History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, we have the lines,—

> "It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
> But one whose virtues shine above the rest,
> A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;"

wherein the writer apparently refers to what he considered an abuse of the hero's name on the stage. For Oldcastle, having been put to death as a Wickliffite, grew to be exceedingly popular, and his name was held in great reverence after the Reformation. Another motive for the change may have been, the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill.

From all which, as well as from other causes, Mr. Halli-

well reasonably concludes, that the stage already had a rude outline of Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle; that Shakespeare at first took this latter name, but changed it to Falstaff before his play was printed; and that in some theaters that name was still retained after the change had been made.

As to *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, there is no telling with any certainty when or by whom it was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was played by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Thomas Nash thus alludes to it in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same one, was performed by Henslowe's company in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were put forth, one in 1598, the others undated. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole space of time occupied by Shakespeare's two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. The Poet can scarce be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than the taking of the above-mentioned names. The play, indeed, is every way a most wretched, worthless performance, being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humor, the prince an irredeemable compound of the ruffian, the blackguard, and the hypocrite, and their companions the fitting seconds of such principals: so that to have drawn upon it for any portion or element of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, were much the same as "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers."

Of the *First and Second Parts of Henry IV* Dr. Johnson

rightly remarks,—"These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two, only because they are too long to be one." For which cause it will be most convenient to regard them as one in our introductory matter.

In these plays, as elsewhere, Shakespeare's main authority was Holinshed, in whatsoever he has of historical fact. And in this case it is hard to say whether the Poet has shown a more creative or a more learned spirit; there being perhaps no other work to be named, which in the same compass unites so great freedom of invention with so rich a fund of historical matter. Nor is it easy to decide whether there be more even of historical truth in what he created or in what he borrowed; for, as Hallam justly observes, "what he invented is as truly English, as truly historical in the large sense of moral history, as what he read."

Bolingbroke came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard II. The chief agents or instruments in this usurpation were the Percys, known in history as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur, three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled him to keep the crown, as much as they had helped him to get it; the obligations they had laid upon him being indeed just of the kind to beget ingratitude on his part and discontent on theirs. For, whatsoever favors were conferred on them, they regarded as their due; if any were denied, they thought themselves wronged: while he could as little bear to be reminded of their services as they could to have them forgotten.

The rightful heir to the crown, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom, together with a younger brother, the king held in a sort of honorable custody, using various arts to prevent any popular discussion of his claims. Early in his reign, one of his leading partisans in Wales, Lord Grey of Ruthven, went to insulting and oppressing Owen Glendower, a nobleman of that country, who had been trained

up in the English court, and grown to be an apprentice in the law. Glendower petitioned the king and parliament for redress, and, his petition being rejected with insult, he thereupon took the work of redress into his own hands, and made indiscriminate war on all who abetted the king's cause, aiming at nothing less than the independence of his country. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife, being sent against him with an army, his forces were utterly broken, himself taken prisoner, and put into close confinement by Glendower, where the king suffered him to lie unransomed, being glad perhaps to be thus rid of him, lest, as the natural guardian of the young earl, he might at some future time undertake to assert the rights of his nephew. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the earl himself, who was then engaged at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner; and it is remarkable that Hume has fallen into the same mistake.

Glendower approved himself one of the most bold and enterprising warriors of the age. After Mortimer's defeat and captivity, the king led three powerful armies against him in succession, and was as often baffled by the valor or the policy of the Welchman, who, eluding his approaches when he could not resist them, sought to wear out his patience by a protracted guerilla warfare. At length the elements made war on the king; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests: which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the devil," and "call spirits from the vast deep." The king finally gave up and retired, leaving Glendower unconquered; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the king led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish king to appear before him at Edinburgh, and do homage for his crown: but finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he soon gave over the undertaking and withdrew. To retaliate for this invasion, an

army of Scots broke into England, where many of them perished, and the rest were taken prisoners; in revenge of which loss the earl Douglas at the head of ten thousand bold Scots burst into England, and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. Returning home loaded with plunder, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where after a fierce and bloody battle the Scots were totally routed; Douglas himself being taken prisoner, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them Murdac, earl of Fife, son to the duke of Albany, who was brother to the king, and at that time regent of Scotland. The most distinguished of the English leaders on this occasion was the well-known Hotspur, a man of a most restless, daring, fiery, and impetuous spirit, who first armed when he was twelve years of age; from which time, it is said, his *spur was never cold*, he being continually at war with the Scots.

The Percys rightly claimed by the laws of war to hold for ransom all the prisoners taken at Homildon, except the earl of Fife, whom, as being a prince of the Scottish blood royal, they were bound to deliver over to their sovereign. The king, however, demanded them all, as he wished to use them in bettering the terms of peace with Scotland. This demand the Percys stoutly refused, unless the king would ransom their kinsman Mortimer; which he as stoutly refused to do, alleging that Mortimer had treacherously suffered himself to be taken. With which fraudulent answer and excuse the Percys were not a little fumed; and so they departed, purposing nothing less than to depose the king, and place the earl of March in his seat. Douglas being still their prisoner, they forthwith took him into their friendship, and at the same time struck a league with Glendower, who also set Mortimer free, and gave him his daughter in marriage. Thus were "that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower," all banded together against King Henry.

Nor was the king wanting on his part. Being informed of their doings, he quickly gathered about him such power

as he could, and passed forward with such speed, that he was in sight of them near Shrewsbury before they had any thought of his coming. Northumberland being kept back either by craft or by sudden illness, and Glendower not having yet come up, each side feared that the other might gain strength by delay; so that policy made them hasten an engagement. Composition, however, being first tried, the rebel chiefs set forth a list of their grievances, and Worcester was sent to confer with the king; but when the latter had condescended to all that was reasonable, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet, the former returned to Hotspur, and reported just the contrary of what had been offered. The battle which followed was one of the most obstinate and bloody on record: Hotspur surpassed his former self, and Douglas, emulating him, performed amazing feats of valor, seeking the king all over the field, and slaying several captains arrayed in his garb; until the fall of Hotspur by an unknown hand, and the consequent dispiriting of his men, at last gave the victory to the king. Worcester and Douglas being both taken, the former suffered as a rebel, the other was treated honorably as a prisoner of war. This battle took place in July, 1403, Prince Henry being then sixteen years of age. Young, however, as he was, he did the work of a man: though wounded in the face with an arrow, insomuch that many tried to withdraw him from the field, yet, fearing lest his departure might strike doubt into his men, he stayed with them to the last, never ceasing to fight where the battle was hottest.

Meanwhile Northumberland had set out with an army to join his son: but, hearing of the event at Shrewsbury, he disbanded his forces, and made his submission, alleging that his purpose in arming was to mediate between the parties; which apology the king accepted, thinking that too great severity would tend to propagate insurrection. Some two years later the earl entered into a fresh conspiracy with Lord Mowbray, the archbishop of York, and others, and again withheld himself when the issue came, thus leaving his confederates to fight it out alone, after he

had drawn them too far to retreat. They having gathered an army, the earl of Westmoreland and Prince John, the king's third son, were sent against them, and came up with them near York: but the earl, finding his force inferior, crushed them by a stratagem, wherein it seems doubtful whether he showed more perfidy, or they more simplicity. Negotiations being opened, and a conference appointed in the space between the armies, the earl heard their complaints, granted their demands, and engaged that the king should satisfy them; then, seeing their joy at his concessions, proposed that they should drink together in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides might see it. The archbishop then gave word to his men to lay aside their arms, and they, beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, broke up their field and returned homewards. But the earl had given secret orders for his men to keep their places; and, as soon as he saw the prey fairly within his grasp, he arrested the lords of the other side as traitors, and ordered a murderous attack on their men.

Thereupon Northumberland, together with Lord Bardolph, fled into Scotland; and about three years after, in 1408, they broke into England with a power of Scots, surprised several castles, and were advancing with high hopes, when Sir Thomas Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, brought a force upon them at Branham Moor; where, after a sharp conflict, the victory fell to the sheriff, both the earl and Bardolph being slain. Thus ended the risings of the Percys; they all having deservedly fallen before the power which they had so wickedly helped to strengthen, and which they were therefore all the more eager to pull down, because of the part they had in setting it up: strong sinews, indeed, with Bolingbroke for a head; but against that head their strength only served to work their own overthrow.

In the spring of 1405 Prince Henry, being then in his nineteenth year, was at the head of an army in Wales, where Glendower had hitherto carried all before him. By

his activity, prudence, and perseverance, the young hero gradually wrought the Welchman's downfall. Soon after reaching the scene of war he gained a clean victory over Griffith, Glendower's son, taking him prisoner, and pursued his success until checked by the arrival of foreign auxiliaries on the other side. The fall of Northumberland having at length rid the king of domestic enemies, he was able to furnish his indefatigable son with adequate supplies of men and means. Advancing slowly but constantly, he at last brought the whole country into subjection. He continued in this service most of the time for about four years, his valor and conduct awakening the most favorable expectations, and bringing him a degree of fame which is said to have moved his father's jealousy. Even before the action at Shrewsbury he had given some tokens of the promise which afterwards rose up so enchantingly, but which was not a little clouded by his rampant hilarity during the intervals of labor in the field. His father was much grieved at these irregularities, and both his grief and his jealousy were augmented by some loose and unfilial words which were reported by certain meddling pickthanks as having fallen from the prince in hours of merriment. Hearing of this, he went with a train of his followers to expostulate with his father; yet even then he enacted a strange freak of oddity, arraying himself in a gown of blue satin wrought full of eyelet holes, and at every eyelet the needle still hanging by the silk. Being admitted to an interview in the presence of a few friends, he fell on his knees, and, presenting a dagger, begged the king to take his life, since he had withdrawn his favor. His father, being much moved, threw away the dagger, and, embracing, kissed him, and owned with tears that he had indeed held him in suspicion, though, as he now saw, without just cause; and promised that no misreport should thenceforth shake his confidence in him.

At another time, one of his unruly minions being convicted of felony and sentenced to prison by Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the prince

undertook to rescue him, and even went so far as to make an assault on the judge; whereupon that pattern of judicial integrity and firmness ordered him into close keeping, and he had the good sense quietly to submit. Upon being told this his father exclaimed,—"Happy the king that has a judge so firm in his duty, and a son so obedient to the law." When he came to the throne, the prince showed his high appreciation of this righteous man by retaining him in office.

In the fourteenth year of his reign the king went about the design he had long cherished of undertaking the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels. The provision for this being all made ready, he was stricken with "a very apoplexy" which soon ended his life. One day, while he was lying in a fit, apparently dead, having the crown on a pillow beside him, Prince Henry carried it into another room. Upon reviving, the king asked sternly who had taken it, and, being told, ordered the prince into his presence. Pacified by his dutiful words, the king sighed out,—"Alas! fair son, what right have you to the crown, since your father had none?" He answered,—"My liege, with the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." "Well," said the king faintly, "do as you think best: I leave the issue with God, and hope He will have mercy on my soul." At the time of the last attack he was making his prayers at the shrine of St. Edward, and his attendants, fearing his present death, bore him into a chamber near by, belonging to the abbot of Westminster. As soon as he could speak, he asked the name of the room he was in, and, being told it was called Jerusalem, he said,—"Laud be given to the Father of heaven; for now I shall die here, according to the prophecy concerning me, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

One of the finest passages in English criticism is in the seventh of Coleridge's series of lectures delivered in 1818, where, after speaking of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, he adds the following:—"What had a grammatical and logical consistency for the ear,—what

could be put together and represented to the eye,—these poets took from the ear and eye, unchecked by any intuition of an inward impossibility;—just as a man might put together a quarter of an orange, a quarter of an apple, and the like of a lemon and a pomegranate, and make it look like one round diverse-colored fruit. But nature, which works from within by evolution and assimilation, according to a law, cannot do so, nor could Shakespeare; for he too worked in the spirit of nature. In the Shakespearean drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within,—a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."

What is here so justly said of the Poet's dramas generally holds good in the fullest measure of the *First and Second Parts of King Henry IV*, which, as already remarked, are essentially one drama arranged and marked as two, "only because too long to be one." Where, then, are we to find the center and principle of vital unity here? what is the "key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout" this work? Doubtless it is to be sought for in the character of Prince Henry, and in the wonderful change alleged to have taken place in his behavior on coming to the crown. Why was Henry of Monmouth so loose and wanton a reveller in his youth, and yet such a proficient in all noble and virtuous disciplines in his manhood? what causes, internal and external, determined him to the one; what impulses from within, what influences from without, transformed or developed him into the other? This, to the best of our judgment, is the central point where all the persons and events, with the strange alternations of wit and poetry, run together into an organic whole. So that, if viewed in the light of this principle, the entire work, with its broad, rich variety of character and incident, will be found, we think, to proceed in a spirit of wise insight and design; the whole evincing indeed a wonderful opulence of imagination, but perhaps a still more wonderful mastery of reason.

Accordingly, in the very first scene of the play this self-

same matter is put forth as uppermost in the king's thoughts. We refer to the passage between Westmoreland and the king touching the victory at Homildon; where the former declares "it is a conquest for a prince to boast of;" and the latter thereupon owns that the fame of Hotspur makes him sad and makes him sin, as he sees "riot and dishonor stain the brow of his young Harry," and wishes it could be proved that Hotspur was indeed his son, and the prince a scion of some other stock. The whole play is mainly ordered with a view to unfold the grounds and reasons of the wish thus expressed, and also the causes and process of their removal.

All accounts of Bolingbroke agree in representing him as a man of great valor and policy; intensely aspiring, yet equally prudent; a profound master of state-craft; a keen discerner of the secret springs and workings of public opinion, and therefore a great favorite with the people; and, therewithal, full of impassioned energy, and of a certain fiery yet well-governed enthusiasm. Which representation is fully borne out in that, though his reign was little else than a series of rebellions and commotions drawn on by the injustice whereby he reached the crown, and the bad title whereby he held it, yet he always got the better of them, and even turned them to his advantage; so that all efforts to undo his usurpation only served in the end to strengthen and confirm it, where he could not win the heart, cutting off the head, and managing to extract fresh security out of every danger. His last years, however, were much embittered, and his death probably hastened, by the anxieties growing out of his position, and the remorses consequent upon his crimes.

But though such be the character generally ascribed to him, no historian has come near Shakespeare in the painting thereof. As matter especially in point, take the account he is made to give of himself while remonstrating with the prince against his idle courses; which is not less admirable for historic truth than for power of art. Equally fine, also, both for truth of history and for skill

of pencil, is the account of his predecessor, immediately following that of himself; where we may see that he has the same piercing insight of men as of means, and has made Richard's follies and vices his tutors; from his miscarriages learning how to supplant him, and perhaps encouraging his errors, that he might make a ladder of them, to mount up and overtop him. And how his penetrating and remorseless sagacity is flashed forth in Hotspur's outbursts of rage at his demanding all the prisoners taken at Homildon; wherein that roll of living fire is snappish enough to be sure, but then he snaps out much truth. And his artful practice is still more forcibly apparent in what the same person says of him on the eve of the battle at Shrewsbury, representing him as shrewdly and unscrupulously encouraging rebellion, that he might use the rebels till he was strong enough to do without them, or to crush them if they got in his way. And long afterwards, in his "very latest counsel" to the prince, we have his deep subtle policy working out, like a passion strong in death; yet its workings come forth suffused with gushes of right feeling, thus showing that after all he was not all politician; that beneath his firm close-knit prudence there was a soul of moral sense, a kernel of religion. And it is quite observable how the Poet, following the leadings both of nature and of history, makes him to be plagued by foes springing up in his own bosom in proportion as he ceases to be worried by external enemies; the crown beginning to scald his brows as soon as he has put down those who would pluck it from him. Moreover, the workings of conscience arm the irregularities of his son with the stings of a providential retribution: though not ignorant of the prince's noble and gentle qualities, and of the encouragement they offer, yet the knowledge of his own mistreadings fills him with apprehensions of the worst; his very virtues, his patriotism and paternal love, being thus turned into ministers of sorrow by the memory of his former deeds.

But though policy was perhaps the leading trait in the character of this great man, nevertheless it was not so

prominent but that other and better ones were strongly visible. And even in his policy there was much of the breadth and largeness which go to distinguish the statesman from the politician. Besides, he was a man of great spirit and prodigious bravery, had a real eye to the interests of his country as well as of his family, and in his wars he was humane much above the custom of his time. So that the more we study what he was and what he did, the more we shall probably be inclined to say with "well-languaged Daniel,"—

> "And, Lancaster, indeed, I would thy cause
> Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
> As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
> Ordain'd and born for an imperial part."

How different is the atmosphere which waits upon that marvellous group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humor do in the haunts of Falstaff. It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfeature him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the king and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes every thing bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding,

sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! it seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech every where is in the poetry of the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock.

In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as unrivalled in its kind as the wit and humor in the best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners! And how still more effectual is that he gives the king for persisting in his demand: where he seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn; nothing can check him, he cannot check himself, because, besides the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief: whatsoever thought touches him, it forthwith kindles into an overmastering passion that bears down all before it: irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience; and we have "the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, surrendering itself to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and sweeping into its own torrent whatsoever barriers of prudence feebler natures would oppose to it." We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness and less delicacy, and "a force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings;" —that when he once gets thoroughly started, nothing can stop him but exhaustion; and that when this comes "the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action." "Speaking thick" is elsewhere set down as one of his peculiarities; and it seems doubtful whether the Poet took

this from some tradition concerning him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought.

Hotspur's untamed boisterousness of tongue has perhaps its best setting forth in the scene at Bangor between him and Glendower. Here one hardly knows which to admire most, his wit or his impudence. He finally stops the mouth of his antagonist, or heads him off upon another subject; as he does again shortly after in a dispute about the partitioning of the realm; and he does it not so much by force of reason as of will and speech. His contempt of poetry is highly characteristic; though it is observable that he has spoken more poetry than any other person in the play. But poetry is altogether an impulse with him, not a purpose, as it is with Glendower; and he loses all thought of himself and of his speech in the intensity of passion with which he contemplates the object or occasion that moves him. His celebrated description of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer has been censured as offending good taste by its extravagance. Perhaps, indeed, it were not in good taste to put such a strain into the mouth of a contemplative sage, like Prospero; but in Hotspur its very extravagance is in good taste, because hugely characteristic.

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind: he has not the control of his thinking; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought: that which strikes

his mind last must pop out first; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations; too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurly-burly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable: we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him; that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

Hotspur is a general favorite: whether from something in himself, or from the injuries he has suffered at the hands of the king, he has our good will from the first: we can scarce choose but wish him success; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the prince above him in our regards. Which may be owing in part to the interest we take, and justly, in his wife, who, timid, solicitous, affectionate, playful, is a woman of the true Shakespearean stamp, and such as we shall find delineated nowhere else. Nothing can well surpass, in its way, the harmony which we feel to be between her prying inquisitive gentleness, and his rough, stormy courage; for in her gentleness there is much strength, and his bravery is not without gentleness. The scene at Warkworth, where they first appear together, is a

choice heart-refection: combining the beauty of movement and of repose, it comes into the surrounding elements like a patch of sunshine in a tempest.

The best of historical matter for poetical and dramatic uses probably was never turned to better account that way than in the portrait of Glendower. He is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time; a belief wherein he doubtless shared himself: for if the winds and tempests came when he wished them, it was natural for him to think, as others thought, that they came because he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry; and Shakespeare has given them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Crediting the alleged portents of his nativity, Glendower might well conclude he was not "in the roll of common men," and so betake him to the study and practice of those magic arts which were generally believed in then, and for which he was specially marked by his birth and all the courses of his life. And for the same cause he would naturally become somewhat egotistical, long-winded, and tedious, presuming that what was interesting to him, as relating to himself, would be equally so to others for its own sake. So that we need not altogether discredit Hotspur's account of the time spent "in reckoning up the several devils' names that were his lackeys." For, though Hotspur exaggerates here, no doubt, as he does everywhere else, yet we see that he has some excuse for his sauciness to Glendower, in that he has been greatly bored by him. And there is something ludicrous, withal, in the Welchman's being so wrapped up in himself and his matter, as not to perceive the unfitness of talking thus to one so harebrained and skittish.

Glendower, however, is no ordinary enthusiast: a man of wild and mysterious imaginations, yet he has, therewithal, a practical skill that makes them tell against the king; his dealing in magic rendering him even more an object of

fear, than his valor and conduct. And his behavior in the disputes with Hotspur approves him as much superior in the external qualities of a gentleman, as he is more superstitious, and amply justifies Mortimer's apology for him. Though no suspicion of anything little or mean can attach to Hotspur, it is characteristic of him to indulge his haughty temper even to the thwarting of his purpose: he will hazard the blowing up of the conspiracy rather than put a bridle on his impatience; which the Welchman with all his grandeur and earnestness of pretension is too prudent to do. In the portrait of Glendower there is nothing unwarranted by history; only Shakespeare has with great beauty made the enthusiastic and poetical spirit of the man send him to the study of magic arts, as involving some natural aptitude and affinity for them. It may be interesting to know that he managed to spin out the contest among the wilds of Snowdon far into the next reign; his very superstition perhaps lending him a strength and firmness of soul which no misfortune could break. We cannot leave this strange being without remarking how sweetly his mind nestles in the bosom of poetry, as appears in the passage where he acts as interpreter between Mortimer and his wife; and where, in the words of our Mr. Whipple, "the thought seems born of melody, and the melody to pervade it as an essence."

Prince Henry was evidently a great favorite with the Poet. And he makes him equally so with his readers, centering in him almost every manly grace and virtue, and setting him forth as the mirror of Christian kings and loadstar of honor, a model at once of a hero, a gentleman, and a sage. Wherein, if not true to fact, he was so to the sentiment of the English nation; that people having probably cherished the memory of Henry V with more fondness than any other of their kings since the great Alfred.

In the character of Prince Henry Shakespeare deviated from all the historical authorities known to have been accessible to him, and this deviation has been borne out by later researches, thus giving rise to the notion that he drew

from some traditionary matter that had not yet found a place in written history. A special and extraordinary conversion, it would seem, was generally thought to have fallen upon the prince on coming to the throne; and such and so great appears to have been the difference in his behavior as prince and as king, that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace, or touch of supernatural benediction. Walsingham, a contemporary, gives out that "as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty he was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue." Caxton, also, says that he "was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires." Fabyan in like sort tells us that "this man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolency:" and divers other old writers speak of him in the same strain. And herewith agrees the speech of Holinshed: "This king, even at first appointing with himself to show that princely honors should change public manners, determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence; and in their places chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honor and dignity." It should be observed, however, that he elsewhere speaks of him more in accordance with the Poet's representation: "Indeed he was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions, with whom he spent the time in such recreations and delights as he fancied. Yet it should seem by the report of some writers, that his behavior was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody; since he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened unto himself a ready passage of good liking among the

prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition."

There is no question that Prince Henry's conduct was indeed such as to lose him his seat in the council, where he was replaced by his younger brother. And it is equally certain that in mental and literary accomplishment he was far in advance of the age, being in fact as well one of the most finished gentlemen, as of the greatest statesmen and best men of his time. This seeming contradiction between the prince and the king is all cleared up and smoothly reconciled in the Poet's representation. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion: Shakespeare in a far wiser spirit brings his conduct within the ordinary rules and measures of human character, representing whatsoever changes occur in him as proceeding by the methods and proportions of nature. We shall see hereafter how his early "addiction to courses vain" is fully accounted for by the marvellous array of attractions presented in Falstaff; it being no impeachment either of his moral or his intellectual manhood, that he is drawn away by such a mighty magazine of fascinations. It is true, he is not altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John: he is himself plainly sensible of this; and the knowledge thereof is one of the things that go to justify his treatment of Falstaff on coming to the crown. And even in his wildest merrymakings we have pregnant arguments of his virtue, as when the Hostess reminds Sir John how "the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor." Shakespeare has nothing finer in its way than the gradual sundering of the ties that bind him to Falstaff, as the higher elements of his nature are called forth by emergent occasions, and his turning the dregs of his vile companionship into food of noble thought and sentiment, extracting the sweetness of wisdom from the weeds of his dangerous experiences. And his whole progress through this transformation, until, "like a reappearing star," he emerges from the cloud of wildness wherein

he had obscured his contemplation, is dappled with rare spots of beauty and promise.

It should be remarked that Hotspur was in fact about twenty years older than the prince: which difference of age would naturally foreclose any rivalry or emulation between them; and one of the Poet's most judicious departures from literal truth is in approximating their ages, as if on purpose that such influences may have a chance to work. And the king shows his usual policy in endeavoring to make the fame of Hotspur tell upon his son; though even here he strikes wide of his real character, misderiving his conduct from a want of noble aptitudes, whereas it springs rather from a lack of such motives and occasions with which his better aptitudes can combine. Yet the king's great sagacity appears in his speaking thus to the prince: for he has more penetration than to be ignorant that there is matter in him that will take fire when such sparks are struck into it. Accordingly, before they part, the prince speaks such words, and in such a spirit, as to win his father's confidence; the emulation kindled in him being no less noble than the object of it. Now it is that his many-sided, harmonious manhood begins fully to unfold itself. He has already developed susceptibilities answering to all the attractions of Falstaff; and we hope none of our readers will think the worse of him for preferring the atmosphere of Eastcheap to that of the court. Henceforth the issue proves that he has far better and stronger susceptibilities, which sleep indeed during the absence, but spring forth at the coming of their proper stimulants and opportunities. In the close-thronging dangers that beset his father's throne, he has noble work to do, and in the thick-clustering honors of Hotspur he has noble motives for doing it; and both together furnish those more congenial attractions whereby he is gradually loosened and detached from the former, and drawn up into that nobly-proportioned beauty with which both poetry and history have invested him.

We cannot now dwell on the many gentle and heroic

qualities that make up his well-rounded, beautiful character. His tenderness of filial piety appears in the words,—"My heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick;" and his virtuous prudence no less, in his putting off all show of grief, as knowing that this, taken together with his past levity, will be sure to draw upon him the imputation of hypocrisy: his magnanimity, in the eloquence with which he pleads for the life of Douglas: his ingenuousness, in the free and graceful apology to the king for his faults: his good-nature and kindness of heart, in the apostrophe to Falstaff, when he thinks him dead: his chivalrous generosity, in the enthusiasm with which he praises Hotspur; and his modesty in the style of his challenge to him. And yet his nobilities of heart and soul come along in such easy natural touches, drop out so much as the spontaneous issues of his life, that we scarce notice them, thus engaging him our love and honor, we know not how or why. Great without effort, and good without thinking of it, he is indeed a noble ornament of the kingly character. We must dismiss the enchanting theme with a few sentences from Knight. "Our sympathies," says this writer, "would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends, had not the Poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in his composition. He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry,—the courage of principle and of mercy. Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shows that even in his wildest excesses he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician;—Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will;—but the prince, in casting away the dignity of his station to commune freely with his fel-

low-men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power: his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity; the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation, the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HENRY IV

The character of the king is worked out by Shakespeare with that perfect penetration which is peculiar to him, as a prototype of diplomatic cunning and of complete mastery over fair appearance and all the arts of concealment. The difference between that which a man is and that which he appears occupies the poet in this character as it does in Richard III. But Henry IV is rather a master in concealment than in dissimulation; he cannot, like the other, play any part required with dramatic skill; he can only exhibit the good side of his nature; he can steal kindness and condescension from Heaven; he is a Prometheus in diplomatic subtlety, and, as Percy calls him, "a king of smiles." That which separates him and his deep political hypocrisy from Richard II, as far as day from night, is that he possesses this good side, and has only to exhibit it and not to feign it. Far removed from authorizing murder like the other, and delighting in the iron-hearted assassin, wading ever deeper from blood to blood and deadening conscience, he has rather wished than ordered Richard's death, and has cursed and exiled the murderer; conscience is roused in him immediately after the deed, and he wishes to expiate largely for the once suggested bloodshed. At the close of Richard II, and at the beginning of this play, we find him occupied with the idea of making a crusade to the Holy Land in expiation of Richard's death. Strangely in this reserved mind, which fears to look into itself, does the domination of a worldly nature interweave itself with the stimulus of remorse; devout and serious thoughts of repentance are

joined in this design with the most subtle political motives; earnestness of purpose and inclination to allow the purpose to be frustrated jar in a manner which the poet has made perfectly evident in the facts, though not more evident in the king's reflections than is natural to such a nature. We are in doubt whether the worldly man hesitates at the serious realization of his religious design, or whether by the decree of Heaven the expiation of that murder was to be denied him as the natural consequence of his earlier deeds. He is in earnest about the crusade, but mostly when he is ill; then his fleet and army are in readiness. It has been foretold to him that he shall die at Jerusalem (and he dies at last in a chamber which bears this name); when death is near, his haste and earnestness for the consecrated place of expiation become greater: but that he thinks on the pilgrimage also in days of health is a proof of the seriousness of his intention generally. This seriousness would not at such times have been so great in him if the political principles of wise circumspection did not prompt him to the same resolution as that to which he was urged by prophecy, superstition, and conscience. He would gladly divert the evil sap from the land, and lead the agitated spirits to the Holy Land, that "rest and lying still, might not make them look too near into his state;" in dying he bequeathed to his son the lesson of his domestic policy: that he should "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out, may waste the memory of the former days," the remembrance of his acquisition of the throne.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

The King, though the titular hero, is not the dramatic center of the play. He claims precedence, however, as the main link with *Richard II*, and how close Shakespeare meant the connection between the two pieces to be is shown by the fact that the one opens, as the other closed, with Henry's avowal of an intended crusade. Under the royal robe and crown we see the figure of the old Boling-

broke, in all essentials unchanged. But while hitherto he has been shown in contrast to characters who threw his higher qualities into effective relief, henceforward he is tried by harder tests. Diplomacy and determination enabled him to wrest the crown from Richard's feeble hands, and they enable him to keep it firmly in his grasp. But they cannot make him successful in the highest sense, either as a man or as a king; and they cannot, above all, yield him the inward peace for which he sighs. The usurper has to suffer a Nemesis in no wise arbitrary, but the inevitable result of his own nature and actions. As he confesses on his death-bed, it was by "bypaths and indirect crook'd ways" that he "met" his crown, only to find it sit troublesome upon his head. Richard's prophecies of woe to come are fulfilled. The shrewd, self-reliant politician cannot blossom into a benignant sovereign, loving and beloved. With all his talents and virtues, he lacks the integrity of nature and the personal magnetism which rivet permanently the attachment of men.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

HOTSPUR AND PRINCE HENRY

The characters of Hotspur and Prince Henry are two of the most beautiful and dramatic, both in themselves and from contrast, that ever were drawn. They are the essence of chivalry. We like Hotspur the best upon the whole, perhaps because he was unfortunate.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

FALSTAFF

He [Falstaff] is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always

at his ease, often put to shame, but, thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst (though also in the best) society; he has neither soul, nor honor, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hypocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. He is old and youthful, corrupt and harmless, cowardly and daring, "a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor." [1] The young Prince shows good taste in always and in spite of everything seeking out his company.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another:

[1] Maurice Morgann: *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them."—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

Under a helpless exterior, Falstaff conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions, between those whose favor he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part which he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest coloring to his love-intrigues, his intercourse with others and to his own sensual philosophy.—Schlegel, *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

HOTSPUR

Hotspur was first cousin of Henry IV and perhaps his senior; in 1388, the year after Henry Monmouth's birth, he had led the English forces at Otterburne. Yet Shakespeare makes them youthful rivals of the same age, to point the contrast between Hotspur's passion for personal glory and Henry's contented self-effacement. Hotspur in his way, not less than Henry, rebels against the traditions of his order. His blunt petulance, his disdain for music and poetry, his somewhat bourgeois relations with his wife, infringe as rudely as Henry's choice of comrades, or his weakness for "the poor creature, small beer," upon the code of chivalrous breeding. But Hotspur's unconventionalities spring from mere insensibility to other ambitions than that of snatching "honor" by heroic exploits; while Henry's most questionable compliances with the ways of mean men betray only a somewhat crude exercise of that "liberal eye" which in later days discovered still "some soul of goodness in things evil," that genial sympathy which on the eve of Agincourt banished fear from the

meanest of his "brothers, friends and countrymen" (*Henry V*, chorus iv). Henry is of kin with all Englishmen, a living embodiment of England; Hotspur is so far from embodying England that he conspires without a qualm to break it up, and is only concerned to round off the indentations which diminish his own share.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

GLENDOWER

Glendower was a romantic half-barbarian, although he had been "trained up in the English court." As the educated savage frequently falls back into barbaric ways, in spite of the polishing of grammar and rhetoric, so it is to be feared that Glendower was but a veneered courtier, after all. He was the natural product of the hard life amid Welsh fastnesses; the superstitions of a people whose ancestors had perhaps been the pupils of the Druid priesthood; and an implicit belief that he held so important a place in the creative scheme that at his nativity, not only

> The goats ran from the mountains and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields,

but

> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
> Of burning cressets: . . . . . .
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shak'd like a coward.

Glendower was a poet, and a chieftain of men who were equally at home with the harp and chant, with the mixing of magic potions, with clever devices in the torture of prisoners, and in the wild irregular sallies and retreats which made up their idea of warfare. Glendower was a gentleman also, as will be observed in his intercourse with the brutal wit of Hotspur, and his tender thoughtfulness and care for women. But he was not a soldier nor a diplomat. He could and did defend his mountain caverns for many years, but he could not direct or command armies.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

SIR RICHARD VERNON

Vernon is by much the noblest of all the "subordinates" in the play. His constancy to the rebel party does not prevent his bearing honorable testimony to the merits of their opponents. His admiration of the gallant bearing of Prince Harry is in the purest spirit of chivalry, and *true* chivalry always carried honor—which is justice—to the verge of romance in generous dealing. It is Vernon who gives that superb description of the prince and his comrades, whom he had seen preparing for the campaign, in the 1st scene of the 4th Act, Part I. Vernon is the moderator in the party: he is the only one impressed with the dignity of impartiality; and therefore he would be the man—for steadiness of principle—to be intrusted beyond a whole council of such men as Worcester. He *was* constant to his cause; and although we regret that such a character should have paid the rebel's penalty with one like Worcester, yet the moral conveyed in the sacrifice to loyalty and quiet government is a valuable one.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare's Characters.*

DOUGLAS

Douglas is a creation that adds wonderful force to the scene, and aids in giving dignity and relief both to the king and to Hotspur. There is somewhat barbarous and uncivilized in his traits that speaks of a nation remoter from refinement than Northumberland. He asserts and dwells upon his own boldness with as little delicacy as he imputes fear and cold heart to Worcester, and is more petulant and inconsiderate in urging on the battle prematurely than Hotspur himself. Brave and most efficient he is as a soldier even to excite the enthusiastic admiration of his ally, but when he finds himself overmatched he runs away without hesitation, though it be to look for an opponent he can better cope with, and in the rout he is captured by most undignified catastrophe: "upon the foot of fear, fled

with the rest," the hero who professed that the word fear was unknown in Scotland:—

> "And falling from a hill he was so bruised—
> That the pursuers took him."

This accident is historical, like his military renown, and in the seeming incongruity Shakespeare found the key of the character.

The Douglas of this play always reminds me of the Ares of the Iliad—a coarse exponent of the mere animal propensity to pugnacity, delighting in the circumstances of homicide, but when pierced by the spear of Diomed, hastily flying from the conflict and bellowing aloud.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

LADY PERCY

Lady Percy, the wife of Hotspur, is a very lively and beautiful sketch: she is sprightly, feminine, and fond; but without anything energetic or profound, in mind or in feeling. Her gaiety and spirit in the first scenes, are the result of youth and happiness, and nothing can be more natural than the utter dejection and brokenness of heart which follow her husband's death; she is no heroine for war or tragedy; she has no thought of revenging her loss; and even her grief has something soft and quiet in its pathos. Her speech to her father-in-law, Northumberland, in which she entreats him "not to go to the wars," and at the same time pronounces the most beautiful eulogium on her heroic husband, is a perfect piece of feminine eloquence, both in the feeling and in the expression.—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

SUMMARY

In the first part the battle of Shrewsbury forms the catastrophe, the center and aim of the action. In this part the nature of feudalism is represented more from its chivalrous aspect. The barons, in whom this element pre-

dominates, who are more knights than feudal lords—Percy, Douglas, Mortimer and Blount—are the leaders of the events. Hence we have here, of course, pre-eminently a representation of the nature of personal prowess, the foundation of chivalry. Percy is the representative of that inborn, natural valor, that unbridled conceit in the power of the individual I, that reckless courage of the knight-errant which heedlessly throws itself into danger, nay, which finds pleasure in it, and seeks for it, because it is necessary for the development of his nature, for his enjoyment and for the gratification of his ambition. Prince Henry, on the other hand, is the representative of that other and higher valor which is of an entirely intellectual nature, consisting in the mind's conscious superiority over danger, whether it be to overcome it, or to remain the victor in spite of being apparently vanquished; valor such as was displayed by the great historical heroes, Alexander, Hannibal and Julius Cæsar. In order that both species of valor might be clearly exhibited in their effectual and significant contrast, Prince Henry had to receive a prominent place in the drama, and, on the other hand, Percy's character had to be allowed scope in so far that, in all the essential relations of life, as son, husband and friend, he might excite special interest.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

In *Henry IV* Shakespeare does fair justice to the facts or the fictions of history; we have no reason to complain of any excess of the comic element, but rather to welcome it; even if it disfigured or overshadowed the history, we might well pardon it as being the very finest of its kind; but it does not; there was little that might be called heroic in the ruling sovereign, there was no Agincourt in his reign. Yet the personality and the career of Harry Percy are splendidly exhibited, although these, of course, are again a magnificent foil for Shakespeare's favorite hero [Henry V].—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY IV.—PARTS I. AND II.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Fourth*
HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King*
JOHN *of Lancaster* }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
SIR WALTER BLUNT
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*
RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* DOUGLAS
OWEN GLENDOWER
SIR RICHARD VERNON
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York*
POINS
GADSHILL
PETO
BARDOLPH

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants

SCENE: *England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

1

ACT I

Henry IV's plans for a crusade are broken off by news of rebellions in Wales and in Scotland. Henry Percy, famous in history as Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, is victorious over the Scots under Douglas at Homildon. The king demands the prisoners from his general, but Hotspur refuses to give them up unless King Henry will ransom his kinsman, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who is held prisoner by the Welsh. This the king will not do, for he fears Mortimer may some day claim the crown. Hotspur then sends his prisoners home without ransom and joins in the plots of the Welsh and Scots to overthrow Henry.

ACT II

The Prince of Wales is a wild youth; his favorite companion is Sir John Falstaff, whose chief occupations are talking and drinking wine. Falstaff and three comrades rob some travelers on the highway near Gadshill; the thiefs are in turn set upon by the Prince and one companion in disguise and put to flight. Later Falstaff boasts of an encounter with foes whose number increases with every mention of them, but the Prince turns the laugh on him by telling him the truth. A messenger from the king bringing the news of Hotspur's rising in the North interrupts their merriment.

ACT III

The king takes his son to task for his dissolute life and the Prince arouses to a sense of his responsibilities.

On his promise to be more worthy of his position, he is entrusted with part of the royal forces. By his influence Falstaff is given a command of foot-soldiers.

ACT IV

Hotspur is encamped near Shrewsbury, and, although he learns that neither his father nor the Welsh can come to his assistance, he determines to battle with the royal forces.

ACT V

The king offers to pardon the rebels if they will lay down their arms, but his message is distorted before its delivery to Hotspur and he gives battle. The rebels are defeated, Hotspur being slain by the Prince. Henry IV and the Prince then go to Wales to quell the insurrection there.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs

5. *"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,"* etc.; Folio 4, *"entrails"* for *"entrance"*; Steevens, *"entrants"*; Mason *"Erinnys"*; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand"; *"entrance"* probably = *"the mouth* of the earth or *soil."*—I. G.

Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:

9. *"those opposed eyes";* the eyes of contending armies; the intent gaze of two forces as they rush together being vividly put for the forces themselves.—C. H. H.

22. *"levy";* Steevens assures us that to *levy* a power *to* a place "is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt"; and he proposes *lead* instead of *levy:* which Gifford has effectually upset by the following from Gosson's *School of Abuse,* 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake, to be devoured."—H. N. H.

28. *"now is twelve month old,"* so Qq. 1, 2; Ff., *"is a twelve-month old";* Qq. 7, 8, *"is but twelve months old."*—I. G.

Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,

30. *"therefore we meet not now";* that is, we meet not now on *that question;* the question whether we will go.—H. N. H.

33. *"this dear expedience";* this momentous enterprise.—C. H. H.

35. *"limits of the charge";* express and definite instructions.—C. H. H.

38. *"the noble Mortimer";* two historical Edmund Mortimers were confused by Holinshed, and hence by Shakespeare. The following table shows their relationship to one another and to Lady Percy:—

Edmund Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March.

Elizabeth, m. H. Percy (Hotspur).	Roger Mortimer, 4th Earl of March.	Sir Edmund Mortimer (1376–1409) (def. by Glendower).
	Anne, m. Richard, Earl of Cambridge (*Hen. V,* ii. 2. 11).	Edmund Mortimer, 5th Earl of March (1391–1425), (direct heir to the throne after death of Richard II). *1 Hen. VI,* ii. 5.

In the play the Mortimer who had a title to the crown is identified with Glendower's captive; he is inconsistently spoken of as *brother* to Hotspur and his wife (1 i. 3. 142, ii. 3. 78), and as their nephew (1 iii. 1. 196). In i. 3. these two Mortimers are further identified with Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl, who was proclaimed by Richard II his heir in 1385.

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Homildon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;

42. So in all the quartos: the folio has "*And* a thousand." We prefer the former, not only as having better authority, but because it makes the connection plainer between *a thousand people* and *whose dead corpse.* Of course *being* is understood before *butchered,* and *corpse* is used as a collective noun.—The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed: "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble togither against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earle of March. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie."—H. N. H.

53. "*Archibald*"; fourth Earl of Douglas.—C. H. H.

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Homildon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Homildon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:

57. *"their artillery";* Holinshed says that "with violence of the English shot [the Scotch] were quite vanquished and put to flight." Holinshed means arrows, and Mr. Wright suggests that Shakespeare "may have misunderstood" the ambiguous word "shot." In another account of the battle, however (*Hist. of Scotland,* ii. 254, quot. Stone, p. 132), Holinshed speaks expressly of the "incessant shot of *arrows.*" It is probable that Shakespeare understood perfectly that Holinshed meant arrows, and chose himself to mean the more impressive discharge of cannon.—C. H. H.

64. No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner, "to stand *stained with travel.*"—H. N. H.

71. *"Mordake the Earl of Fife";* this was "Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II" ("the" first supplied by Pope).—I. G.

And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

95. Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.—H. N. H.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
Prince. Thou are so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon,

96. *"Worcester";* Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland.—C. H. H.

97. An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.—H. N. H.

107. That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say.—H. N. H.

Scene 2. The place of this scene, which cannot be made more specific, was first given thus by Theobald.—C. H. H.

that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

16. *"the seven stars";* so in the first four quartos; the other old copies and modern editions generally omit *the.*—H. N. H.

17. *"that wandering knight so fair";* an allusion to "El Donzel del Febo," the "Knight of the Sun," whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—*"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the Worthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer.* . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

> *"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very Donzel del Phebo of the time."*—I. G.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad

29, 30. *"night's"; "beauty";* Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *"night"* and *knight,* and *"beauty"* and *booty. A squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight, but became a sort of flash phrase for *a pimp.*—As to *"Diana's foresters,"* Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights.*—H. N. H.

50. *"Of Hybla";* reading of Qq., omitted in Ff.; *"my old lad of the castle";* probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).—I. G.

of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I 'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

67. *"heir"*; the *h* was still pronounced.—C. H. H.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I

88. *"Lincolnshire bagpipes"* is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favorite instrument in that county, as well as in the north.—H. N. H.

90. The *"hare"* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion,* Song, ii.: "The *melancholy* hare is form'd in brakes and briers." Pierius, in his *Hieroglyphics,* says that the Egyptians expressed melancholy by a *hare* sitting in her form.—*"Moor-ditch,"* a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage,* 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *"Moore-ditch melancholy."*—H. N. H.

regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

103, 104. *"For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it";* an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Ff.—I. G.

105. *"damnable iteration,* (profane) quotation of Scripture. "You are able, like the devil, to cite Scripture to your purpose."—C. H. H.

121. We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth: and a part of his humor lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet

For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering: so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the prince and himself. The exploit at Gads-hill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play.—H. N. H.

124. So in all the quartos; in the folio, "set a *watch,*" which does not agree with the event, as they do not *set a watch,* but *concert a stratagem* of robbery. *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in Ratsey's *Ghost,* a tract printed about 1606, and pointed out by Farmer: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches.*" Likewise in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair,* the phrase is used for making an appointment: "Peace, sir; they'll be angry if they hear you eavesdropping, now they are *setting their match.*"—H. N. H.

130. *"what says Sir John Sack and Sugar?";* a great deal of learned ink has been used in discussing what Sir John's favorite beverage might be. The very learned archdeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry.* Thus in Blount's *Glossographia: "Sherry* sack, so called from Xeres, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made."—H. N. H.

a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

162. *"stand for";* be good for.—C. H. H.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have

183. *"thou";* Pope's probable correction for *the* Ff.—C. H. H.

187, 188. *"Bardolph, Peto";* all the old copies have Harvey and Rossill here instead of *"Bardolph"* and *"Peto."* Whether Harvey and Rossill were names of actors that somehow got inserted into the text, or the original names of the persons, inadvertently left unchanged in this place, we have no means of deciding. There can be no doubt, however, that the names should be *"Bardolph"* and *"Peto,"* since these are the persons engaged with Falstaff and Gadshill in the robbery.—H. N. H.

the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will

207. *"for the nonce";* signified for the *occasion,* for the *once.* Junius and Tooke, in their *Etymology of Anon.* led the way; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry* has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of "for then anes"—"for then anis"—"for then ones, or once."—H. N. H.

215. *"incomprehensible";* infinite.—C. H. H.

tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

222. *"to-morrow night";* editors generally have thought this should be *to-night,* as referring to the time when the robbery is to be committed; whereas it plainly refers to the night after, when the prince is to enjoy "the virtue of the jest," which is the matter that most interests him and invites him onward.—H. N. H.

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offense a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands

247. *"to make";* as to make.—C. H. H.

3. *"found me so";* old edd. "found me; for." The emendation is Professor Littledale's. It involves a minimum of change, "for" being an extremely easy misprint for "foe."—C. H. H.

5, 6. *"myself, . . . condition";* I will be myself, as king, instead of indulging my natural bent.—C. H. H.

Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Homildon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;

15. *"Worcester"* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.

35. *"stubble-land";* to understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed,* and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.—H. N. H.

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-peter should be digg'd

41. *"took it in snuff";* there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it,* in familiar modern speech; to be angry, to take offense.—H. N. H.

60. *"this";* so in all the quartos: the folio has *that* instead of *this.* —H. N. H.

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,

71. So in the first quarto; the others omit *lord,* and the folio makes up the meter by turning *whate'er* into *whatever.*—H. N. H.

83. *"damn'd Glendower";* the reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August," (1402) "the king went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labor; for Owen conveied himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the king was constreined to re-

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,

turne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie."—H. N. H.

85. *"hath lately married";* so in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." We have seen in the Introduction that the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the king, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV and was not original with him.—H. N. H.

87. To *"indent with,"* as explained in old dictionaries, and used in old authors, is to make a covenant or compact with any one: Here it seems to bear the sense of to compromise, or make terms.—H. N. H.

"fears"; objects of fear, viz. Glendower and Mortimer.—C. H. H.

He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,

106. *"hid his crisp head"*; the same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject:* "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads.*" Likewise in one of Jonson's *Masques:*

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke."—H. N. H.

108. *"never did base"*; so in the folio; the quartos have *bare.* Monck Mason observes not without reason, that *bare* policy would be no *policy* at all.—H. N. H.

113. *"belie him"; i. e.* give him undeserved praise.—C. H. H.

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

128. *"Albeit I make a hazard of my head"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff., *Although it be with hazard of my head."*—I. G.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

145. *"was not he proclaim'd"*; Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385; but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.—H. N. H.

149. *"in us"*; so far as we helped to cause them.—C. H. H.

159. *"starve"*; so in all the quartos; in the folio, *starv'd*. Of course *to* is understood before *starve*.—H. N. H.

That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I 'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;

201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).—I. G.

210. *"attend";* attend to.—C. H. H.

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I 'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that 's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

228. "I here renounce all endeavors."—C. H. H.

230. *"sword-and-buckler";* the meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London:* "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man,* from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword."* And John Florio, in his *First Fruites,* 1578:—"What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler.*—What weapon is that *buckler?* A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."—H. N. H.

233. *"with a pot of ale,"* the natural beverage for a frequenter of low taverns.—C. H. H.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I 'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley-castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!

244. *"his uncle,"* the Duke of York.—C. H. H.

251. *"what a candy deal of courtesy";* that is, "what a deal of candy courtesy."—H. N. H.

253. *"when his . . . age," cp. Richard II,* Act II. iii. 48, 49, "as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense."—I. G.

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell; no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

1. *"by the day";* in the morning.—C. H. H.

7. *"poor jade, is wrung";* a rustic or uneducated omission of the pronoun. So at l. 13 below.—C. H. H.

14. *"price of oats";* the price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.—H. N. H.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingcross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

17. *"tench";* Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout;* the red spots of the trout having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.—H. N. H.

19. *"king christen";* Christian king.—C. H. H.

23. *"chamber-lie";* urine.—C. H. H.

"breeds fleas"; it appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. —H. N. H.

"a loach"; a fish.—C. H. H.

29. *"turkeys . . . starved";* this is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.—H. N. H.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?
First Car. I think it be two o'clock.
Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.
First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.
Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.
Sec. Car. Aye, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.
Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?
Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we 'll call up the gentleman: they will along with company, for they have great charge.
[*Exeunt Carriers.*
Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!
Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.
Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou layest the plot how.

37. "*I think it be two o'clock*"; the Carrier has just said,—"An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.—H. N. H.

43. "*Aye, when? canst tell?*"; a scoffing retort to an inconvenient or impertinent question.—C. H. H.

53. "*At hand, quoth pick-purse*"; a proverbial phrase for acknowledging a summons: "immediately."—C. H. H.

57. "*thou layest the plot how*"; thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the

1

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am

chamberlaine performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."—H. N. H.

61. *"a franklin";* this was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth.—H. N. H.

67. *"eggs and butter";* a frequent breakfast dish.—C. H. H.

joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

83. *"foot land-rakers";* vagabonds, tramps (going on foot).—C. H. H.

85. *"mustachio purple-hued malt-worms";* topers (with liquor-dyed mustachios).—C. H. H.

88. *"great oneyers,"* probably a jocose term for "great ones," with perhaps a pun on *"owners";* various emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "oneraires," "moneyers," "seignors," "owners," "mynheers," "overseers,"* etc.—I. G.

98. *"liquored her";* alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Falstaff says,—"They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me."—H. N. H.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and

108. *"homo" is a common name to all men.* In other words, "thief" is not an antithesis to "man," as "false" is to "true."—C. H. H.

2. *"gummed velvet";* thus in *The Malcontent,* 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffeta, *fret, fret.*" Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.—H. N. H.

tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close. 80

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travelers.

First Trav. Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travelers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; 90 fleece them.

Travelers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were

81. *"dole";* that is, happiness be his lot or portion.—H. N. H.

95. *"chuffs";* a *chuff,* according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." Thus in Massinger's *Duke of Milan:* "To see these *chuffs,* who

here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

every day may spend a soldier's entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins."—H. N. H.

97. *"grandjurors"; i. e.* men of social pretensions.—C. H. H.

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.* 119

Scene III

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;' —why, that 's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my 10
lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you

"Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter"; this letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.—H. N. H.

are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

24. *"my lord of York";* the archbishop, Richard Scroop.—C. H. H.

27. *"brain him with his lady's fan."* The heavy (often silver) handle of the fan was an occasional female weapon, but only capable of "braining" a "lackbrain."—C. H. H.

38. *"divide myself and go to buffets";* quarrel with and belabor myself.—C. H. H.

39. *"moving";* addressing myself to.—C. H. H.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offense have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

42. *"Kate";* Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was not *Katherine* but *Elizabeth,* or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate.* Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor.*—H. N. H.

56. *"terms of manage";* phrases of horsemanship.—C. H. H.

62. *"currents";* courses.—C. H. H.

That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

87. The *"weasel"* was proverbial for ill-temper, which had its seat in the "spleen"; but the spleen was also the seat of capricious moodiness in general, and it is in this sense that Lady Percy attributes it to her husband.—C. H. H.

As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go—
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me

92. *"if you go"*; the strict sense of "go" was "walk": hence Hotspur's quibbling rejoinder.—C. H. H.

96. *"I'll break thy little finger"*; an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.—I. G.

112. *"crack'd crowns"*; with a play on the monetary sense, made explicit in the next line.—C. H. H.

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince, and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

127. *"of force"*; perforce.—C. H. H.

"Boar's-Head Tavern"; the original tavern in Eastcheap was burned down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.—I. G.

"Eastcheap" is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames-Street, being granted to Henry prince of Wales. In the old anonymous play of

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert

King Henry V, "*Eastcheap*" is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Hen.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine." Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's Head tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.—H. N. H.

7. "*a leash of drawers*"; a "trio" of waiters. Three greyhounds made a "leash."—C. H. H.

18, 19. To "*breathe in your watering*" is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*, 1600, a passage first pointed out by Sir W. Scott in his edition of those rare satires:

> "A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,
> *Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stayes;
> Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?
> No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."—H. N. H.

not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, —to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

27. *"sugar";* it appears that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.—An *"under-skinker"* is a tapster, an *under-drawer. Skink* is *drink, liquor;* from *scenc,* drink, Saxon.—H. N. H.

33. *"Half-moon"* is used as the name of a room in the tavern; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after.—*"Score"* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use.—H. N. H.

36. *"puny";* the technical epithet of the younger son (puisné) playfully applied to the *"under*-skinker."—C. H. H.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
Poins. [*Within*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Fran. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.
Poins. [*Within*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, sir.
Prince. How old art thou, Francis?
Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—
Poins. [*Within*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.
Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!
Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
Poins. [*Within*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon.
Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

80. *"this leathern-jerkin"*; of course the prince refers to Francis's master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets.—H. N. H.

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what 's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

128. *"Rivo!";* of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered. —H. N. H.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of

139. *"pitiful-hearted Titan,"* so the early eds.; Theobald suggested *"butter"* for *"Titan,"* and the emendation has been generally adopted. —I. G.

141. *"that compound";* the "composition" of Falstaff's flushed face immersed in the liquor, and the frothy draught melting away at the "sweet tale" of his lips.—C. H. H.

142. *"here's lime in this sack"; cp.* Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages,* that the Spanish sacks "for conversation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."—I. G.

them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

152. *"I would I were a weaver";* weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders to escape persecution.—I. G.

158. *"dagger of lath,"* like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.—I. G.

Fal. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What 's the matter?

Fal. What 's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw —ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

183. *"this day morning";* so in the first two quartos; the others omit *day.* Such was the phraseology of the time, and Mr. Collier says "it is still used in our eastern counties."—H. N. H.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Aye, aye, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-foot, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

230. "*mainly*," violently.—C. H. H.

Poins. Aye, four, in buckram suits.
Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.
Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.
Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?
Prince. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.
Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—
Prince. So, two more already.
Fal. Their points being broken,—
Poins. Down fell their hose.
Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.
Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!
Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

246. *"Their points being broken";* the jest lies in a quibble upon *"points,"* Falstaff using the word for the *sharp end of a weapon,* Poins for the *tagged lace* with which garments were then fastened.—H. N. H.

248. *"followed me";* "me" is "ethical," expressing his keen concern in the pursuit.—C. H. H.

253–257. We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving anybody by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this

of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humor the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the prince; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.—H. N. H.

261. *"knotty-pated";* so Qq., Ff. But it is probably only a misspelling for "not-pated," which the prince has previously used (l. 81 above).—C. H. H.

273. *"if reasons were as plenty as blackberries";* a play upon "raisins," then almost identical in pronunciation with "reasons."—C. H. H.

sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

279. *"you elf-skin";* so the Qq. and Ff.; Hanmer, *"eel-skin"* (*cp. 2 Henry IV,* III, ii. 366); Johnson, *"elfkin."*—I. G.

289. *"bound them," i. e.* "you bound them"; a mixture of two constructions—the infinitive "bind" depending on "saw" and the direct indicative "you bound," the one being uncolloquial and the other not expressing that what happened was *seen.*—C. H. H.

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

311. *"and thou for a true prince";* the logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The prince was not the true prince, according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honorable to them both.—H. N. H.

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to be-

332. *"a royal man";* the hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman.* The prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *"royal man." Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10s., the other 6s. 8d. If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3s. 4d. and it would make him a *royal* man.—H. N. H.

slubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's

368. *"Hot livers and cold purses";* that is, drunkenness and poverty. —H. N. H.

369. *"choler";* of course there is a quibble implied here between *"choler"* and *collar.* It is observable that the prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of this most princely gentleman with his occasional levity and playfulness. *Explicit* puns were too small a species of wit for such a heroic spirit even to play with.—H. N. H.

thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

380. *"Sir John Bracy";* Ff. Braby. This person is apparently invented by Shakespeare; there is no trace of him in history.—C. H. H.

386. The *"Welch hook"* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.—H. N. H.

389. *"O, Glendower";* (?) perhaps we should read, *Owen Glendower."*—I. G.

393. *"with his pistol";* pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.—H. N. H.

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true: it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

408. *"you may buy land now,"* etc.; this might be aptly quoted as showing that civil disorders had much the same effect on property in Shakespeare's time as in ours.—H. N. H.

411. *"civil buffeting";* civil war.—C. H. H.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

439. *"King Cambyses' vein";* an allusion to a ranting play called *"A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia"* (1570).—I. G.

441. *"Well, here is my leg";* that is, *my obeisance* to my father.—H. N. H.

444. *"Weep not, sweet queen,"* etc. In *King Cambyses* a similar situation actually occurred—a stage direction expressly enjoining that the queen should weep.—C. H. H.

451. *"harlotry";* rogue, vagabond; the term, on the hostess' lips,

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

can have had little, but in any case not its strict, meaning. Juliet is called a "harlotry" by her father; so, Lady Mortimer below, III, i. 199.—C. H. H.

455. *"The camomile,"* etc., *cp.* Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): *"Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."*—I. G.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

507. *"tickle ye for a young prince";* play the part with a vengeance.—C. H. H.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

518. *"that reverend vice,"* etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; "Iniquity" and "Vanity" were among the names given to the character, according to the particular *"Vice"* held up to ridicule.—I. G.

523. *"cunning"* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing.*—H. N. H.

527. *"would take me with you";* that is, let me understand you.—H. N. H.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what 's the matter?

557. *"upon a fiddle-stick";* this is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.—H. N. H.

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

562. *"never call a true piece of gold,"* etc.; *i. e.* don't slander the pure gold of my character as spurious; it proves you mad (though you don't seem so) that you do. Falstaff makes believe to carry on his self-defense, though he no longer personates the prince.—C. H. H.

564. *"mad"*; Ff. 3, 4; the rest *"made."*—I. G.

566. *"your major"*; *i. e.* the proposition that he is a coward (with a quibble).—C. H. H.

571. *"Go, hide thee behind the arras"*; when arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.—H. N. H.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

578. *"hue and cry";* might be raised "either by a precept of a Justice of the Peace, or by a private person who knows of the felony. Such private person was bound to give notice to the Constable; but in the Constable's absence all persons were bound to join in the pursuit" (Stephen's *Crim. Law,* quoted *Jahrbuch,* xxxii. 145).—C. H. H.

585. Shakespeare has been blamed for making the prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The prince is indeed censurable; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced?—H. N. H.

593. *"three hundred marks";* one thousand dollars.—C. H. H.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*
Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.
Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.
Prince. Let 's see what they be: read them.
Peto. [*reads*] Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, . . . ob.
Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be

601. *"Peto";* probably "Poins," according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply "P." The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins.—I. G.

a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

622. *"his death will be,"* etc.; that is, "a march of twelve-score will be his death." A *score,* as here used, was *twenty yards.* So that *"twelve-score"* was *two hundred and forty yards.*—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity

13. "*at my nativity,*" etc.; the singular behavior of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welch bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower.—H. N. H.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth

18–20. This and the preceding speeches of Hotspur, which are commonly printed as verse, are here given in their proper order. Mr. Verplanck justly observes,—"The contrast between Glendower's self-deceiving enthusiasm and Hotspur's impatient bluntness is stronger by the meter of the one and the prose of the other."—H. N. H.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there 's no man speaks better Welsh. I 'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.

39, 40. *"and the herds . . . to the frighted fields";* so in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; . . . *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"—H. N. H.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;

71. *"threefold order ta'en,"* threefold arrangement proposed.—C. H. H.

72–80. This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from

Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the lord Persie."—H. N. H.

98. "*comes me cranking in,*" makes a bold indentation into my land.—C. H. H.

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I 'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

135. *"like the forced gait of a shuffling nag," i. e.* with a regularity obtained by a painful effort. Touchstone's "false gallop" of verses applies the imagery of horsemanship to a different metrical vice—fluent insipidity.—C. H. H.

143. *"the writer";* that is, the writer of the articles.—H. N. H.

149, etc. *"telling me of the moldwarp." cp. Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates,* 1559:—

> *"And for it to set us hereon more agog,*
> *A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)*
> *Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,*
> *Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,*
> *Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall*
> *By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,*
> *Which should divide his kingdom them among."*—I. G.

The *"moldwarp"* is the *mole;* so called because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks. Holinshed is here Shakespeare's authority: "This was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though King Henry was the *moldewarpe,* cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon,* the *lion,* and the *wolfe,* which should divide this realme between them."—H. N. H.

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A crouching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Then feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,

150. *"Merlin and his prophecies";* Holinshed reports "a vain prophecy" to the effect that Henry was "the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth," and that his kingdom should be divided in three by the dragon, the lion, and the wolf. Glendower and his allies were said (adds Hol.) to have undertaken the division "through a foolish credit given" to this prophecy. Merlin is not mentioned by Holinshed, but was credited with the prophecy in the Legend of Glendower in the *Mirror for Magistrates,* 1559.—C. H. H.

160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales,* 5860:—

"Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,
And chiding wives maken men to flee
Out of her owen hous";

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

'Three things will drive a man from home:
A roof that leaks,
A house that reeks,
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'"—I. G.

Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humor; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*
Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. [*The lady speaks in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

196. *"my aunt Percy";* Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt.* From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.—H. N. H.

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady. P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by

214. *"rushes";* it was anciently the custom to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.—H. N. H.

217. *"crown the god of sleep";* in state sleep as sovereign, give it full sway.—C. H. H.

224. *"book";* it was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *"book"* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.—Of course the *"book"* here referred to was the "indentures tripartite."—H. N. H.

humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

245. That is, 'tis a woman's fault not to be still.—H. N. H.

257. "*further than Finsbury*"; *i. e.* just outside the City walls. "Never" and "further" were probably both monosyllables here.—C. H. H.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we 'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life

264. *"tailors";* like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."—H. N. H.

I

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offenses with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

10. *"For";* as.—C. H. H.

15. *"As thou art match'd withal";* as thou takest part in as an equal.—C. H. H.

28. The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure. Johnson thus explains it: "Let me beg so much extenuation that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true." Reproof* means *disproof.*—H. N. H.

32. *"Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost," i. e.* "by thy rude or violent conduct"; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was

I

Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And wan by rareness such solemnity.

removed from the council for striking the Chief-Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.—I. G.

38. *"doth"*; Qq. and Ff., *"do,"* which may be explained as due to the plural implied in *"every man"*; Rowe, *"does"*; Collier MS., *"doth."*—I. G.

I

The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

62. *"carded his state"; "to card"* is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of "to mix, or debase by mixing" (*e. g. "You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong,"* Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested *"carded"="'scarded," i. e. "discarded";* but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. "To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix," the meaning is brought out by 1607 quotation from Topsell, *Four-foot Beasts,* "As for his diet, let it be warm mashes, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."—I. G.

Ritson took it to mean, that Richard played away his royalty *at cards.* Knight suggests yet another sense,—that he fretted away his dignity, as a carder does locks of wool. . . . Our own notion then, is, that *"carded his state"* means the same as the following clause, the latter being explanatory of the former.—H. N. H.

63. *"capering";* the first quarto reads *capring;* the other old copies read *carping,* which agrees well with the context. "A *carping* momus" and "a *carping* fool" were common phrases in the Poet's time. But, though *carping* agrees thus with the context, it must be owned that *"capering"* bears a sense equally appropriate, as referring to the *dancing* sprigs that Richard II drew about him.—H. N. H.

67. That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was *a dealer in comparisons.*—H. N. H.

69. *"popularity";* plebeian intercourse.—C. H. H.

I

So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my scepter and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor color like to right,

98. *"to the state";* we should now write *in* the state, but this was the phraseology of the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

I
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

103. The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.—H. N. H.

123. *"dearest";* so in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2: "Would I had met my

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,

'dearest' foe in heaven ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio."—H. N. H.

136. "*favors,* features"; the plural is rare in this sense, but the association with a "mask" shows that the face is intended, not the scarf, gloves, or other "favors" worn by knights.—C. H. H.

I
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;

154. *"if He be pleased I shall perform";* the reading of Qq.; F. 1, *"if I performe, and doe survive";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"if I promise, and doe survive,"* etc.—I. G.

164. *"Lord Mortimer of Scotland,"* a mistake for Lord March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.—I. G.

For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church!

10. *"I am a peppercorn,"* etc.; "Falstaff compares himself to what he is most unlike, a peppercorn for size, and a brewer's horse for wit" (Wright).—C. H. H.

11. *"brewer's horse";* that Falstaff was unlike a *"brewer's horse"*

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or

may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened:* "What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse?* —Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."—H. N. H.

29–31. so Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year,* 1605: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose.*—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an East Indian voyage, to have stood a nights *in the poope of their admiral, only to save the charges of candles.*"—H. N. H.

a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that 's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

42. *"By this fire, that's God's angel";* the latter words omitted in Ff. and Qq. after Q. 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.—I. G.

51–53. Steevens has taken occasion here to mention that *"candles and lanterns to let"* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.—H. N. H.

55. *"cheap"* is the past participle of *cypan,* Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell.—H. N. H.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I 'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here

64. *"Dame Partlet";* the name of the Hen in *Reynard the Fox;* equivalent to the Pertelote of Chaucer's *Nuns' Priest's Tale.*—C. H. H.

89. *"eight shillings an ell";* for Holland linen, appears a high

besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses:* "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."—H. N. H.

98. *"shall I not take mine ease in mine inn";* a proverbial saying, found already in Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbes,* 1562.—C. H. H.

104. *"sneak-cup";* Mr. Collier suggests that perhaps this should be *sneck up,* a term of abuse for which see *Twelfth Night,* Act ii. sc. 3. —H. N. H.

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than

136. *"stewed prune"; stewed prunes* were a refection particularly common in brothels in Shakespeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antisyphilitic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes; perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd*. *A drawn fox* is a *hunted fox*, a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The*

in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Tamer Tamed, call Moroso, a cunning, avaricious old man, "that *drawn fox.*"—H. N. H.

137. *"Maid Marian"* was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman. There is a curious old tract bearing date 1609, and entitled *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian.*—H. N. H.

138. *"deputy's wife of the ward to thee"; i. e.* compared to thee. The "deputy of the ward" exercised police authority within it; and was hence a citizen of standing and respectability.—C. H. H.

152. *"neither fish nor flesh";* alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."—I. G.

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts

179. *"I pray God my girdle break";* an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.—I. G.

and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

191, 192. *"if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries"*; if there were any other "injuries" which you have "pocketed up."—C. H. H.

206. *"still"*; always.—C. H. H.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

216. *"with unwashed hands."* There is probably a sly suggestion also of the sense: "don't 'wash your hands of it afterwards and leave us to pay the penalty!"—C. H. H.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my break-
fast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!
[*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honor:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states

31. *"that inward sickness—";* Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.—I. G.

44. *"his present want";* our present want of him.—C. H. H.

I
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought

49. *"read,"* etc.; discern, written in unmistakable characters (the end of our fortunes).—C. H. H.

50. *"the soul of hope";* the very substance of our hope, all that we have to hope for. The line combines the notions of reaching the limit of hope, and exhausting its substance;—an ambiguity favored by the double meaning of "bottom," base and substance, staple, and probably carried on by a deliberate pun in "soul (sole)."—C. H. H.

53. *"Where"* was often used in the Poet's time for *whereas.* It occurs thus in Holinshed continually.—H. N. H.

56. *"comfort of retirement";* that is, a support to which we may have recourse.—H. N. H.

59. *"maidenhead";* that is, the youth, or immaturity, the *maidenhood.*—H. N. H.

61. *"Hair"* was anciently used metaphorically for *complexion,* or *character.* Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour:* "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in the old comedy of *The Family of Love:* "They say I am of the right *haire,* and indeed they may stand to't." So in the interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife:* "But I bridled a colt of a contrary *haire.*" And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas Moore:* "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."—H. N. H.

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a luster and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

85. *"term of fear"*; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) *"dream"* for *"term."*—I. G.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind

95. *"nimble-footed";* Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."—H. N. H.

98.

"All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed";

This, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropped out after *wind,* and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

"Run on, in gallant trim they now advance":

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read *"wing the wind"* to *"with"* has had many supporters, though it is said that *"wing the wind"* applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II,* 310–315) to justify it:—

"Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis
Pulverulenta volat";

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing

I

Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,

from *"winging the wind."* "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

> *"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs*
> *Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*
>
> COLUMBUS, Canto VIII.

baited = *baiting; to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

"having lately bathed"; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*." —I. G.

100. *"images";* saints' images.—C. H. H.

107. *"And vaulted";* for the construction cf. note on ii. 4. 289.—C. H. H.

And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Aye, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

114. *"maid of smoky war";* the goddess Bellona.—C. H. H.

133. *"take a muster";* so in all the old copies: modern editions, until Knight's, have *"make* a muster": which gives a wrong meaning; for to *make* a muster is to assemble troops, while to *"take a muster"* is to make an account of troops already assembled; and this is just what Hotspur proposes to do.—H. N. H.

Scene II

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labor; an if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck.

6. *"makes";* makes up. Falstaff quibbles on the word. The value of the "angel" varied from 6s, 8d to 10s.—C. H. H.

13. The *"gurnet,"* or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.—H. N. H.

I

I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: nay, and the

23. *"toasts-and-butter";* thus in Fynes *Moryson's Itinerary,* 1617: "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts."* And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:* "They love young *toasts and butter, Bow bell suckers."*—H. N. H.

32. *"younger sons to younger brothers"; i. e.* "men of desperate fortune and wild adventure"; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War.*—I. G.

36. *"Ancient"* was used both for the *standard,* and for the person that bore it. Falstaff here means an old *patched flag.*—H. N. H.

villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

54, 55, 56. *"St. Alban's"* and *"Daventry"* both lie on the highroad from London through Coventry to Shrewsbury.—C. H. H.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Aye, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

I

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

I

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we 'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

92. So in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure:* "Great mischiefes succedyng *one in another's necke.*"—*"Task'd"* is here used for *taxed.* The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy.* Thus Philips, in his *World of Words: "Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute,* from whence haply cometh our word *task,* which is a duty or labor *imposed* upon any one."—H. N. H.

Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

York. *The Archbishop's palace.*

Enter *the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

Sc. 4. *"Sir Michael"*; "Sir" is his priestly title.—**C. H. H.**
2. *"marshal"*; (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.
4. ***"To whom"; i. e.*** **to** those to whom.—**C. H. H.**

Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir. M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many mo corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

31. *"corrivals"*; associates.—C. H. H.
"dear men of estimation"; men of dear estimation.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms

Stage direction. The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.—I. G.

1. *"How bloodily,"* etc.; "I do not know," says Mr. Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill."—H. N. H.

4. *"his"*; the sun's.—C. H. H.

1

As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

13. *"old limbs";* Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.—I. G.

But perhaps in this reference he includes his captains and chiefs, many of whom were of course much older than himself. And it is clear all along that in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect; and he here anticipates several years in the king's life, that he may make Prince Henry of a proper age for his sweet heroic manhood to display itself.—H. N. H.

19. *"exhaled";* drawn up (as a vapor by the sun; the sixteenth-century theory of the origin of meteors).—C. H. H.

I

For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-
dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n
right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

60. *"the cuckoo's bird";* Shakespeare has here given us a choice piece of natural history, and his gift is the more curious, in that it was apparently drawn fresh from his own observation, as it varies materially, and in the direction of truth and nature, from all that,

I

Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your
sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time

so far as we know, had then been written on the subject. The fact, as hath since been scientifically ascertained, is, that the cuckoo has an ungentle habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Perhaps it should be remarked, that *gull* is here used in an active sense, for the *guller,* not for the *gulled;* unless, indeed, it be another word, from the Latin *gulo,* a glutton, or gourmand.—H. N. H.

80. *"water-colors"; i. e.* colors of specious effect but no endurance. —C. H. H.

Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I 'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? what is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will

it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II

The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offense in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

8. *"suspicion";* Rowe's emendation for *"supposition"* of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of *"suspicion"* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana,* written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.—I. G.

11. *"a wild trick";* a dash of the wildness.—C. H. H.

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offenses live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

18. *"adopted name of privilege"; i. e.* the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.—I. G.

29. *"Westmoreland"* had been retained in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.—H. N. H.

31. *"bid"*; offer.—C. H. H.

33. *"Douglas"* must here be read as a trisyllable.—I. G.

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath today
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;

60. *"By still dispraising praise valued with you";* omitted by Pope and others as "foolish," but defended by Johnson:—"to vilify praise,

I
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.

compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."—I. G.

64. *"master'd"*; that is, *was master of.* In the next line *"instantly"* is used in the sense of *at the same time.*—H. N. H.

68. *"owe"*; own.—H. N. H.

72. *'so wild a libertine"*; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Ff., *"at libertie,"* and Qq. 1–4, *"a libertie"*; Theobald punctuated the line thus: *"of any prince, so wild, at liberty"*; others proposed *"wild o' liberty,"* which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.—I. G.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace and exeunt.*

97. *"Esperance";* four syllables.—C. H. H.

Scene III

Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Homildon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

11. So the first two quartos and the fourth. The fifth quarto has "born *to yield,* thou proud Scot"; the folio, "born to yield, thou *haughty* Scot."—H. N. H.

15. So the first two quartos; the other old copies, "triumph'd *over* a Scot."—H. N. H.

Doug. All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there 's honor for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins

22. *"Whither"* for *whithersoever.*—H. N. H.

34. *"here's no vanity";* the negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess of a thing. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:* "O, here's *no* foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better."—H. N. H.

where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. 40 But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I

38. *"there's not three . . . left";* the same form of expression has occurred before in Act iv. sc. 2: "There's *not* a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans." It seems to be a sort of Falstaffian idiom; as if the Poet meant to carry out Sir John's peculiar recklessness of truth into the smallest particulars, yet in such a way as not to prove him, in the proper sense of the term, a liar. In both these cases, modern editions very unwarrantably change *not* into *but;* as though the man had better talk grammatically than characteristically.—This passage, by the way, might be aptly quoted in disproof of Falstaff's alleged cowardice.—H. N. H.

40. *"the town's end";* at the gates, a common station for beggars. —C. H. H.

47, 48. *"Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms";* Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History,* hath made Gregory (*i. e.* Pope Gregory VII, called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."—I. G.

This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain.—H. N. H.

have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. 50 prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Aye, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there 's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, 60 if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

59. *"Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,"* is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.
Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe to long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*
Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

I
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
Prince. O, this boy.
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight; the King being in danger,*
Re-enter Prince of Wales.

21. *"hold . . . at the point"; i. e.* parry his attacks.—C. H. H.
38. *"And thus I win thee";* the matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, art in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[*They fight: Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton: I 'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of your son

King. Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the king's sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of another. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."—H. N. H.

49. *"makest some tender of";* hast some regard for.—C. H. H.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life

65. *"sphere"*; orbit.—C. H. H.

75. *"well said"*; that is, "well *done*, Hal!"—H. N. H.

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

81. *"But thought 's the slave of life,"* etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1:—

> *"But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,*
> *And time that takes survey of all the world,*
> *Must have a stop."*

i. e. "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).—I. G.

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowel'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.
[*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up.*] Emboweled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why

I

may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*Stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that 's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we

rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

173. *"Grow great";* so Qq.; Ff. *"grow great again."*—I. G.

Scene V

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw

14. *"to the death";* "the" is used of death inflicted by authority.—C. H. H.

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valor shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

21. *"he was so bruised,"* etc.; thus Holinshed: "To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mounteine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valiantnesse, of the king franklie and freelie delivered."—H. N. H.

32–33. This speech of Prince John, though in all the first four quartos, is strangely left out by Mr. Knight, merely because it is wanting in the folio.—H. N. H.

I

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of
March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

41. *"sway"*; Ff. and later Qq. *"way."*—I. G.

GLOSSARY

I

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Admiral, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 29.

Advantage, leisure; II. iv. 618; interest; II. iv. 624; favorable opportunity; III. ii. 180.

Advertisement, information, news; III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.

Advised, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.

Affections, inclinations; III. ii. 30.

Against; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.

Allhallown summer, *i.e.* summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November) in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 184.

Amamon, the name of a demon; II. iv. 384.

Amaze, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.

Ancients, ensigns; IV. ii. 27; *"ancient"* standard; IV. ii. 36.

Angel, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with its spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.

Anon, anon! coming! II. i. 5.

Answer, repay; I. iii. 185.

Anyway, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.

Apace, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.

Apple-john, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.

Appointment, equipment; I. ii. 203.

Apprehends, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.

Approve me, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.

Arbitrement, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.

Argument, subject for conversation; II. ii. 100.

Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 571.

Articulate = articulated, specified, enumerated (Ff. *"articulated"*); V. i. 72.

Aspects, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.

Assay thee, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.

"At hand, quoth pick-purse," a proverbial expression; II. i. 53.

Athwart, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.

Attempts, pursuits; III. ii. 13.

Attended, waited for; IV. iii. 70.

I

Attribution, praise; IV. i. 3.

Auditor, an officer of the Exchequer; II. i. 64.

Away; "a. all night" (so the Qq.) ?= march all night; (Folios "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 67.

"Aye, when? canst tell?" proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 43.

Back; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 213.

Back, mount; II. iii. 80.

Baffle, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 118.

Bagpipe; "the Lincolnshire b." a favorite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 88.

Baited, *v.* Note; IV. i. 99.

Balk'd, heaped, piled up ("balk" ="ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.

Ballad-mongers, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.

Bands, bonds; III. ii. 157.

Banish'd, lost, exiled (Collier MS. *"tarnish'd"*); I. iii. 181.

Base, wicked, treacherous, (Qq. "bare"); I. iii. 108.

Basilisks, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56.

Bastard, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 32.

Bate, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.

Battle, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.

Bavin, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.

Bears hard, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.

Beaver, helmet; IV. i. 104.

Become, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 567.

Beguiling, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.

Beldam, aged grandmother; III. i. 32.

Beside, beyond; III. i. 179.

Bestride me, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.

Bide, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.

Blue-caps, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 406.

Bolters, sieves for meal; III. iii. 81.

Bolting-hutch, a bin into which meal is bolted; II. iv. 514.

Bombard, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 515.

Bombast; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 372.

Bonfire-light, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire; Q. 1, *"bonefire light"*; Q. 2, *bonfire light"*; Qq. 3, 4, *"bone-fire light"*; the rest *"Bone-fire light"*); III. iii. 47.

Book, indentures; III. i. 224.

Bootless, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.

Boots, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 95.

Bosom, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.

Bots, small worms; II. i. 11.

Bottom, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.

BRACH, a female hound; III. i. 240.

BRAVE, fine; I. ii. 75.

BRAWN, mass of flesh; II. iv. 127.

BREAK WITH, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.

BREATHE, take breath (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"break"*); II. iv. 18.

BREATHED, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.

"BREWER'S HORSE"; a disputed point probably equivalent to *malt-horse,* a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.

BRIEF, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.

"BRING IN," the call for more wine; I. ii. 44.

BRISK, smart; I. iii. 54.

BRUISING; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.

BUCKRAM, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 207.

BUFFETS; "go to b."=come to blows; II. iii. 35.

BUFF JERKIN, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 51.

BURNING, alight with war; III. iii. 238.

BUSKY, bosky (Q. 1, *"bulky"*); V. i. 2.

BY-DRINKINGS, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 90.

"BY GOD, SOFT"; an exclamation (Ff., *"soft, I pray ye"*); II. i. 40.

CADDIS-GARTER, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 82.

CALIVER, corruption of *caliber,* a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 21.

CANDY, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.

CANKER, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.

CANKER'D, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.

CANKERS, canker-worms; IV. ii. 34.

CANSTICK, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Ff., *"candlestick"*); III. i. 131.

CANTLE, piece (Qq., "scantle"); III. i. 100.

"CAP AND KNEE," doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.

CAPERING, leaping, skipping (Q. 1, *"capring"*; the rest *"carping"*); III. ii. 63.

CAPITAL, principal; III. ii. 110.

CAPITULATE, form a league; III. ii. 120.

CARBONADO, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 62.

CARDED, *v.* Note; III. ii. 62.

CART, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 568.

CASE YE, mask your faces; II. ii. 57.

CATERPILLARS, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 89.

CATES, delicacies; III. i. 163.

CAVIL, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.

CESS, measure; II. i. 8.

CHANGING, exchanging; I. iii. 101.

CHARGE, cost, expense; I. i. 35; III. i. 112; baggage; II. i. 51.

CHARLES' WAIN, the Great Bear; II. 1, 2.

I

Chat, chatter; I. iii. 65.

Cheap; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 55.

Chewet, chough, probably jackdaw; (used generally in sense of mince-pie); V. i. 29.

Chops, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 156.

Christen, Christian (Qq. 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Ff.); II. iv. 9.

Chuffs, churlish misers; II. ii. 96.

Cital, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.

Clap to, shut; II. iv. 316.

Clipp'd in, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.

Close, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.

Cloudy men, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.

Cock, cockcrow; II. i. 20.

Color, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.

Colt, befool; II. ii. 42.

Come near me, hit me; I. ii. 15.

Comfit-maker, confectioner; III. i. 253.

Commodity, supply; I. ii. 96.

Common-hackney'd, vulgarized; III. ii. 40.

Commonwealth, used quibblingly; II. i. 92.

Community, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.

Comparative, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.

Comparative, full of comparisons; I. ii. 93.

Compass, "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 24.

Concealments, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.

Condition, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.

Conduct, escort; III. i. 92.

Confound, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.

Conjunction, assembled force; IV. i. 37.

Contagious, baneful; I. ii. 229.

Contracted, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 18.

Corinthian, spirited fellow; II. iv. 13.

Corpse, corpses (Q. 1 and Ff. 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.

Correction, punishment; V. i. 111.

Corrival, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.

Couching, couchant, lying down, (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.

Countenance, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word; I. ii. 35; sanction; III. ii. 65; bearing; V. i. 69.

Cousin, kinsman; I. iii. 292.

Cozeners, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.

Cranking, winding, bending; III. i. 98.

Cressets, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.

Crisp, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.

Crossings, contradictions; III. i. 36.

Crown, enthrone; III. i. 217.

Crystal button, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 81.

Cuckoo's bird, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.

Cuisses, armor for the thighs (Qq. and Ff., *"cushes"*) IV. i. 105.

Culverin, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 60.

Curbs, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.

Cut, the name of a horse; II. i. 6.

Daff'd, put aside, doffed (Qq. and Ff. *"daft"*); IV. i. 96.

Damm'd, stopped up, enclosed (Qq. 1, 2, 6 and Ff., *"damnd"*); III. i. 101.

Dangerous, indicating danger; V. i. 69.

Dank, damp; II. i. 9.

Dare, daring; IV. i. 78.

Daventry, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "Dahntry" (Qq. 1–5, "Dauintry"; Qq. 6, 7, 8, "Daintry," etc.); IV. ii. 56.

Dear, eagerly desired, urgent; I. i. 33; worthy, valued; IV. iv. 31.

Dearest, best; III. i. 182.

Defend, forbid; IV. iii. 38.

Defy, renounce, abjure; I. iii. 228; despise; IV. i. 6.

Deliver, report; V. ii. 26.

Deliver'd, related, reported; I. iii. 26.

Denier, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 97.

Deny, refuse; I. iii. 29.

Deputation, "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.

Deputy of the ward, local police officer; III. iii. 138.

Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 557.

Devised, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.

Discarded, dismissed; IV. ii. 31.

Discontents, malcontents; V. i. 76.

Disdain'd, disdainful; I. iii. 183.

Dislike, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.

Disputation, conversation; III. i. 206.

Distemperature, disorder; III. i. 34.

Divide myself, cut myself in half; II. iii. 38.

Division, modulation; III. i. 211.

Doff, put off; V. i. 12.

Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 203.

Dowlas, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 85.

Draff, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 41.

Drawn, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.

Drawn fox, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 137.

Draws, draws back; IV. i. 73.

Dread, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.

Drench, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 124.

Drone, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 88.

Drowzed, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.

Drum, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 241.

Durance, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibbingly; I. ii. 52.

Duties, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.

I

EASTCHEAP, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating houses and taverns; I. ii. 150.

ECCE SIGNUM, here the proof; II. iv. 195.

EMBOSSED, swollen; III. iii. 187.

EMBOWEL'D, *i. e.* for embalming; V. iv. 109.

ENFEOFF'D HIMSELF, gave himself up entirely (Qq. 6, 7, 8, *"enforc't"*); III. ii. 69.

ENGAGED, detained as hostage (Pope, *"encaged"*); IV. iii. 95.

ENGROSS UP, amass (*up*, intensive) (Qq. 1, 2, and Ff., *"up"*; the re[illegible] *"my"*); III. ii. 148.

ENLARGED, set free; III. ii. 115.

ENLARGEMENT, escape; III. i. 31.

ENTERTAIN, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.

ENVY, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.

EQUITY, justice, fairness; II. ii. 107.

ESPERANCE, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 80.

ESTIMATION, conjecture; I. iii. 272.

ESTRIDGES, ostriches; IV. i. 98.

EVEN, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.

EXHALATIONS, meteors; II. iv. 365.

EXPECTATION, promise; II. iii. 22.

EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. i. 33.

EYE OF DEATH, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.

FACE, trim, set off; V. i. 74.

FACTOR, agent; III. ii. 147.

FALL OFF, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.

FATHER, father-in-law; III. i. 87.

FATHOM-LINE, lead line; I. iii. 204.

FAT ROOM, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.

FAT-WITTED, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.

FAVORS, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight; V. iv. 96; features (Hanmer "favor" =face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets;" III. ii. 136.

FEAR'D, feared for; IV. i. 24.

FEARFULLY, in fear; I. iii. 105.

FEARS, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.

FEEDS; "f. him," *i.e.* feeds himself; III. ii. 180.

FEELING, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"feeble"*); III. i. 206.

FELLOW, neighbor, companion; II. ii. 114.

FERN-SEED; "the receipt of f.," *i.e.* the receipt for gathering fern-seed; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and anyone who could gather them was himself rendered invisible; II. i. 100.

FIGURES, shapes created by the imagination; I. iii. 209.

FINSBURY, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls; III. i. 257.

FLEECE, plunder them; II. ii. 91.

FLESH'D, stained with blood; V. iv. 135.

FLOCKS, tufts of wool; II. i. 7.

FOBBED, cheated, tricked (Qq. 7, 8, *"snub'd"*); I. ii. 70.

FOIL, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Qq. 7, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Ff., *"soile"*); I. ii. 246.

I

Foot, foot-soldiers, infantry; II. iv. 622.

Foot land-rakers, foot-pads (Qq. *"footland rakers"*; Ff. *"Footland-Rakers"*); II. i. 84.

Forced, compelled by whip and spur; III. i. 135.

Foul, bad (F. 2, *"soure"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"sowre"*); V. i. 8.

Found; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness; I. iii. 3.

Four by the day, four o'clock in the morning; II. i. 1.

Framed, planned, composed; III. i. 123.

Franklin, freeholder or yeoman; II. i. 61.

Frets, used equivocally for (i.) chafes and (ii.) wears out; II. ii. 2.

From, away from; III. ii. 31.

Front, confront; II. ii. 63.

Frontier, forehead, brow; I. iii. 19.

Frontiers, outworks; II. iii. 55.

Full of rest, thoroughly rested; IV. iii. 27.

Furniture, furnishing, equipment; III. iii. 237.

Gadshill; a hill two miles northwest of Rochester on the Canterbury Road; a well-known resort of highwaymen; I. ii. 148.

Gage, engage, pledge; I. iii. 173.

Gait, walk, pace; III. i. 135.

Gall, annoy; I. iii. 229.

Garters, an allusion to the Order of the Garter; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying; II. ii. 48.

Gelding, horse; II. i. 39.

Gelding, taking away from; III. i. 110.

Gib cat, old tom cat; I. ii. 85.

Gilliams, another form of Williams; II. iii. 73.

Given, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 18.

"God save the mark!" a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.

Goodman, grandfather; II. iv. 109.

Good morrow, good morning; II. iv. 597.

"Good night," an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.

Gorbellied, big-bellied; II. ii. 94.

Government; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly; I. ii. 32; command, IV. i. 19.

Grace, service, honor, III, i. 182.

Grace, "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i. e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III, ii. 119.

Grandam, grandmother; III. i. 34.

Grapple, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.

Grief, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 134.

Griefs, grievances; IV. iii. 42.

Gull, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.

Gummed, "g. velvet," *i. e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.

Gyves, fetters; IV. ii. 48.

Habits, garments; I. ii. 202.

Hair, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.

Half-fac'd, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.

Half-moon, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 33.

HALF-SWORD, close fight; II. iv. 189.

"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE," happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 81.

HARDIMENT, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.

HARE, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 90.

HARLOTRY, vixen; III. i. 199.

HARLOTRY PLAYERS, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 451.

HARNESS, armor, armed men; III. ii. 101.

HEAD, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.

HEAD; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.

HEAD OF SAFETY, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.

HEARKEN'D FOR, longed for; V. iv. 52.

HEAVENLY-HARNESS'D TEAM, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.

HEM, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 19.

HERALD'S COAT, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 52.

HEST, behest, command; II. iii. 69.

HIND, boor; II. iii. 18.

HITHERTO, to this spot; III. i. 74.

HOLD IN, restrain themselves; II. i. 88.

HOLD ME PACE, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

HOLY-ROOD DAY, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.

HOME, "to pay home," *i. e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.

HOMO, "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 108.

HOPES, anticipations; I. ii. 242.

HORSE, horses; II. i. 3.

HOT IN QUESTION, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.

HUE AND CRY, a clamor in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 578.

HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 234.

HUMORS, caprices; II. iv. 108; II. iv. 513.

HURLYBURLY, tumultuous; V. i. 78.

HYBLA; "honey of H." (so Qq., but Ff. *"honey,"* omitting *"of H."*); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 50.

HYDRA, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.

"IGNIS FATUUS," Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 47.

IGNOMINY, dishonor (Qq. 1, 2, 3, 8, Ff. 3, 4, *"ignominy,"* the rest *"ignomy"*); V. iv. 100.

IMMASK, mask, conceal; I. ii. 207.

IMPAWN'D, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.

IMPEACH, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.

IMPRESSED, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.

INDENT, indentation; III. i. 104.

INDENT, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.

INDENTURES TRIPARTITE, triple agreement, *i. e.* "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.

INDIRECT, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.

INDUCTION, beginning; III. i. 2.

INJURIES, wrongs; V. i. 50.
INTELLIGENCE, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.
INTEMPERANCE, excesses, want of moderation (Ff., *"intemperature"*); III. ii. 156.
INTENDED, intending to march (Collier MS., *"intendeth"*); IV. i. 92.
INTERCHANGEABLY, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.
INTEREST TO, claim to; III. ii. 98.
IRREGULAR, lawless; I. i. 40.
ITEM, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 609.
ITERATION; "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 105.

JACK, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 13.
JOINED-STOOL, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 432.
JOURNEY-BATED, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.
JUMPS, agrees; I. ii. 79.
JUSTLING, busy; IV. i. 18.

KENDAL GREEN, a woolen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 254.
KEPT, dwelt; I. iii. 244.
KING CHRISTEN, Christian king (Ff., *"in Christendome"*); II. i. 19.
KNOWS, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.

LACK-BRAIN, empty-headed fellow; II. iii. 19.
LAG-END, latter end; V. i. 24.
LAY BY, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 43.
LEADEN, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 433.
LEADING, "great l.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.
LEAN, scanty; I. ii. 84.
LEAPING-HOUSES, brothels; I. ii. 11.
LEASH, three in a string; II. iv. 7.
LEATHERN JERKIN, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 80.
LEAVE; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.
LEG, obeisance; II. iv. 441.
LEND ME THY HAND, help me; II. iv. 2.
LET HIM, let him go; I. i. 91.
LET'ST SLIP, let's loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.
LIBERTINE (Capell's emendation of Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, *"a libertie"*; Q. 5, &c., *"at libertie"*; Collier MS., *"of liberty"*); V. ii. 72.
LIES, lodges; I. ii. 149.
LIEVE, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 20.
LIGHTED, alighted; I. i. 63.
LIKING; "in some l.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.
LINE, rank; III. ii. 85.
LINE, strengthen; II. iii. 92.
LINKS, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 52.
LIQUORED, made waterproof; II. i. 98.
LIST, limit; IV. i. 51.
LOGGERHEADS, blockheads; II. iv. 4.

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LONG-STAFF; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 84.

LOOK BIG, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.

LUGGED BEAR, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 85.

MAD, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 42.

"MAID MARIAN," a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed as a woman; III. iii. 137.

MAIN, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.

MAINTENANCE, carriage; V. iv. 22.

MAJOR, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon *"major"="mayor"*; II. iv. 566.

MAJORITY, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.

MAKE AGAINST, oppose; V. i. 103.

MAKEST TENDER OF, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.

MAKE UP, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.

MALEVOLENT, hostile (an astrological term); I. i. 97.

MALT-WORMS; "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," *i. e.* aletopers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 86.

MAMMETS, puppets; II. iii. 101.

MANAGE, direction; II. iii. 56.

MANNER; "taken with the m.," *i. e.* taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuopere*); II. iv. 360.

MANNINGTREE, a place in Essex where the "Moralities" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 517.

MARK, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 62.

MARKED, heeded, observed; I. ii. 99.

MASTER'D, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.

MASTERS, "my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 572.

MEAN, means; I. iii. 261.

MEDICINES, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 20.

"MELANCHOLY AS A CAT," an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 85.

MEMENTO MORI, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 37.

MERCY; "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

MERLIN, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.

MICHER, truant, thief (*"mocher, a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries,"* Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 465.

MILLINER; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. iii. 36.

MINCING, affected; III. i. 134.

MINION, darling, favorite; I. i. 83.

MISPRISION, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.

Misquote, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.
Mistreadings, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.
Misuse, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.
Mo, more; IV. iv. 31.
Moiety, share; III. i. 96.
Moldwarp, mole; III. i. 149.
Moody, discontent, angry; I. iii. 19.
Moor-ditch, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 91.
More; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.
Moulten, moulting; III. i. 152.
Mouthed, gaping; I. iii. 97.
Muddy, dirty, rascally; II. i. 110.
Mutual, having common interests (Q. 8 *"naturall"*); I. i. 14.

Natural scope, natural temperament; III. i. 171.
Neat's tongue, ox tongue; II. iv. 280.
Neck; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.
Neglectingly, slightingly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.
Nether stocks, stockings; II. iv. 134.
Newgate fashion, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 104.
New reap'd, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.
Next, nearest, surest; II. i. 10; III. i. 264.
Nice, precarious; IV. i. 48.
Noted, well known, familiar; I. ii. 208.
Nothing, not at all; III. i. 133.
Not-pated, close cropped; II. iv. 81.

Ob, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 614.
Offering, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.
Old faced, old patched; IV. ii. 34.
Oneyers; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (*v.* Note); II. i. 88.
Opinion, self-conceit; III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.
Opposed, standing opposite, confronting; I. i. 9; opposite; III. i. 110.
Orb, sphere; V. i. 17.
Order ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.
O, the father, *i. e.* by God the Father; II. iv. 446.
Ought, owed; III. iii. 152.
Outdare, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
Outfaced, frightened; II. iv. 292.

Pacified, appeased; III. iii. 195.
Painted cloth, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 28.
Palisadoes, palisades; II. iii. 55.
Paraquito, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.
Parcel, item; II. iv. 116; small part; III. ii. 159.
Parley, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.
Parmaceti, spermaceti, the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.
Part; "on his p.," on his behalf; (Ff., *"in his behalfe"*), I. iii. 133; share; III. i. 75.
Participation, "vile p.," low companions; III. ii. 87.
Partlet; "Dame P.," the name

of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (*cp.* Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 60.

PASSAGES; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.

PASSIONS, sorrow; II. iv. 439; suffering; III. i. 35.

PATIENCE, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.

PAUL'S, St. Paul's Cathedral; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement"; II. iv. 599.

PEACH, betray you, turn King's evidence; II. ii. 48.

PEREMPTORY, bold, unawed; I. iii. 17.

PERSONAL, in person; IV. iii. 88.

PICK-THANKS, officious parasites; III. ii. 25.

PIERCE, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.

PINCH, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.

PISMIRES, ants; I. iii. 240.

PLAY OFF, toss off at a draught; II. iv. 20.

POINT, head of the saddle; II. i. 7.

POMGARNET, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 45.

POPINJAY, parrot; I. iii. 50.

POSSESS'D, informed; IV. i. 40.

POSSESSION, the possessor; III. ii. 43.

POST, messenger; I. i. 37.

POULTER, pouterer; II. iv. 500.

POUNCET-BOX, a small smelling box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.

POWDER, salt; V. iv. 112.

POWER, army, force; I. i. 22.

I

PRECEDENT, sample; II. iv. 40.

PREDICAMENT, condition, category; I. iii. 168.

PRESENTLY, immediately; II. i. 67.

PROFITED, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.

PROLOGUE TO AN EGG AND BUTTER, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 24.

PROSPEROUS HOPE, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.

PROTEST, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.

PRUNE, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.

PUKE-STOCKING, (probably) dark-colored stocking; II. iv. 81.

PURCHASE, gain, plunder (Ff., *"purpose"*); II. i. 106.

PUSH; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.

QUALITY, party; IV. iii. 36.

QUESTION, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.

QUIDDITIES, equivocations; I. ii. 54.

QUILT, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 58.

QUIPS, sharp jests; I. ii. 54.

QUIT, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.

RABBIT-SUCKER, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 489.

RAMPING, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.

RARE, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 74.

RASH, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.

RATED, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.

RATED, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.

RAZES, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 26.

READ; "hath r. to me," instructed me; III. i. 46.

REASONS, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 273.

REBUKE, chastisement; V. i. 111.

RED-BREAST TEACHER, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.

REGARD, opinion; IV. iii. 57.

REMEMBER YOU, remind you; V. i. 32.

REPRISAL, prize; IV. i. 118.

REPROOF, confutation, refutation; I. ii. 220, III. ii. 23; angry retorts; III. i. 175.

RESPECT, attention; IV. iii. 31.

RETIRES, retreats; II. iii. 58.

REVENGEMENT, revenge; III. ii. 7.

REVERSION, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.

RICH, fertile; III. i. 105.

RIVO, a common exclamation of topers; II. iv. 128.

ROAN, roan-colored horse; II. iii. 77.

ROUNDLY, ROUNDLY, speak out plainly; I. ii. 25.

ROYAL, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 333.

RUB THE ELBOW, (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.

RUDELY, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.

SACK, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

SACK AND SUGAR, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 130.

SAINT NICHOLAS' CLERKS, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 69.

SALAMANDER, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 57.

SALT-PETER, niter; I. iii. 60.

SALVATION; "upon their s.," *i. e.* by their hopes of salvation (Ff., *"confidence"*); II. iv. 10.

SARCENET, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

SCANDALIZED, disgraced (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"so scandalized"*); I. iii. 154.

SCOT AND LOT, taxes; V. iv. 115.

SEAT, estates; V. i. 45.

SELDOM, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

SEMBLABLY, similarly; V. iii. 21.

SERVANT, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

SERVICE, action; III. ii. 5.

SET A MATCH, made an appointment; in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Ff., *"watch"*); I. ii. 124.

SET OFF; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

SETTER, the one who set the match; II. ii. 55.

SEVEN STARS, the Pleiades; I. ii. 17.

SHALLOW, silly, stupid; II. iii. 18.

SHAPE OF LIKELIHOOD, probability; I. i. 58.

"SHELTER, SHELTER," conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.

SHOT-FREE, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.

SHOTTEN HERRING, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 149.

SIMILES, comparisons (Qq. 1-4

and F. 1, *"smiles"*); I. ii. 92.

SINEW, strength; IV. iv. 17.

SINK OR SWIM, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.

SIRRAH, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 206.

SKILL, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 247.

SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE, wild, confused; III. i. 154.

SKIPPING, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.

SLOVENLY, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.

SMUG, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.

SNEAK-CUP, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 104.

SNUFF; "took it in snuff," *i. e.* took it as an offense; with a play upon "snuff in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.

So, howsoever; IV. i. 11.

SOLEMNITY, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.

SOOTHERS, flatterers; IV. i. 7.

SOUSED GURNET, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 13.

SPANISH-POUCH, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkar II. iv. 83.

SPEED; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.

SPITE, vexation; III. i. 192.

SPLEEN, waywardness; II. iii. 87.

SPOIL, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 13.

SQUIER, square (Q. 8, *"squaire"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"square"*; the rest *"squire"*); II. ii. 13.

SQUIRE; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the

I

body," *i. e.* attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 28.

STAIN'D, soiled, bespattered (F. 1, *"strained"*); I. i. 64.

STANDING-TUCK, rapier set on end; II. iv. 283.

START; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.

STARTING-HOLE, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 301.

STARVE, to starve (Ff. *"staru'a"*); I. iii. 159.

STARVELING, a starved, lean person; II. i. 78.

STARVING, longing; V. i. 81.

STATE, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 432.

STEAL, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.

STOCK-FISH, dried cod; II. iv. 281.

STOMACH, appetite; II. iii. 48.

STRAIT, strict; IV. iii. 79.

STRAPPADO; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 271.

STRENGTH, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.

STRONDS, strands; I. i. 4.

STRUCK FOWL, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 22.

SUBORNATION; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.

SUDDENLY, very soon; I. iii. 294.

"SUE HIS LIVERY," to lay legal

claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.

SUFFERANCES, sufferings; V. i. 51.

SUGGESTION, temptation; IV. iii. 51.

SUITS, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 82.

SULLEN, dark; I. ii. 235.

SUMMER-HOUSE, pleasant retreat, country-house; III. i. 164.

SUNDAY-CITIZENS, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

SUPPLY, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"SUTTON Co'FIL," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Q. 2, *"Sutton cophill"*; Ff. and Qq. 5, 6, 8, *"Sutton-cop-hill"*; IV. ii. 3.

SWATHLING CLOTHES, swaddling clothes (Q. 1, 2, 3, *"swathling"*; the rest, *"swathing"*); III. ii. 112.

SWORD-AND-BUCKLER, the distinctive weapons of serving men and riotous fellows; I. iii. 230.

TAFFETA, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 12.

TAKE IT, swear; II. iv. 10.

TAKE ME WITH YOU, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 526.

TALL, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

TALLOW-CATCH ="tallow-ketch," *i. e.* a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow-keech" (Steeven's conjecture), *i. e.* a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 262.

TARGET, shield; II. iv. 232.

TARRY, remain, stay; I. ii. 167.

TASK'D, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

TASKING, challenge (Q. 1, *"tasking"*; the rest, *"talking"*); V. ii. 51.

TASK ME, test me; IV. i. 9.

TASTE, test, try the temper (Q. 2, *"taste"*; Q. 1, *"tast"*; the rest, *"take"*); IV. i. 119.

TEMPER, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

TENCH; "stung like a t."; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 17.

TERM, word (Ff. and Qq. 7, 8, *"dreame"*; Qq. 5, 6, *"deame"*); IV. i. 85.

TERMAGANT, an imaginary god of the Mahomedans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

THEREFORE, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

THICK-EYED, dull-eyed; II. iii. 53.

THIEF, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

TICKLE-BRAIN, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 452.

TINKERS, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 22.

TOASTS-AND-BUTTER, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 23.

TONGUE; "the tongue," *i. e.* the English language; III. i. 125.

TOPPLES, throws down; III. i. 32.

TOSS, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 76.

TOUCH, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.

TRACE, track, follow; III. i. 48.

TRADE-FALLEN, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 33.

TRAIN, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.

T

Tranquillity, people who live at ease (Collier MS., *"sanguinity"*); II. i. 87.

Transformation, change of appearance; I. i. 44.

Treasures; "my t.," *i. e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 52.

Trench, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.

Trenching, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.

Trick, peculiarity; II. iv. 460.

Trim, ornamental dress, gallant array; IV. i. 113.

Tristful, sorrowful (Qq., Ff., *"trustful"*; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 447.

Triumph, public festivity; III. iii. 50.

Trojans, cant name for thieves; II. i. 79.

True, honest; I. ii. 127.

Trumpet, trumpeter; " play the t.," act the herald; V. i. 4.

"Turk Gregory"; Pope Gregory VII; V. iii. 47.

Turn'd, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.

Twelve-score, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 623.

Under-skinker, under tapster; II. iv. 28.

Uneven, embarrassing; I. i. 50.

Unhandsome, indecent; I. iii. 44.

Unjointed, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.

Unjust, dishonest; IV. ii. 31.

Unminded, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.

Unsorted, ill-chosen; II. iii. 14.

Unsteadfast, unsteady; I. iii. 193.

Untaught, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.

Unwashed; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 216.

Unyoked, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 227.

Up, up in arms; III. ii. 120.

Valued, being considered; III. ii. 177.

Vassal, servile; III. ii. 124.

Vasty, vast; III. i. 53.

Velvet-guards, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.

Virtue, valor; II. iv. 137.

Vizards, visors, masks; I. ii. 147.

Waiting; "w. in the court," *i. e.* "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 80.

Wake, waking; III. i. 219.

Want; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.

Wanton, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.

Ward, posture when on guard; II. iv. 224.

Wards, guards in fencing, postures of defense; I. ii. 218.

Warm, ease-loving; IV. ii. 20.

Wasp-stung, (so Q. 1; Qq. and Ff., *"wasp-tongue"* or *"wasp-tongued"*) irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236.

Watering, drinking; II. iv. 19.

Wear, carry, bear (Ff., *"wore"*) I. iii. 162.

Well, rightly; IV. iii. 94.

Well-beseeming, well becoming; I. i. 14.

Well-respected, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.

WHAT! an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.
WHEREUPON, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.
WHICH, who; III. i. 46.
WILD OF KENT, weald of K.; II. i. 61.
WILLFUL-BLAME, willfully blamable; III. i. 177.
WIND, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.
WITCH, bewitch; IV. i. 110.
WITHAL, with; II. iv. 590.
WORSHIP, honor, homage; III. ii. 151.
WRUNG IN THE WITHERS, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 7.

YEDWARD, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 154.
YET, even now; I. iii. 77.
YOUNKER, greenhorn; III. iii. 98.

ZEAL, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. Considered chronologically, assign the relation of *King Henry IV* to Shakespeare's other historical plays.

2. Give year when written and reasons for authenticity of this date.

3. Give sources and mention some inconsistencies of the play. What was the duration of time of the whole action?

4. Give explanation of the confusion of the characters Oldcastle and Falstaff.

ACT I

5. In the opening lines of the play, to what past and future expeditions does the King allude?

6. What confusion does Shakespeare make in regard to the character Mortimer?

7. What speech of the King's reveals his disappointment in the valor of his son Henry?

8. What incident, after Hotspur's victory in Scotland, led to the rebellion of the Percys?

9. What expressions does Falstaff employ to indicate extreme melancholy? What are some of his plays upon words, *i. e.*, puns?

10. What is the significance of "latter spring" and "All-hallown summer," as applied to Falstaff?

11. Define the relations of Prince Henry and Falstaff as indicated by their meeting in the Prince's apartments.

12. What is the meaning of the Prince's words, "I'll so

offend, to make offense a skill"? How do they reveal his temperament?

13. What is the purpose of the plot as outlined at the close of scene ii?

14. In scene iii, define the changed relationship between the King and the Percys. What does this portend? Describe the plot proposed by Worcester.

ACT II

15. Why is scene iii opened by the reading of a letter? Who is the probable writer of this letter, and why is it made anonymous?

16. What state of mind is indicated by Hotspur's rejoinder, "What, ho!" to his wife's entreaties? Was Lady Percy merely inquisitive, or, solicitous for her husband's welfare?

17. What speech, in scene iv, reveals the Prince's opinion of Hotspur and of fighting in general?

18. Why does Falstaff tell such an inconsistent story about the robbery (scene iv)?

19. Explain the play on the words "nobleman" and "royal man."

20. What light is thrown on Prince Henry's filial respect, by means of the imaginary dialogue in scene iv?

ACT III

21. What proofs does Glendower put forth concerning his magic power? Why does Hotspur discredit his claims?

22. What is the division of land made as spoil of the intended battle of Shrewsbury? What does the subsequent altercation indicate?

23. In what respect do the respective farewells of Mortimer and Hotspur with their wives, have a bearing on their future conduct?

24. How does the King reveal a guilty conscience, in the opening lines of scene ii? What effect does his praise of Hotspur's bravery have upon Prince Henry?

25. By what important move, does the King put the young Prince to the test?

26. How does Falstaff take advantage of a jest to refute his charge of robbery?

27. Describe the changed pursuits of Prince Henry and Falstaff at the close of scene iv.

ACT IV

28. Contrast the opinions of Hotspur and Douglas as to the significance of the loss of the support of Hotspur's father.

29. Comment upon Hotspur's outburst against Prince Henry, in view of the latter's former and subsequent conduct.

30. What are the prophetic lines concerning the ultimate defeat of the rebels at Shrewsbury?

31. Of what sort of men is Falstaff's regiment composed? Note the last two lines of his speech (scene ii); how do they reveal his whole character?

32. Which ones of the rebels are in favor of delaying battle and why?

33. What is the nature of the King's overtures as presented by Blunt?

34. What are Hotspur's reasons for rebellion as given in his reply to Blunt?

35. In York's comment upon Glendower's absence from battle, note his allusion to the latter's belief in the supernatural, as previously explained.

ACT V

36. What were the atmospheric conditions on the morning of the battle of Shrewsbury?

37. Explain the King's words, "old limbs."

38. What accusation of treachery does Worcester make against the King?

39. What is implied by Worcester in his comparison of the King to "the cuckoo's bird"?

40. Compare Prince Henry's challenge against Hotspur with the latter's fiery denunciation of the former.

41. Is the King's apparent friendliness an indication of sincerity, cowardice or treachery?

42. How does Falstaff regard honor?

43. What does Worcester propose to Vernon upon their return from their interview with the King? What is his purpose?

44. What is the interpretation to be placed on Hotspur's mood immediately preceding the battle?

45. By whom is Blunt slain? Whom does Douglas take him to be?

46. What trick did the King use to ensure his personal safety in battle?

47. Who was "Turk Gregory"? Why does Falstaff make use of this comparison?

48. Pick out Falstaff's jest in the heat of battle.

49. Prior to the battle, what has been the intercourse between Princes Henry and John, as implied by Prince Henry's remarks (scene iv)?

50. Who rescues the King from Douglas and why?

51. What is the outcome of the duel between Hotspur and Prince Henry?

52. What is the meaning of "but thought's the slave of life," etc.?

53. Comment on Falstaff's counterfeit of death and his remarks upon life and death. Was he unnecessarily vulgar, even for *Falstaff?*

54. What does Falstaff mean by "If I do grow great, I'll grow less"? Does his sudden resolution make amends for his perfidy and is it consistent?

55. What is the dramatic use of the battle of Shrewsbury?

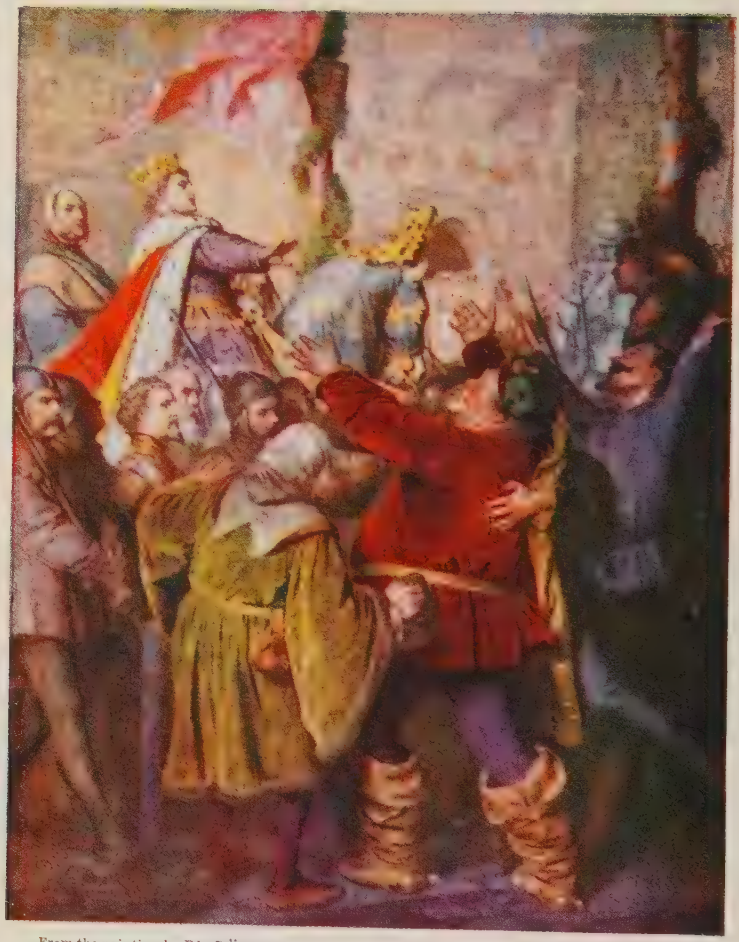
56. Is the flight of Douglas intended as a satire upon the valor of the Scotch?

57. What encounters next demand the arms of the King and his sons?

58. What are the most prominent characteristics of

Henry IV, Prince Henry, Hotspur, Glendower, Douglas, Mortimer and Falstaff? How does the battle of Shrewsbury serve to illustrate them?

59. Is the sudden conversion of Prince Henry a natural transition of the boy into a man or, does Shakespeare create this reformation by way of a spectacular production?



From the painting by Ed. Grützner.

Falstaff Disowned by King Hal ("Henry IV."—Part Second).

King. "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

Act v., Sc. iv.

PART TWO OF
KING HENRY IV

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In our Introduction to *The First Part of Henry IV* authority was produced, such as to put it well nigh beyond question, that the original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle. It was seen, also, that if such were the case, the change must have been made before February 25, 1598, at which time the play was entered in the Stationers' Register, and "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*" mentioned in the entry. That *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was also written before that date, appears highly probable, to say the least, in that the quarto edition retains *Old.* as prefix to a speech in Act I, sc. ii, which unquestionably belongs to Falstaff. And the same thing might be further argued from Falstaff's being spoken of, in Act III, sc. ii, as having been "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;" which was true of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and has been justly adduced by Mr. Halliwell as evidence that Falstaff originally bore that name. Nothing more has been discovered from which to infer the probable date of the writing.

The play was published in 1600, in a quarto pamphlet of forty-three leaves, the title-page reading as follows: "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the Fifth: With the humours of Sir John Falstaff, and swaggering Pistol. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." The play is not known to have been published again till in the folio of

1623. These two editions differ greatly, several of the best parts having first appeared in the folio, and on the other hand a few passages of inferior quality being found only in the quarto. And there are many smaller differences of text, too numerous to mention, and of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been carefully revised by the author, and perhaps rewritten, after the first issue. And it is quite remarkable that in some copies of the quarto the whole first scene of the third act is wanting; from which we may gather that the edition was brought out hastily, and that the oversight was detected while it was in press, and corrected after a part of it had gone beyond the publisher's hand. All which of course goes to enhance the authority of the folio in comparison of the quarto. Accordingly, in this, as in all good modern editions, the text of the folio is followed in the main, with the addition of such passages from the quarto as had been omitted, and with the exception of one set of changes which, there is the best reason to believe, proceeded from the strictness of the law, not from the judgment of the Poet. We refer to such expressions as "'zounds," "'sblood," "by my faith," "by the mass," and sundry others, which, in compliance with a statute made in the third year of James I, were used to be trimmed away or softened down by the Master of the Revels, as savoring of profanity. And in respect of the passages restored from the quarto, even granting them to have been thrown out by the author himself, yet a modern edition ought by all means to retain them, both as illustrating the history of the Poet's mind, and because no right-minded reader would be content to lack any thing known to have come from Shakespeare's pen.

Various particulars, and among them all the historical matter, pertaining to the Second Part, were given in our Introduction to the preceding play. Every one, upon reading the two dramas, must be sensible of a falling-off in the latter; for, besides the disappearance of Hotspur and

Glendower, whose presence shed into the First Part a vast addition of life and glory,—besides the lack of these, Prince Henry and Falstaff, though still themselves, are not presented in so great opulence of transpiration; the plot itself not yielding any such opportunities either for humor or for heroism as were furnished by the battle of Shrewsbury. As Sir John and the prince are the very summit of Shakespeare's art and excellence in comic representation, what was wanting in them could nowise be made good by the coming in of such characters as Shallow and Silence, rich and rare as are the treasures presented in the latter. It is true, something of compensation is given in the nobleness of mind, the wisdom and intrepidity of the Chief Justice and the Archbishop; but it was not for them, nor for thousands like them, to replace the unspeakable delectations which we miss. And indeed the defects in question were of a kind not to be squared up by any thing else that ever entered into the wit of man to conceive.

From what hath been said of Bolingbroke it is plain enough what order and state of things would be likely to spring up around him. His prodigious force of character must needs give shape and tone to the manners and sentiments of the court and the council-board; while at the same time his being is so compact of subtlety and intricacy as might well render the place any thing but congenial and inviting to a young man of free and generous aptitudes. One can easily conceive that Prince Henry, as we have described him, would breathe somewhat hard in such an atmosphere, though he might not know why: however much he might respect such a father, and even if in thought he approved the public counsels, still he would reluct to mingle in them, as going against his grain; and so would naturally be drawn away either to such occupations where his high-strung energies could act without crossing his honorable feelings, or else to some tumultuous merrymakings where, laying off all distinct purpose, and untying his mind into perfect dishabille, he could let his bounding spirits run out in transports of frolic and fun. The ques-

tion, then, is, to what kind of attractions would he be likely to betake himself? It must be no ordinary companionship that could yield entertainment to such a spirit, even in his loosest moments: whatsoever bad or questionable elements there might be in the composition of his mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavor, to make him relish it.

Here, then, we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the "unimitated, inimitable Falstaff," whose character stamps itself as thoroughly on the proceedings at Eastcheap as the king's does on those at the palace. Whatsoever may have been the facts in the case, there was strong artistic reason why he should be just such a marvelous congregation of charms and vices as he is: none but an old man could be at once so dissolute and so discerning, or appear to think so much like a wise man, even when talking most unwisely; and he must have a world of wit and sense, to reconcile a mind of such native rectitude and penetration to his riotous and profligate courses. In the qualities of Sir John we can easily see how the prince might be the madcap reveler that history gives him out, and yet be all the while secretly laying in choice preparations of wisdom and virtue, thus needing no other conversion than the calls of duty and the opportunities of noble enterprise.

Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. He has more, or is more, than that one can easily tell what he is. Diverse and even opposite are the qualities that meet in him, yet their opposition only enriches, not distracts, their working; and so perfect, withal, is their fusion, so happily are they blended, so evenly balanced, and they move together so smoothly and in such mutual good will, that no generalities can be made to set him off: if we undertake to grasp him in a formal conclusion, the best part still escapes between the fingers; so that the only way to give any idea of him is to take the man himself along and show him. One of the wittiest of men, yet

he is not a wit; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist; he has a quick, strong sense of danger, and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein indeed of cowardice, or of something very like it, yet he is not a coward; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. No such general terms, applied to him, can do otherwise than mislead, causing us to think we understand him when we do not.

If we were to fix upon any thing as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it; his speech being like pure, fresh cold water, which always tastes good, because it is—tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; whereas in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined; being indeed none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect.

Inexhaustible and available, however, as is his stock of good sense, he is himself fully aware of it, and rests in the calm assurance that it will never fail him; and, though vastly proud thereof, his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape; it being the sure effect of good sense to keep off all such unhandsome exhibitions. This proud

consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor concerns himself for the result; so that nothing is strained, or studied, or far-fetched: firmly relying on his strength, he still invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off without any using of the whip or the spur, and by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is, also, that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph. And in all these cases, no sooner do the others pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, than he most adroitly springs a diversion upon their thoughts, and fills them with other things. Such are his sallies and escapes when cornered up about the men in buckram, the picking of his pocket, and his threatening to cudgel the prince. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how it will produce the best effect.

At other times this faculty shows itself in a quick spying and using of advantages. Which is best instanced at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being set upon by Douglas, he falls down as if he were dead, and in that condition witnesses the death of Hotspur. The question is, how to derive upon himself the honor and profit of the killing of Percy, without hazarding a conflict with Prince Henry's claim. And in the stratagem which he employs to this end, his action as exactly fits into and fills the place, as his words do in other cases. When the prince says, "Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and *saw thee dead*," how

quickly and how shrewdly he gives that simple mistake such a turn as to accredit all his own lies! the prince being instantaneously made a witness against himself.

Besides this proud consciousness of his intellectual sufficiency, he has a further ground of exultant pride, in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts, and he knows it acts, as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, working and lifting them up towards the greatness that is in himself. This it is, that, in the absence of any appeals to his heroic qualities, draws Prince Henry into his company, who manifestly resorts to him chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation and presence. Here is the conquest upon which Sir John most prides himself; nor does he decline any effort, or scruple any knavery, whereby he may work diversion for the prince, as is clear from what he says to himself about Justice Shallow, when he has him tempering between his finger and his thumb. Nor has he any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in Prince Henry's mind; insomuch that the prince almost grows to equal him in his own peculiar line, and puts him to his best efforts to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same when Prince Henry is away, and indeed his wit goes bounding and dancing on in all its richness in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the prince, as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly, voluble, and sensible enough, but wants the strength, nimbleness, and raciness of wit, which he shows in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his power in himself; the prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence: with Sir John, he is nearly as great as he in the same kind; without him, he has none of his greatness, though he has a greatness of his own which is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself, that he cannot even discern it in another. Accordingly, it is remarkable that the prince is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in the scene with

the Chief Justice; the purpose of which seemingly is to justify the prince in giving in to his fascinations, by showing that there was no gravity so firm and steady but he could thaw it into mirth, if it were united to a fertile and genial mind. On no other occasion does Falstaff let off so much cool, imperturbable effrontery; yet in all his impudence there is a sly infusion of something, an indescribable witchery, whereby the judge is surprised into a tilt of wit, in spite of himself, and before he knows it. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may have time to taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's speech; and we cannot but fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and roaring himself into stitches as soon as he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honoring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

Coleridge has taken upon him to deny that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humor. A formidable weight of judgment, certainly, to cope withal; nevertheless, it may as well be owned that we cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole intellectual structure and furnishing seem pervaded with a most grateful and softening moisture; nor should we well know how to understand any definition of humor, that would exclude him from being the greatest of all both verbal and practical humorists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph,—an offscouring and package of dregs, which he has picked up, nobody can guess wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle,—just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that, too, to one who knows them both! Nor is it clear whether there be more of humor in his offering such an indorser, or in what he says about the rejection of his offer. And in his most exigent moments this juice is continually playing in with a strangely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gadshill, and the battle of Shrewsbury. And every where he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own pecu-

liarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions; no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humor results in an easy, placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the hostess says when he leaves her for the wars: "Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well;" where she plainly wants to say some good of him, which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue: the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them, and of his outpourings of abuse upon her. She cannot be, at least she cannot keep, angry with him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits; and when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts; so that, instead of troubling him any further about the money he owes her, she cheerfully pawns her plate to lend him ten pounds more. And so in case of his other associates; though he often abuses them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, insomuch that the language seems to strain its sinews beneath the load of his impudence, and they are aghast at his speech, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, his juiciness of spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from supposing it in him. And it is considerable that he lets off as great tempests of abuse on himself, and means just as much by them: they are but exercises of his powers, and that, too, merely for the exercise itself; that is, they are play; having, indeed, a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes

the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion. It is quite observable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet; thought being equally an ever-springing impulse in them both, though indeed in very different forms.

Upon the whole, therefore, Falstaff may be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding, his sterling inexhaustible good sense, were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. In all which who does not perceive the exquisite fitness of his character to the dramatic exigency for which he was created? In his solid clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, and his infinite humor, what were else dark in the life of the prince is made plain, and we cannot fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad, yet in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the prince; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast. So that we may almost say the Poet has here but embodied in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms had been lost.

In respect of Falstaff's alleged cowardice, Mackenzie has hit him off so aptly, that his words must needs be quoted: "Though," says he, "I will not go so far as to ascribe valor to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In confirmation of which, be it observed, that amidst the perilous exigencies of the fight Sir John's matchless brain is never a whit palsied by fear; and no sooner does he fall down to save his life, than all his wits are at work to turn his fall into a means of rising

to honor. It is true, his courage never forgets or oversteps the lines of prudence; nor on the other hand does he ever fail to make the best—or shall we say the worst?—of his situation; whereas it seems rather of the nature of cowardice, that pressing danger disconcerts and flusters it into imprudence. In short, his cowardice, if the word must still be used concerning him, certainly is not such as either to keep him out of danger, or to lose him the use of his powers in it: whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him; and his unabated purlings of humor when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcilable with the character generally set upon him in this respect; for real cowards are apt to be angry braggarts whenever their bravery is called in question. As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, of course he is nothing in the matter of honor but the sign; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone it is desirable: to have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect, but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life; whereas the very soul of honor is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect.

It can be no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is about the last man we should wish to resemble. And this our repugnance, not to him, but to being like him, is not so much because he crosses or offends the moral feelings, as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere, and they agree to be silent towards him as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are probably the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with; nor perhaps is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feel-

ings sleep concerning us. Doubtless the best of us would rather be hated by men, than be such as they should not respect enough to hate.

This abeyance of the moral feelings towards Sir John is in great part owing, no doubt, to the fact that the character impresses us throughout as that of a player, and such a player, withal, whose good sense keeps every thing stagy and theatrical out of his playing. The question with him always is, not whether a thing be right or true, but what effect it will produce of mental entertainment: he lives but to furnish for himself and others intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. When he vows repentance and amendment of life, it is not that he meditates them, nor that he wishes to disrepute them, but merely that he may use them to this end. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent, and in this he loses and makes us lose sight of their other qualities. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch, and his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust. Moreover, his speech borrows additional flavor and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests: if his body be fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body to the ends of his fingers and toes! yet who does not see that he has far more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities; nay, he often exaggerates and caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may suck the same profit out of them.

Thus, throughout, Falstaff scarce strikes us otherwise

than as acting a part extempore, so that our conscience of right and wrong has as little to do with the man himself as with a good representation of him on the stage: the only thought, as with him, so also with us concerning him, being the quality of his art, wherein, to be sure, he is never at fault. And his art, if it be not original and innate, has become second nature: if the actor were not born with him, it has grown to him and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off; and if he have nobody else to entertain, he must needs keep playing for the entertainment of himself. And the marvel is, that in his constant prodigality of mental exhilaration he should cause all moral considerations to be waived; that as with him every thing is for art, nothing either for or against virtue, so he enchants us to such a pitch with the one, that for the time we neither abjure nor welcome, but simply forget, the other. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand; for it scarce need be said that respect is a sentiment of which, in the nature of things, mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects; and as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, so he of course respects himself as little as others respect him. And herein or hereabout consists the high moral scope and effect of this representation.

It must not be supposed, however, that because Falstaff touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so, nor has the Poet so represented it. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether known and felt to be evil or not. We often hear it said, indeed, that "to the pure all things are pure;" which, no doubt, is very true: but then who is pure? or who but the impurest wretch on earth will claim to be pure? and so long as we are at all impure, we shall need to watch and ward our-

selves well, lest we become more so. And Falstaff's ripe understanding will teach us, "it is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another." In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious, sacramental influences at work: the presence of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods and processes past our finding out; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

The character of Sir John keeps on developing and growing rather worse to the end of the play; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. This is especially true in his doings and avowed designs touching Shallow. And here we come upon the delicate thread whereby that sapient justice is linked in with what we have elsewhere stated to be the central, unifying, and organic law of the drama. In the matter about Shallow we are let into those worst traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which through all the disguises of art have betrayed themselves to the searching and apprehensive discernment of the prince. Thus Shallow serves as a fit ground to reflect those darker shades of Sir John's character, which are not visible to us in Prince Henry's presence, though they are not so dispersed by his coming but that he takes a secret impression of them. So that the effect, as it was doubtless meant to be, is to shield the prince from misconstruction or unhandsome suspicion in the treatment which Falstaff finally gets at his hand. And something of the kind was needful, in order to bring his character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard.

We cannot leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities; so that through him the vision is let

forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light! Verily he is a most multitudinous man, a thorough epitome of ancient John Bull; and can spin fun enough out of his marvelous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

We have already had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the heroine of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady and attentive looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her account of Falstaff's debt to her; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events; that she can think and speak of things only in the precise order of their occurrence; having no power to select such as are suited to her purpose, and detach them from the circumstantial impertinences with which they stand associated in her memory.

In strict keeping with this peculiarity of mind, her character throughout savors strongly of her whereabout in life, and is curiously elemented from her circumstances: she is plentifully trimmed up with vices and vulgarities, and they all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has much of moral as of intellectual passiveness. Notwithstanding, somehow she always has an odor of womanhood about her: even her worst features are such as none but a woman could have; or at least they are greatly mitigated in her case by their marriage with a woman's nature. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, with touches of generosity that relish equally of her sex, though not so much of her situation. It is even questionable whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals so favorably, but that when he made them he was in a condition to need her kindness; and when her "exion is enter'd" against him, she seems to move quite as much from affection for him as from desire of the money. And who but a woman

could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest: "Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices;" where her very reluctance to act prompts her to the greater despatch, and her heart seems palpitating with anxious hope that what she is doing will make another opportunity for her kind ministrations. Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there; and between her turns of anger and her returns to the opposite, there is room for more of womanly feeling than we shall venture to describe. And there is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, upon being told that at his death "he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate," she replies,—"A' never could abide carnation; 'twas a color he never lik'd;" as if she could nowise understand his words but in such a sense as would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation and perhaps to the consciousness of the one, without foreclosing the invitations to the other. Nor may we dismiss her without remarking how in her worst doings she apparently hides from herself their ill favor under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring in part from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes makes children shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe.—Upon the whole, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as one of the wicked; the Poet evidently meant her so: and in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her character, he has shown a rare spirit of

wisdom, such as may well remind us that "both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem."

Such is one department of life, to which the Poet has conducted us by a pathway leading from Falstaff. But there is an avenue opening out from Sir John into another and still richer vein of character. Aside from the humor of the characters themselves, there is great humor of art in the very bringing together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not stirred up from the bottom, as he studies the contrast between the piercing sagacity of the one and the stupid vanity of the other? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John: Sir John understands this perfectly; and it seems doubtful whether he be drawn to the deep Shallow more for the pleasure he has in making a butt of him, or for the prospect of currying himself a road to his purse and "making him a philosopher's two stones."

One of the most irresistible spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays towards profligacy: wherein, though without ever suspecting it, he was the sport and by-word of his companions; he having shown in them the same boobyish, pulpy-brained ambition as he now shows in talking about them. His reminiscences on this score are in the last degree diverting; partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, some of whom scarce any one able to read can have failed to meet with. Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he can think of nothing to say, as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words; as when he refuses to excuse Sir John from staying with him over night. And his eloquence rises still higher, he lingers upon his words with a still keener relish, in the garden after supper. This ardent and enthusiastic caressing of his own phrases springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth.

One more point about fetches the compass of his mind, he being in fact considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well exemplified in his fine appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, the name of one of the recruits he is taking up. The rare critical powers which Shallow here brings into exercise would doubtless warrant the recommending of him as a model in criticism, but that his train of imitators is already so large.

With such a theme at hand, it is little to be wondered at that Sir John's wit should grow gigantic. But that in doing so it should still keep up to the full its frolicsome agility, is something remarkable. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the subject to himself is indeed sublime. Yet in some of his reflections on Shallow and his men we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher that every where underlies the profligate humorist and make-sport; for he there shows a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

One would suppose the force of feebleness could go no further than it does in Justice Shallow; yet it is carried several degrees higher in his cousin, Justice Silence. The habitual tautology of the one has its counterpart in the no less habitual taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's peculiarity herein may have grown partly from talking to his cousin, and getting no answers; for Silence has scarce energy enough to make answers, and when he does so, the answer is generally but an echo of the question. So that his immovable taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not life enough of his own to set even this in motion;—nothing but excess of wine can make it stir: so that it seems fairly questionable whether wine sets him a-thinking, or he sets wine a-thinking. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man; his character being poetical by a sort of inversion, as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty,

and fascinates the eye. And yet he has a son at Oxford, and a daughter just blossoming into womanhood, which strangely links him with our household sympathies.

Shakespeare's fondness of weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects is finely shown in the continual pouring forth of snatches from old ballads by Silence, when his native sterility of brain is overcome by the working of sack on his memory. How delicately-comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in "the sweet of the night" his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humor of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk? As nothing but wine can put his tongue astir, so his tongue cannot choose but keep on till the force of the wine is spent: so long as the effect of this is on him, not even the tempestuous abuse of Pistol can stop him.

The conduct of Silence on this occasion lets us far into the style and spirit of old English mirth. We see that he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song; for it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could be stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy "that had long been heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney corner," where friends and neighbors were wont to "sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart."

It were hardly just either to Shallow and Silence or to the Poet, to dismiss them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double: where, with all that is odd and grotesque, in itself and its circumstances, there is a strange mixture of something that draws and knits in with the sanctities of our being, and "feelingly persuades us what we are." As with the "smooth-lipped shell" of which Wordsworth speaks so beautifully, so with this poor shell of humanity; when we apply our ear to it, and listen intensely, "from within are heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea."

It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the speakers; as if the Poet meant it on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them; to forestall and prevent an over-much rising of contempt for them, which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish. At all events, such is nature; and so jealous was our divine Shakespeare of nature's rights.—After hovering awhile among these scenes, we are almost tempted to retract what was said above touching the falling off in the Second Part.

Among the other characters of this play there is much judicious discrimination. Lord Bardolph is shrewd and sensible, of a firm practical understanding, and prudent forecast, and none the less brave, that his cool reflection begets a temperance, and puts him upon looking carefully before he leaps. And the Archbishop, so forthright and strong-thoughted, bold, enterprising, and resolute in action, in speech grave, moral, and sententious, forms, all together, a noble portrait. Northumberland makes good his previous character: evermore talking big and doing nothing; full of verbal tempest and practical indecision: and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between "I would" and "I dare not," he lives without our respect and dies unpitied of us; while his daughter-in-law's remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage.

The drama of *King Henry IV*, taking the two parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity, or quality, or variety, or, again, whether regarded in the individual development or in the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, every where helps on the history, a

whole century of old English wit and sense and humor being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised, withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost every where, and brought away some tincture or relish of the place; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory: here we have the smell of eggs and butter; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular:" on the march with Falstaff we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" at Clement's-Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight;" at master Shallow's we "eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways and so forth:" now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so we might go on indefinitely, the particulars of this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, and yet so skillfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to view them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed, or so little noticed, in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How pervading and controlling is the principle of organic life and law, issuing in a perfect fitting of all the parts to each, and of each to all, so that in the farthest extremities we can detect the beatings of one common heart, may be specially instanced in Sir John: whose sayings every where so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the pur-

pose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves, without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavor. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE PRINCE

The prince comes to the court at his father's end. The last suspicion rouses fully his veiled nature. This one scene, which needs no explanation, is worth all the rest of the play. The king's apparent death cuts him to the heart; Warwick finds him sitting over the crown like a picture of mourning sorrow. The hearts even of the most unconcerned tremble with doubt as to what the kingdom may expect from him. The far-seeing Warwick had flattered the sick king that the prince had but studied his wild companions like a strange tongue, the most immodest word of which is learned; that in the perfectness of time he would cast off his followers. But when the perfectness of time came, he seemed to be of another opinion, and he wishes the heir to the throne had the temper of the worst of his brothers. His brothers see with astonishment Henry's deep emotion when he appears as king; the worthy Lord Chief-Justice he keeps in suspense to the very last; at length with calm majesty he draws back the clouds from his bright and pure nature, and with one word sets all at rest, by promising that this very man shall be a father to him, that *his* voice shall sound before all others in his ear, and that he will follow his wise directions. Wildness and passion have died and been buried with his father; the tide of blood, hitherto flowing in vanity, turns and ebbs back to the sea, where it shall mingle "with the state of floods, and flow henceforth in formal majesty." The change of feeling which had commenced with his call against the rebels is completed at his higher vocation to occupy the

English throne, and it is soon confirmed by his kingly life and his heroic deeds.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

FALSTAFF

Falstaff was no coward, but pretended to be one merely for the sake of trying experiments on the credulity of mankind: he was a liar with the same object, and not because he loved falsehood for itself. He was a man of such pre-eminent abilities, as to give him a profound contempt for all those by whom he was usually surrounded, and to lead to a determination on his part, in spite of their fancied superiority, to make them his tools and dupes. He knew, however low he descended, that his own talents would raise him, and extricate him from any difficulty. While he was thought to be the greatest rogue, thief, and liar, he still had that about him which could render him not only respectable, but absolutely necessary to his companions. It was in characters of complete moral depravity, but of first-rate wit and talents, that Shakspere delighted.—Collier, *Diary.*

It cannot escape the reader's notice that he [Falstaff] is a character made up by Shakespeare wholly of incongruities: a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor.—Morgan, *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

Sir John, although, as he truly declares, "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," is by no means a purely comic character. Were he no more than this, the stern words of Henry to his old companion would be unendurable. The central principle of Falstaff's method of living is that the facts and laws of

the world may be evaded or set at defiance, if only the resources of inexhaustible wit be called upon to supply by brilliant ingenuity whatever deficiencies may be found in character and conduct. Therefore Shakspere condemned Falstaff inexorably. Falstaff, the invulnerable, endeavors, as was said in a preceding chapter, to coruscate away the realities of life. But the fact presses in upon Falstaff at the last relentlessly. Shakspere's earnestness here is at one with his mirth; there is a certain sternness underlying his laughter. Mere detection of his stupendous unveracities leaves Sir John just where he was before; the success of his lie is of less importance to him than is the glory of its invention. "There is no such thing as totally demolishing Falstaff; he has so much of the invulnerable in his frame that no ridicule can destroy him; he is safe even in defeat, and seems to rise, like another Antæus, with recruited vigor from every fall." It is not ridicule, but some stern invasion of fact—not to be escaped from—which can subdue Falstaff. Perhaps Nym and Pistol got at the truth of the matter when they discoursed of Sir John's unexpected collapse:—

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.
Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

In comic power Shakespeare culminates in Falstaff. Sir John is perhaps the most substantial and original, the most witty and humorous, all-around rogue, that ever was portrayed. He presents a most portly presence in the mind's eye, and his figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance.—Randolph, *The Trial of Sir John Falstaff.*

SHALLOW AND SILENCE

After Falstaff, the most perfect characters in the play are Shallow and Silence, the Gloucestershire justices. Here again we have Shakespeare's astonishing power in individuality-portraiture. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast, a more direct antipodes in mental structure than he has achieved between Falstaff and Shallow; the one all intellect, all acuteness of perception and fancy, and the other, the justice, a mere compound of fatuity, a *caput mortuum* of understanding. Not only is Shallow distinguished by his eternal babble, talking "infinite nothings," but with the flabby vivacity, the idiotic restlessness that not unfrequently accompany this class of mind; (if such a being may be said to possess mind at all;) he not only tattles on—"whirr, whirr, whirr," like a ventilator, but he fills up the chinks in his sentences with *repetitions*, as blacksmiths continue to tap the anvil in the intervals of turning the iron upon it. But Shakespeare has presented us with a still stronger quality of association in minds of Shallow's caliber, that of asking questions everlastingly, and instantly giving evidence that the replies have not sunk even skin deep with them, rushing on from subject to subject, and returning again to those that have been dismissed. His provincial habit of life is also indicated by his constant recurrence to his metropolitan days,—the "mad days that he had spent at Clement's Inn." The idea of Shallow having been a roysterer at *any* period of his life! the very constitution of the man's mind confutes his boast, without the testimony of Falstaff; and that is the finest burlesque portrait that ever was drawn.

As if it were not sufficient triumph for the poet to have achieved such a contrast as the two intellects of Falstaff and Shallow,—in the consciousness and the opulence of unlimited genius, he stretches the line of his invention, and produces a foil even to Shallow—a climax to nothing—in the person of his cousin, Silence.

Silence is an embryo of a man,—a molecule,—a gradua-

tion from nonentity towards intellectual being,—a man dwelling in the suburbs of sense, groping about in the twilight of apprehension and understanding. He is the second stage in the "Vestiges;" he has just emerged from the tadpole state. Here again a distinction is preserved between these two characters. Shallow gabbles on from mere emptiness; while Silence, from the same incompetence, rarely gets beyond the shortest replies. The firmament of his wonder and adoration are the sayings and doings of his cousin and brother-justice at Clement's Inn, and which he has been in the constant habit of hearing, without satiety and nausea, for half-a-century. Like a provincial-bred man, also, Silence thinks no heroes can be so great as those of his own neighborhood.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

FALSTAFF'S COMPANIONS

Pistol is the raw article of poltroonery done in fustian instead of a gayly slashed doublet. Bardolph is the capaciousness for sherry without the capacity to make it apprehensive and forgetive: it goes to his head, but, finding no brain there, is provoked to the nose, where it lights a cautionary signal. Nym is the brag stripped of resources, shivering in prosiness. Dame Quickly is the easy virtue in reduced circumstances, dropped out of its fashionable quarter to keep a bar and be a procuress,—all the fine phrases pawned clear down to vulgar gossip.—Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

KINGCRAFT AND THE CHEATING OF INFERIOR RANKS

Kingcraft, policy, and statesmanship are, therefore, not so far removed in kin from the cheating and swindling of inferior ranks; and that they are more solemn, and less readily admit of genial accompaniments, is no addition to their excellence, and the ambitious politically, or indeed in any other direction, must lay their account of dignity with

the penalty of isolation. This contrast is not only exhibited dramatically in the double position of Hal, cordial almost and at his ease among his free companions, and reserved perforce and disabled from real cordiality as the center of a crowded court, but the same sentiment inspires the reflections of the restless Henry IV on the contrast, in respect of ease and happiness, between the occupant of the throne he struggled so incessantly to gain and retain, and his humblest subject in rudest circumstances of outward hardship—the peasant in smoky crib and upon uneasy pallet, or the sea-boy storm-drenched at the mast-head.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

SUMMARY

In the second part of the play, the other and second side of the nature of feudalism is brought more into the foreground. Shakspeare justly looks upon the war as ended; the battle of Shrewsbury has decided the victory in favor of the royal party. What there remains of the war is so unimportant, that, very properly, it takes place behind the scenes. The question now is, for the king to make the best possible use of his victory, and for the rebellious barons to obtain as advantageous a peace as possible. Political prudence has now to settle matters; hence the dramatic action here consists principally in deliberations and negotiations. The barons, at the very outset, appear inclined to submission; they maintain their position in the field at the head of their army, simply to make an imposing impression. Accordingly, those of them who look upon themselves less as knights than as lords and rulers of the country—old Northumberland and the Bishop of York, Westmoreland and others—stand at the head of affairs. The vassalry is exhibited more from that aspect, where it stands in direct relation with the government, and where the barons occupy a political position in the narrower sense, inasmuch as by virtue of their semi-sovereign power over their great estates, they not only represent their own per-

sons but, as lords of the land, have the weal and woe of thousands in their hand. This, Shakespeare has intimated in a beautiful manner by the short intermediate scene with Sir John Colevile (Act IV, iii), which has its significance and justification from this very circumstance.—ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOR, *the Presenter*
KING HENRY *the Fourth*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V,*
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
} *his sons*
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
EARL OF SURREY
GOWER
HARCOURT
BLUNT
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench
A Servant of the Chief-Justice
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*
LORD MOWBRAY
LORD HASTINGS
LORD BARDOLPH
SIR JOHN COLVILLE
TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
His Page
BARDOLPH
PISTOL
POINS
PETO
SHALLOW,
SILENCE,
} *country justices*
DAVY, *servant to Shallow*
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, *recruits*
FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
LADY PERCY
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*
DOLL TEARSHEET

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue

SCENE: *England*

SYNOPSIS

II

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Hotspur's father, the Earl of Northumberland, hears of his son's defeat and death at Shrewsbury and that the king has sent John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland against him. His anger at this news gives him strength and he resolves to resist. Scroop, Archbishop of York, becomes commander of the insurgent army.

ACT II

Sir John Falstaff while levying troops runs up an account at the tavern and the hostess threatens to sue him. The Prince of Wales finds him at the tavern and he is summoned to take up his army duties.

ACT III

Henry IV is disheartened over his own failing health and the wars in the north; he believes that the rebels are aiming at his throne; and his inability to keep his vow to visit the Holy Land also worries him.

ACT IV

In Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire the Archbishop of York at the head of the rebels faces John of Lancaster with the royal forces. The latter calls a conference of the rebel chieftains, promises to redress their grievances, and urges that both armies be dispersed. The rebels assent and begin to disperse their forces. Immediately, Lancaster has the rebel leaders, Hastings, York, and Mowbray, arrested, and

orders them executed for high treason. His own army falls upon the scattering bands of insurgents and many are slain and taken prisoners. Messengers carry the news to the king, but he is too ill to care much about the tidings, and his condition grows rapidly worse. The Prince of Wales comes to attend his father; he is told that the king is sleeping and sits down beside him. The sleep, however, is so deep that the Prince believes his father dead and goes into another room, carrying with him the crown which had been on the pillow beside the king. The king awakes and accuses his son of being anxious for his death. The Prince explains his conduct and father and son are at peace again.

ACT V

After Henry IV's death, the Prince of Wales ascends the throne as Henry V. With his assumption of the crown, he dismisses from his companionship Falstaff and his friends, sending them to the navy until "their conversation appear more wise and modest to the world."

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV

INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

INDUCTION. *"Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues";* so Q.; Ff., *Enter Rumor."* In ancient pageants Rumor was often represented as apparelled in a robe "full of toongs"; Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure,* describes Rumor as

> *"A goodly lady, environed about*
> *With tongues of fire."*

Similarly Chaucer, *House of Fame,* 298–300. Probably the idea was ultimately derived from Virgil, *Æneid,* IV. 173–188.—I. G.

In a masque on *St. Stephen's Night,* 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumor* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues.*—H. N. H.

INDUCT. 6. *"tongues";* so Q.; Ff., *"tongue."*—I. G.

INDUCT. 8. *"men";* so Q.; Ff., *"them."*—I. G.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defense,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,

35. *"hold of ragged stone";* Northumberland's castle.—H. N. H.

Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumor's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.* 40

37. *"tiring on"*; probably riding hard, without a pause.—C. H. H.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard My lord, I 'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son hath not the day,
Upon mine honor, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers

45. "*jade*" is not used by Shakespeare as a *term* of contempt; for Richard II gives this appellation to his favorite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV rode at his coronation: "That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand." It was only another name for a horse.—H. N. H.

47. So in the book of Job, xxxix. 24: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus:* "But with that speed and heat of appetite, with which they greedily *devour the way* to some great sports."—H. N. H.

Give them such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'

62. *"whereon"*; so Q.; Ff., *"when."*—I. G.
63. *"witness'd usurpation"*; an attestation of its ravage.—H. N. H.

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy 's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling, a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

101. *"a losing office"*; an office that brings him but loss.—C. H. H.
102. The *"bell"* anciently was rung while the person was dying, and thence called the *passing* bell.—H. N. H.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king
'Gain vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

138. *"having been well"*; referring to *me, i. e.* "had I been well."—C. H. H.

2

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,

156. *"to feed contention in a lingering act,"* where civil war drags out its course through successive scenes;—a reference perhaps to the "long jars" of York and Lancaster.—C. H. H.

161. This line is wanting in the folio, and in the quarto is by mistake given to Umfreville, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to Travers as Steevens' suggestion.—H. N. H.

164. *"Leam"*; Q., *"leaue"*; *"your"*; Q., *"you."*—I. G.

166–179; omitted in Q.—I. G.

174. *"where most trade of danger ranged"*; where danger chiefly walked or haunted.—C. H. H.

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's followed both with body and with mind;

189–209. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

As the sense plainly requires these lines, Mr. Collier thinks the quarto to have been put forth in haste, and perhaps printed from a defective manuscript.—H. N. H.

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. A street.

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good

204. *"doth enlarge his rising"*; increases the number of his supporters by posing as the avenger of Richard.—C. H. H.

207. That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner.—H. N. H.

1, 2. This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions

healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with

pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has its dupes even in these enlightened times.—H. N. H.

4. *"owed"*; owned.—H. N. H.

7. *"gird"*; Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.—This passage might be aptly quoted as proving that with Falstaff the main business of life is to laugh and provoke laughter. He is manifestly himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; enjoys their quips even more perhaps than they do, because he is the begetter of them; as being the flint which alone can draw forth sparks from their steel, and himself shining by the light he causes them to emit. And in what he says just after to the Page we see that much as he values the things that minister to his "huge hill of flesh," he values that hill itself still more as ministering opportunities of saying fine things; and that he would not spare an ounce from that bulk out of which he can extract occasion for such prodigies of humor.—H. N. H.

8. *"foolish-compounded clay, man"*; Q. and Ff., *"foolish compounded clay-man."*—I. G.

19. *"manned with an agate"*; *i. e.* with an image cut in agate,—

an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson

referring both to the page's diminutive stature and to his smooth face.—C. H. H.

23. *"juvenal";* occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Love's Labor Lost.* It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a *young man.*—H. N. H.

30. *"face-royal";* Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal;* that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.—H. N. H.

42. *"his tongue be hotter";* alluding to the rich man in the Parable, *Luke* xvi. 24.

Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

43. *"a rascally yea-forsooth knave";* Q., *"rascall."*—I. G.

48. *"through";* that is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit. —H. N. H.

62. *"Paul's";* in Shakespeare's time *St. Paul's Cathedral* was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book,* 1609: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk any thing; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out." Tradesmen and masterless serving-men also set up their adver-

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

tisements there; and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in *Choice of Change,* 1598: "A man must not make choyce of three things in three places: Of a wife in Westminster; *of a servant in Paul's; of a horse in Smithfield;* lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Likewise in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy:* "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."—H. N. H.

66–68. *"here comes the nobleman who committed the Prince,"* etc.; this was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.—I. G.

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age

87. *"begging"*; so in the quarto; in the folio, *beg*. And just below the folio has *want*, instead of *"need."*—H. N. H.

in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening,

137. *"it";* its; so Q, F_1 F_2.—C. H. H.

143. In Q. the prefix *"Old"* is given instead of *"Fal(staff),"* *cp. Preface.*—I. G.

the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am

160–162. The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offense of the kind in question.—H. N. H.

the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

187. *"if I did say of wax"*; of course there is a quibble here upon *wax;* referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb, to *wax,* that is, *grow.*—H. N. H.

191. *"his"*; it may be worth the while to remark here, that in the Poet's time *"his"* was constantly used where we should use *its,* the latter not being then a legitimate words. Such, as the reader may not need to be told, is uniformly the case in our version of the Scriptures; and the same usage occurs in a great many places of these plays. It is true, Shakespeare has *its* in several instances, as in *The Winter's Tale,* Act i. sc. 2: "How sometimes nature will betray *its* folly, *its* tenderness, and make itself a pastime." And again, a little after: "My dagger muzzled, lest it should bite *its* master." But the word was then strictly an innovation, and as such was shunned by scholars and careful writers generally.—H. N. H.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bearherd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the

195. Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *"angel,"* which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. The quarto has *"ill angel"* both in the Judge's speech and in Falstaff's reply: the folio changes the former into *"evil* angel," but retains the latter.—H. N. H.

198. *"I cannot go; I cannot tell";* Johnson was probably right in seeing here a play on *go* and *tell* in the sense of *"pass current"* and *"count as good money."*—I. G.

"I cannot tell"; Dr. Johnson explains, "I cannot be taken in a *reckoning,* I cannot *pass current.*" Mr. Gifford objects to this, and says that it merely means "I cannot tell what to think of it." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common, says Mr. Boswell; but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to suit the context better.—H. N. H.

199. *"costermonger"; costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-peddler.* Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering.*—H. N. H.

scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and

217. *"your wit single";* the Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double,* just before.—H. N. H.

224. *"halloing";* does Falstaff mean "hallelu-ing?"—C. H. H.

Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

251. *"Spit white"; cp. Batman uppon Bartholome,* ed. 1582 (quoted by Dr. Furnivall):—*"If the spittle be white viscus, the sickness cometh of fleam; if black, of melancholy; the white spittle not knottie signifieth health."* Other passages indicate that it was also regarded as a sign of thirst.—I. G.

254–261. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

264, 265. The point and aptness of this question are so subtle as to be, perhaps, not always taken. The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says,—Will your lordship let me

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to

have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while.—H. N. H.

266, 267. The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." *"Crosses"* were *pieces of money.*—H. N. H.

270. This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; and the fall generally kills it.—H. N. H.

275. to *"prevent"* is to anticipate. "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches" (Psalm cxix).—H. N. H.

marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 290 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

Scene III

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope

3. *"hopes"*; prospects.—C. H. H.

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there 's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,

30. That is, *which turned out to be much smaller.*—H. N. H.
36–55. Omitted in Q.—I. G.
36, etc.

"If this present quality of war
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot," etc.

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house

Various attempts have been made to restore the meaning of the lines. Malone's reading has been generally accepted:—

> *"Yes, in this present quality of war:*
> *Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—*
> *Lives so in hope as in an early spring,"*

which Grant White paraphrases, "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot— is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." Pope proposed *"Impede the instant act"*; Johnson, *"in this present. . . Indeed of instant action"*; Mason, *"if this prescient quality war Induc'd the instant action,"* etc.—I. G.

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

71. *"against the French";* a French army of 12,000 men landed at Mitford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Glendower, during this rebellion.—I. G.

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamor'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

83. This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV, says, "His *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster."—H. N. H.

85–108. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids begone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

London. A street.

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. O Lord, aye! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

36. *"long";* so in the old copies; which Theobald supposed to be a corruption of *lone,* or *loan.* Mr. Douce thinks the hostess means to say that "a hundred *mark* is a long" *score,* or *reckoning,* for her to bear.—H. N. H.

Fal. How now! whose mare 's dead? What 's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I 'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I 'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

49. *"whose mare's dead"*; a proverbial phrase for "What has happened?"—C. H. H.

69. *"catastrophe"*; *i. e. pars postrema.*—C. H. H.

Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John! Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy-

88, 89. In explanation of this passage, Mr. Collier says that in old times "the gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged *'mare.'"* Of course the hostess means the *nightmare;* but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.—H. N. H.

89. *"vantage of ground";* favorable opportunity.—C. H. H.

96–118. Coleridge, in his noble *Essay on Method,* cites this speech of the hostess as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstances," and his comment upon it is one of those rare felicities of criticism, such as we never think of until started by another, nor ever forget them after; they being so natural and apt that the mind no sooner sees them than it closes with them. "The

self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

poor soul's thoughts and sentences," says he, "are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."—H. N. H.

98. *"Parcel-gilt"* is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth,* describing a bride-cup, says,—"It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel gilt."*—H. N. H.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do

wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of

150. *"but answer,"* etc.; suitably to your character.—H. N. H.

151. *"satisfy";* pay.—C. H. H.

154. *"Gower";* probably intended for the poet, a zealous adherent of Henry IV.—C. H. H.

160. *"by this heavenly ground";* a confusion of "by heaven" and "by this ground."—C. H. H.

163. *"glasses is the only drinking";* Harrison (*Descr. of England,* ed. 1587, ii. 6; quoted by Adams) attests that the costly glass of Venice and Murano was then more in request with "our gentilitie" than gold or silver.—C. H. H.

166. *"water-work";* the painted cloth was generally oil-color; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-color, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.—H. N. H.

these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humors, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let 's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What 's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

167. *"these bed-hangings";* a derisive term for wall tapestries.—C. H. H.

168. *"let it be ten pound";* Falstaff "satisfies" his creditor by requiring a new loan.—C. H. H.

175. *"but twenty nobles"; i. e.* £6: 13: 4 [$32.50].—C. H. H.

177. *"so God save me, la!";* Q., *"so God save me law";* Ff., *"in good earnest la."*—I. G.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What 's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish matter taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. Another street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because

the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid- 30
wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent 40
good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too. 50

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the

28–33. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

28. *"and God knows,"* etc.; his *bastard children,* wrapped up in his old shirts. The ellipsis *"out"* for *out of,* Steevens says, is sometimes used.—H. N. H.

man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a[3]

77. *"a proper fellow of my hands";* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands.* That *a tall* or *a proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for *a thief,* there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, "The gibbet makes an end of *proper men.*"—H. N. H.

had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

86. *"virtuous"*; Ff., *"pernicious"*; Capell conjectured *"precious."*—I. G.

100. *"Althæa"*; the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's; perhaps the blunder was the poet's.—I. G.

The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom."—H. N. H.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There 's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive.

118. *"martlemas";* Falstaff is before called thou *latter spring, all-hallown summer,* and Poins now calls him *martlemas,* a corruption of *martinmas,* which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer.* It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.—H. N. H.

123. *"wen";* swollen excrescence.—H. N. H.

The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,
'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.'

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I 'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the

133. *"borrower's cap"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff. and Q., *"borrowed cap."*—I. G.

time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Prince. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

172. A slang phrase probably signifying *topers,* or *jolly companions of the old sort.*—H. N. H.

176. *"pagan";* Massinger, in *The City Madam,* has used this phrase for a *wench:* "In all these places I've had my several *pagans* billeted."—H. N. H.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. 200

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

197. *"leathern jerkins";* commonly worn by vintners and tapsters. —I. G.

199. *"descension";* so in the quarto; in the folio, *declension. Descension* seems to be a word of the Poet's own coining, and therefore perhaps the editors of the folio changed it, as not having sufficient authority.—H. N. H.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,

12. *"heart's dear Harry";* Ff., *"heart-deere-Harry."*—I. G.
19. *"the gray vault of heaven"; cp.* the use of "gray" applied to the eyes, where we generally use "blue"; *"gray-eyed morn"* (*Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 1) may perhaps illustrate the same fact.—I. G.
23. This and the twenty-one lines following are not in the quarto. —H. N. H.

In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honor more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband. 61

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

55. *"for all our loves";* as you love us all.—C. H. H.

59. *"remembrance";* alluding to the plant *rosemary,* so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance,* and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus Ophelia says,—"There's *rosemary,* that's for *remembrance."*—H. N. H.

3. *"apple-john";* "Nor *John-apple,* whose wither'd rind entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly represents decrepid age" (Philips). Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-John."*—H. N. H.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I 'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

9. *"angered"; anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. Thus in St. Mark, iii. 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their hearts." —H. N. H.

12. *"Sneak"* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. In the old play of *King Henry V*: "There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitians*."—The folio closes this speech at *music*, the rest being only in the quarto.—H. N. H.

21. *"old"*; we have seen several times already that *"old"* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now.—H. N. H.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that 's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What 's this?' How do you know?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]—[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of

36. *"When Arthur's first in court";* from the ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake,* printed in Percy's *Reliques.*—I. G.

40. *"calm"* is a Quicklyism for *qualm.* Of course Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun.—H. N. H.

you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.

53. *"your brooches, pearls, and ouches";* a scrap of an old ballad, first marked as a quotation by Capell.—I. G.

This is a quotation from a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*, save that Falstaff substitutes *pearls* for *rings*. A modern revision of the ballad is given in Percy's *Reliques*, Book iii., Series iii.—*Ouches* were bosses of gold.—It has been rightly said that Sir John refers to something very different from real gems and jewels, using the words somewhat as we use *carbuncle*.—H. N. H.

56, 57. To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance*.—H. N. H.

58, 59. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

64. *"good-year";* probably a corruption of Fr. "goujère," a disease. —C. H. H.

Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbors; I 'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'

72–76. It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvisatores a littlewhat in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

"Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares."—H. N. H.

94, 98. *"Tisick; Dumbe";* ludicrously intended to denote that the

other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbor Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbor Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I 'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he 'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [*Exit First Drawer.*

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel,

deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II.—H. N. H.

114. *"cheater";* the humor consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater,* that is, a *gamester,* for an *escheator,* or officer of the exchequer. Lord Coke, in his *Charge at Norwich,* 1607, puns upon the equivoque: "But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater.*"—H. N. H.

masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

123. "Pistol" has been likened to the character of "the swaggering ruffian," Centurio, in the famous Spanish play by Rojas, called *Celestina,* which was translated into English by James Mabbe; and though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1598, the translation was not issued till 1630. It is more than probable that Mabbe was one of Shakespeare's friends; at all events, the dramatist may easily have read the English *Tragicke-Comedye of Celestina* in MS. (Mabbe's fascinating book has recently been reprinted as a volume of Mr. Nutt's *Tudor Translations.*)—I. G.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the

142. *"bung";* to *nip a bung,* in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse. "Bung* is now used for a *pocket,* heretofore for a *purse"* (*Belman of London,* 1610).—H. N. H.

146. *"Since when, I pray you, sir?"* a scoffing form of inquiry.—I. G.

150–152. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

163. *"mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes"* are put for the refuse of brothels.

word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I 'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I 'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,

166. *"occupy";* this word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher.* Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* says.—"Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy,* nature."—The folio omits all between *"odious"* and *"therefore."*—H. N. H.

178. *"Have we not Hiren here?"* probably a quotation from a lost play by George Peele called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek"; "Hiren,"* a corruption of *"Irene."*—I. G.

Hiren, from its resemblance to *siren,* was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren.* Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.—H. N. H.

184. *"And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia"; cp. 2 Tamburlaine,* IV. iv.:—

Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there 's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give 's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"—I. G.

188. *"Let the welkin roar";* a commonplace tag in old ballads of the time.—I. G.

199. *"Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis";* a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594); Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says, *"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis."*—I. G.

201. *"Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento";* the line, probably purposely corrupted, was restored by Hanmer:—*"Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta"* (*i. e.* "If fortune torments me, hope contents me"). "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga," remarked Farmer, "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, Fancies:*—

'Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'"—I. G.

This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Gal- 210
loway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

his sword; the same of which he has already said,—"Have we not Hiren here?" and which he calls *sweetheart* just after. Mr. Douce found an old sword having the motto inscribed in French,—

"Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente."

Some editions have corrected Pistol's repetition into grammatical Italian, but have not told us why they omitted to correct in like manner his *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks*. We see no reason for attempting to *de-Pistolize* the text.—H. N. H.

204. That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?—H. N. H.

207. *"seen the seven stars"*; spent many a night together.—C. H. H.

217. *"Then death rock me asleep"*; etc.; said to be a fragment of an old song written by Anne Boleyn.—I. G.

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal 's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

219. *"Untwine the Sisters Three"; cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i., where there is a reference to the "shears" of Atropos, the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny.—I. G.

Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions,* 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:

"I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,
Send death, and let me die."—H. N. H.

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal 's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, o' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I 'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

256. *"thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig";* Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. It was a common subject of allusion.—H. N. H.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor 's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

279. *"the sign of the leg";* suspended over shoemakers' shops.—C. H. H.

280. *"discreet";* Poins, it is insinuated tells *in*discreet (*i. e.* indecent) stories.—C. H. H.

287. *"nave of a wheel";* Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.—H. N. H.

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall

295. This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.—H. N. H.

297. *"Fiery Trigon";* alluding to the astrological division of the zodiacal signs into four *trigons* or *triplicities;* one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon;* when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, etc. —I. G.

Poins of course refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper.*—H. N. H.

306. *"kirtle";* few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle.* The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle,* from the Saxon *cyrtel,* to *gird,* was undoubtedly *a petticoat,* which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it. *"Vasquine,"* says Cotgrave, "a *kirtle* or *petticoat." "Surcot,* an *upper kirtle,* or garment worn over a

receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of maj-

kirtle." Also, "*cotte de femme,* a *kirtle.*" Chaucer also uses *kirtle* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca* "a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also, a *woman's petticoat* or *kirtle,* an upper safeguard." Cotgrave also translates "*un devant de robe,* a *kirtle* or *apron.*" Minsheu renders the Spanish word "vasquina, a *woman's petticoat* or *kirtle.*" And, finally, Torriano defines "*grembiale,* an *apron,* a *fore-kirtle.*" All this dictionary learning may appear very ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt upon the subject.—H. N. H.

318. "*Poins his*"; Poins's.—C. H. H.

esty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the willful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No

abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another in-

371. *"thou dead elm";* Falstaff is apparently so called "on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet" (his "vine" or "female ivy") (Schmidt).—C. H. H.

385–387. *"Marry, there is another indictment,"* etc.; Baret defines a *"victualling-house,* a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season."* By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I for the regulation and observance of fish days, victualers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent.* The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualing houses and taverns.—H. N. H.

dictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victualers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it un-

picked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,— well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

1. The whole scene omitted in Q. 1 (*i. e.* the earlier copies of the edition).—I. G.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

15. *"why liest thou,"* etc.; the most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch,* when *sleep* has *left* it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watchman;* or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger. Strutt, however, in his *Manners and Customs,* cites from an old inventory a passage that may fit the text with a different explanation: "Item, a *laume* or *watch* of iron, in an iron *case,* with two leaden plumets." Knight remarks, that "by this *laume* or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument now called an *alarm,*—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour." And he adds,—"It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means by the *watch-case* the box of a sentinel, and by the *common 'larum bell,* the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the *watch-case* is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum."—H. N. H.

25. *"that";* so that.—C. H. H.

30. *"Then happy low, lie down!";* Q. reads *"Then (happy) low lie downe."* Coleridge suggested *"Then, happy low-lie-down";* Warburton, *"happy lowly clown."* The Folio seems to make the meaning

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

quite clear:—*"Then happy Lowe, lye downe"; "low"* is used substantively, "You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest," etc.—I. G.

43. *"little"; i. e.* "a little."—I. G.

50. *"ocean";* (three syllables).—C. H. H.

53–56. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

55. The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils. This note were needless, but that Dr. Johnson took upon him to misunderstand the line.—H. N. H.

60. *"but eight years since";* this would bring the supposed historic date of this scene to 1407. The death of Glendower, reported at l. 103, happened according to Holinshed in 1408–1409 (actually in 1415).—C. H. H.

65. *"but which of you was by—";* the reference here is to Act v. sc. 1 of *King Richard II,* where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to, unless the latter were among the attendants of Northumberland, as he is not named among the *Dramatis Personæ.*—H. N. H.

66. *"cousin Nevil";* the earldom of Warwick did not come into the family of the Nevilles till the latter part of the reign of Henry VI; at this time it was in the family of Beauchamp.—I. G.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:

87. "*the necessary form of this*"; the form which this historic observation necessarily assumed.—C. H. H.

And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or two with them.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an

"*Justice Shallow*"; the character has, with much reason, been identified with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote (*cp. The Merry Wives of Windsor*); perhaps there is a reference to his arms in the words, "*If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him.*"—I. G.

early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Fal-

3. The *"rood"* is the *cross* or *crucifix*.—H. N. H.

26. *"bona-robas"; "Buona-roba,* as we say, good stuff; a good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench" (Florio).—H. N. H.

27. *"Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk";* this is generally given as one of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk: but it would seem that the same is true of Sir John Fastolf.—I. G.

staff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that

32. *"I see* (Ff., *'saw'*) *him break Skogan's head"* (Q., *Skoggins;* F. 1, *"Scoggans"*); two Scogans must be carefully differentiated, though probably both are confused by Shakespeare in this passage:—(i.) Henry Scogan, the poet, Chaucer's Scogan, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles,* as

> *"a fine gentleman, and master of arts*
> *Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises*
> *For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal*
> *Daintily well";*

(ii.) John Scogan, "an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, the favorite buffoon of the court of Edward IV." A book of *Scogins Jests* was published in 1565 by Andrew Borde, and probably suggested the name to Shakespeare.—I. G.

There has been a doughty dispute between Ritson and Malone whether there were two Skogans, *Henry* and *John,* or only one. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions *"Scogan,* a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respecte whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and pleasaunte pastime, he plaied many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche uncivil manner as hath beene of hym reported." The name Skogan being thus associated in the popular mind with jesting, Shakespeare probably did not trouble himself much about adjustment of dates, and therefore gives no sign whether he meant *John* Skogan, the court-buffoon of Henry IV or *Henry* Skogan, the author of the above-mentioned jests.—H. N. H.

36. *"behind Gray's Inn";* then a sequestered spot in the open fields. —C. H. H.

I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

53. *"twelve score";* hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII, c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.—H. N. H.

"carried you a forehand shaft"; shot fourteen (score yards) . . . with a "forehand shaft." The exact character of this arrow is doubtful; but Ascham (*Toxoph.* p. 126) implies that it was one with which the archer shot "right afore him"; it was preferably made, according to Ascham, with a "big breast," in order "to bear the great weight of the bow." The utmost range of the sixteenth-century archers is supposed to have not exceeded 300 yards, or half a score more than "old Double."—C. H. H.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.

81. *"accommodated";* it appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries,* calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In *Every Man in his Humour,* Ben Jonson gives an example of the fantastic use of the word: "Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff. *Lend* us another bedstaff,—the woman does not understand the words of action."—H. N. H.

Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shall. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where 's the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll? Let me see, let me see,

let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shad. My mother's son, sir.
Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!
Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?
Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.
Shal. Thomas Wart!
Fal. Where 's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yea, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!
Fee. Here, sir.
Shal. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's

151. *"but much of the father's substance";* so Q.; Ff., *"not";* the Variorum of 1821 proposed *"not much";* the Quarto reading must be understood as ironical.—I. G.

154. *"shadows to fill up the muster-book"; i. e.* bogus names which the recruiting officer entered in his list and for which he drew pay; a common source of military revenue.—C. H. H.

tailor, he 'ad ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

180. *"magnanimous";* heroic.—C. H. H.

187. *"the leader of so many thousands";* viz. in his ragged dress.—C. H. H.

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

207, 208. Shallow reckons six men in all; only five have appeared. Probably one of Shakespeare's occasional oversights in numbers.—C. H. H.

220. *"never could away";* this phrase,—equivalent to cannot *endure,* or cannot *abide,*—was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete even yet.—H. N. H.

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she 's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That 's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that which this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she

243. *"Harry ten shillings";* there were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII or Henry VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.—H. N. H.

has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I 'll ne'er bear a base mind: an 't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so; no man 's too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself

256. *"forty"; i. e.* shillings.—C. H. H.

268. *"three pound";* Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.—H. N. H.

wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald

285. *"big assemblance";* big look, semblance. This is the only attested usage of the word; and note "a ragged appearance" in line 288. But probably there is a suggestion of "assemblage," "big aggregate," "large make."—C. H. H.

291. *"gibbets on the brewer's bucket";* Dr. Johnson explains this, from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery,—"Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."—H. N. H.

shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must

305. *"shot,"* for *shooter.* So in the *Exercise of Arms,* 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver.*"—*"Well said"* was used where we should say "well *done.*"—H. N. H.

310. *"Dagonet in Arthur's show"; Sir Dagonet* is Arthur's fool in the story of *Tristram de Lyonesse; "Arthur's show"* was an exhibition of archery by a society of 58 members which styled itself *"The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,"* and took the names of the knights of the old romance. Mulcaster referred to it in his *Positions, concerning the training up of children* (1581). The meeting-place of the society was Mile-end Green.—I. G.

It is significant of the slight repute of Arthurian story—even after Spenser—among Elizabethan men of letters, that most of Shakespeare's allusions to it occur in connection with Falstaff.—C. H. H.

Shakespeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet,* who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's *fool.*—*Quiver* is *nimble, active.*—H. N. H.

a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of

331. *"at a word";* in one word.—C. H. H.

350. *"invisible";* Rowe's emendation; Q. and Ff., *"invincible"; i. e.*

famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his goodnights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two

(?) "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt).—I. G.

351, 352. *"yet . . . mandrake";* 352–355, *"a' came . . . good-nights";* omitted in Ff.—I. G.

356. *"fancies . . . good-nights";* common titles of little poems.—C. H. H.

357. *"And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire";* there is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the Old Vice or fool.—H. N. H.

359. *"sworn brother";* in the language of chivalry a term for knights who swore to share all dangers (*fratres jurati*).—C. H. H.

362. *"burst," brast,* and *broken* were formerly synonymous.—H. N. H.

364. *"his own name"; i. e.* Gaunt's.—C. H. H.

370. *"philosopher's two stones";* "one of which was an universal

stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold"; so Warburton; Malone explains:—"I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers

11. *"hold sortance with";* sort with, be in keeping with.—C. H. H.

That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

25. *"well-appointed";* completely accoutered.—H. N. H.
30. *"What does your coming import?"*—C. H. H.
34. *"bloody; guarded";* Baret carefully distinguishes between

And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honors. You, lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,

bloody, full of blood, *sanguineous,* and *bloody,* desirous of blood, *sanguinarius.* In this speech Shakespeare uses the word in both senses.—*"Guarded"* is a metaphor taken from dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings.—H. N. H.

45. *"investments";* formerly all bishops wore white, even when they traveled. This *white investment* was the episcopal rochet.—H. N. H.

50. *"graves";* Warburton proposed *glaives,* Steevens *greaves;* which latter Singer approves and remarks "that *greaves,* or leg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves.*" Mr. Verplanck concurs in the same emendation.—H. N. H.

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person

55–79. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

60. *"I take not on me as";* I do not assume the part of.—C. H. H.

71. *"our most quiet there";* our perfect acquiescence in its course. The idea is that of smoothly running waters suddenly diverted by the inrush of a turbulent torrent.—C. H. H.

"there"; the reading of the Ff.; Hanmer conjectured *"sphere";* Collier *"chair."*—I. G.

Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

82. *"examples of every minute's instance";* are examples which every minute *instances* or supplies.—H. N. H.

93. That is, the *edge* of bitter strife and *commotion;* the sword of rebellion.—H. N. H.

Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Ff., and they are omitted in some copies of the Q. To some corruption of the text is due the obscurity of ll. 94–96, which Clarke paraphrases:—"The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the king's order.—I. G.

This most obscure passage seems quite incapable of a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps the best is that proposed by Monck Mason: "My brother-general makes the commonwealth his cause of quarrel; an household cruelty to one born my brother I make my quarrel in particular"; which, however unsatisfactory otherwise, has the merit of agreeing very well with what Worcester says in The First Part, Act i. sc. 3: "The archbishop,—who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop." Dr. Johnson would read, "My *quarrel* general," which is perhaps worth considering, as it makes a sort of antithesis between *general* and *particular,* where something of the kind seems intended. The meaning in that case would be,—The

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honors?
West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honor, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

commonwealth I make my *general,* an household cruelty my *particular,* cause of quarrel. Several other changes have been proposed, but they do not appear to relieve the obscurity. One can scarce doubt that a line must have been dropped out in the printing; but this of course is what no editor can supply. The second line of the speech is wanting in the folio; which somewhat abridges the obscurity indeed, but that is all it does.—H. N. H.

103–109. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.

120. *"their armed staves in charge";* that is, their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.—H. N. H.
131. *"Earl"; duke* of Hereford.—H. N. H.
139. *"indeed"; Ff., "and did."*—C. H. H.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offense:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

154. *"of names"*; of notable men.—C. H. H.
166. *"intended in the general's name"*; implied in the title of general which he bears.—C. H. H.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And neither end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

173. *"true substantial form"; i. e.* "in due form and legal validity." —I. G.

174, 175. *"Immediate execution of our wishes being confirmed to us and our demands."* Q., Ff. read *"purposes confined."* Unless we suppose a harsh break in construction, this makes the Archbishop lay down as one of the conditions that the execution of their wishes should be restricted. Johnson proposed "consigned." But even so, the sentence is feebly expressed, and can only be saved from tautology by distinguishing between "our wills"= our wishes in general, and "our purposes"= our explicit demands. The whole scene is, for Shakespeare, languidly written.—C. H. H.

176. *"awful"*; of course the image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the state. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. This sense of *awful* is peculiar to Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife

193. *"royal faiths";* the faith due to a king. So in *King Henry VIII:* "The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds," that is, their minds well affected to the king.—H. N. H.

198. *"dainty and such picking grievances";* such minute and capricious grounds of quarrel.—C. H. H.

That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?

8. *"iron man";* Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, *"coming* foorth amongst them *clad in armour,* he encouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand."—H. N. H.

To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep

27. *"zeal"*; perhaps with a play on *"seal."*—C. H. H.

33. *"in common sense"*; *i. e.* through the agency of mere ordinary perception and understanding. York urges that his extraordinary action (in leading a revolt) springs from the normal instinct of self-defense.—C. H. H.

34. *"monstrous"*; unusual, extraordinary.—C. H. H.

38. *"this Hydra son of war"*; the revolt has started up at the scornful rejection of the complaints, as a new Hydra-head from the lopping off of the old.—C. H. H.

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,

47. *"success of mischief";* a continuous succession of calamities.—C. H. H.

60. In Holinshed this treacherous proposal is made by Westmoreland.—C. H. H.

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honorable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

120. *"stray"*; stragglers.—C. H. H.

122, 123. Johnson and other critics have been mighty indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of hot indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Mr. Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after hearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the

Scene III

Another part of the forest.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: there-

court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men don't know how to feel, and so go about to school and cudgel them up to it. Mr. Verplanck justly observes, that, when Mowbray asks,—"Is this proceeding just and honorable?" the Poet "took for granted that his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander."—H. N. H.

Sc. 3. "Colevile"; Sir John Colevile of the dale is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the rebels who were taken and executed. His name was pronounced "Colëvile."—C. H. H.

fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility;

25. *"womb"*; belly.—C. H. H.

39. *"the very extremest inch of possibility"*; the utmost possible speed.—C. H. H.

I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine 's too thick to shine.

40. *"foundered"*; disabled by over-riding.—C. H. H.

46. *"hook-nosed fellow of Rome"*; Q. adds *"there cosin"* before *"I came,"* which Johnson took to be a corruption of *"there, Cæsar."* —I. G.

59. *"the cinders of the element"*; the "embers of the air"; *i. e.* stars.—C. H. H.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile?

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

87–89. Falstaff's rare use of verse is explained here by the seriousness of the request. Delius prints it as prose.—C. H. H.

Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all except Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male

91. *"condition"* is often used by Shakespeare for *nature, disposition.* The prince may therefore mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."—H. N. H.

96. *"cannot make him laugh";* Falstaff's pride of wit—a pride which is most especially gratified in the fascination he has upon Prince Henry—is shrewdly manifested here, while at the same time a very important and operative principle of human character in general, and of Prince John's character in particular, is most hintingly touched. Falstaff sees that the brain of this sober-blooded boy has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that be he never so witty in himself he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humor, was all of a piece, vitally, with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party. Well, therefore, does Johnson remark upon the passage: "He who cannot be softened into gayety, cannot easily be melted into kindness." And we may add, that none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels.—H. N. H.

green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the

112. *"becomes excellent wit";* concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted by Hughson in his *History of London,* from an unpublished *Diary* of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone,* and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack,* from my very good lord T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline,* he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Divil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare old Ben had discussed the virtues of sack in more senses than one in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit; but surely Shakespeare's must have been far the best, since all the benefit of Falstaff's full-grown and ripe experience had accrued to him.—H. N. H.

parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavor of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

128. *"hoard of gold kept by a devil";* it was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, etc., were guarded by evil spirits.—H. N. H.

129, 130. *"commences it and sets it in act and use";* Tyrwhitt saw in these words an allusion "to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act;* for by those different names the two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use *those hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."—I. G.

135. *"fertile";* fertilizing.—C. H. H.

137. *"humane principle";* rule of manliness.—C. H. H.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?
Glou. I do not know, my lord.
King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
Clar. What would my lord and father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:

35. *"as flaws congealed in the spring of day";* according to Warburton the allusion is "to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapors being congealed in the air by the cold (which is most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws"; Malone explained *flaws* to

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief,
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:

mean "small blades of ice which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."—I. G.

The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed,* unless the latter be taken for *congealing,* the passive for the active; an usage quite common with the Poet and other writers of his time.—H. N. H.

40. *"like a whale on ground";* the image was perhaps suggested by a vivid account in Holinshed of the stranding of "a monstrous fish or whale" in Kent, in 1573–74 (ed. Stone, p. 156).—C. H. H.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counselors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

64. *"lavish"*; licentious.—C. H. H.

79, 80. As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.—H. N. H.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who 's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here 's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

90. The detail contained in Prince John's letter.—H. N. H.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.
Glou. Comfort, your majesty!
Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe

119. *"mure"* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.—*"Wrought it thin"* is *made it thin by gradual wearing.* Daniel, also speaking of the sickness of Henry IV, in Book iii. stan. 116 of his *Civil Wars,* 1595, has the same figure:

"Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."—H. N. H.

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another chamber

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

122. *"loathly births of nature"; i. e.* unnatural births.—I. G.

123. *"as the year";* that is, as if the year.—H. N. H.

125. *"the river hath thrice flow'd";* Holinshed says that on October 12, 1411, three floods occurred without an ebb between, in the Thames, "which thing no man living could remember the like to be seen." But no portents are recorded to have preceded Edward III's death.—C. H. H.

The old editions mark no break here. Some modern editions suppose that the king is merely placed on a bed in the inner part of the stage, and add a stage direction to that effect. It is clear, however, from 2 iv. 5. 240 that what follows does not take place in the Jerusalem chamber, and, in consequence, that there is a change of scene.—C. H. H.

Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the king?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he 'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
The sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

51. *"scalds with safety"*; burns while it protects.—C. H. H.

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

73. *"thoughtful"*; anxious.

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

75. *"culling from every flower the virtuous sweets";* so in the folio: the quarto has simply *"tolling* from every flower." *Tolling* gives a fine image, if the clause end with *flower;* but the addition of "the virtuous sweets" seems to require another word. So that we may safely presume the change to have been made by the Poet himself. —H. N. H.

77. *"thighs";* (two syllables). So *"hour"* in l. 109.—C. H. H.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offense; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!

94. *"by thee"*; in thy opinion.—C. H. H.

Down, royal state! all you sage counselors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honor, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forstall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

132. *"the wild dog"; i. e.* license, now unmuzzled.—C. H. H.
141. *"dear and deep";* sharp and piercing.—C. H. H.

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

163. *"preserving life in medicine potable";* it was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.—H. N. H.

Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son.
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

197. *"answered"*; met.—C. H. H.

So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,

205. *"And all my friends"*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture for *"thy friends"* of the Ff. and Q. Dyce *"my foes."* Clarke explains the original reading thus:—"By the first *thy friends* the King means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."—I. G.

210. *"I cut them off"*; Mason proposes to read, "I cut *some* off"; which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, *"Some* I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land."—H. N. H.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

235. *"'Tis called Jerusalem";* probably from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung; now used for the meetings of Convocation.—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot

1. *"By cock and pie";* a trivial oath, originally containing a corruption of the names God and "pica" (the Catholic service-book); but in Shakespeare's time supposed to refer to the two birds.—C. H. H.

12. *"William cook";* that is, William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.—H. N. H.

be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvelous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wil-

32, 33. *"A friend i' court is better than a penny in purse"; cp. The Romaunt of the Rose,* 5540:—

"For frende in court aie better is
Than peny is in purse, certis";

Camden gives the same proverbial expression.—I. G.

liam Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

41. *"Woncot,"* a village in Gloucestershire, Woodmancote (still pron. Woncot); a family of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill (now as then locally known as "the Hill") was then occupied by the family of Perkes. (Cf. Madden, *The Diary of William Silence,* p. 86.)—C. H. H.

52. *"and if I cannot,"* etc.; this is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."—H. N. H.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I 'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another:

80–85. This is a most shrewd and searching commentary on what has just passed between Shallow and Davy in Falstaff's presence. It is impossible to hit them more aptly, to take them off more felicitously. Of course Sir John could not be the greatest of make-sports, as he is, unless he were, or at least were capable of being something more. And in fact he has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the king, there being no other person in the play, except Prince Henry, that dives so quickly and deeply into the characters of those about him.—H. N. H.

therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

92. *"four terms, or two actions"*; these *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. Of course during the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humor of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember. —H. N. H.

War. He 's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

14. *"heavy"*; mourning.—C. H. H.
16. *"of him, the worst"*; *i. e.* of the worst (whichever it be).—C. H. H.

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier: would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

38. *"A ragged and forestall'd remission"; forestall'd* has been variously interpreted; the simplest interpretation seems to be "anticipated, asked for before being granted," not necessarily by the Chief-Justice himself, but by his friends; the explanation fits in well with the dignified utterance of the speaker. Others explain, "a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged"; "a pardon which is precluded from being absolute, by the refusal of the offender to accuse or alter his conduct," etc.—I. G.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry 's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,

61. *"by number"; i. e.* tear for tear.—C. H. H.

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state

80. While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour;* but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.—H. N. H.

What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.

120, 121. This retaining of Gascoigne in office after the death of Henry IV has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the king. The main authority for this seems to have been Fuller, who in his *Worthies of Yorkshire* says that Sir William Gascoigne "died December 17th, in the fourteenth of king Henry the Fourth." And he adds,—"This date of his death is fairly written in his stately monument in Harwood church." It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first parliament of Henry V was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices,* concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV, who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's noble lesson of magnanimity without any abatement or drawback on the score of history.—H. N. H.

123. The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.—H. N. H.

125. *"with his spirit sadly I survive";* his serious spirit alone survives in me.—C. H. H.

128. *"rotten opinion";* false reputation.—C. H. H.

132. *"the state of floods";* the majesty of the ocean.—C. H. H.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good

2, 3. *"we will eat,"* etc.; this passage has been properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health,* 1599: "For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, *and to be eaten with apples,* and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind would be eaten with other things that breake wind."—H. N. H.

varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[*Singing*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There 's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I 'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I 'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we 'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart 's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
[*Singing.*

24. *"ever among"; "Ever among,"* says Mr. Collier, "is an idiomatic expression used by Chaucer and many later writers." And he adds, —"No originals of this and other musical outbreaks of Silence have been discovered."—H. N. H.

30. *"Proface!";* as thus explained by old Heywood: *"Reader,* reade this thus: for preface, *proface, much good may it do you."* It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey:* "Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface."*—H. N. H.

31. *"but you must bear; the heart's all";* that is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.—H. N. H.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There 's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I 'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that 's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I 'll

58. *"pledge you a mile to the bottom";* to the bottom if it were a mile.—C. H. H.

drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is 't not so?

77. *"Do me right";* "to do a man right" was formerly, according to Steevens, the usual expression in pledging healths.—I. G.

"And dub me knight"; it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening, *cp. A Yorkshire Tragedy,* "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees" (Malone).—I. G.

A fragment of a drinking-song. As more fully quoted in Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament,* it ran:—

Monsieur Mingo
For quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo.

—C. H. H.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol? 90

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys 100
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there 's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

126. *"fig me";* an expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England *to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace.*"—H. N. H.

129. *"Dead? As nail in door";* an ancient proverbial expression; the door-nail was probably the nail on which the knocker struck. "It is therefore used as a comparison to anyone irrevocably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."—I. G.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exeunt Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

143. *"boot"*; boots on!—C. H. H.

150. *"Where is the life that late I led"*; a scrap of an old song; *cp. Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i.—I. G.

Scene IV

London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of

"Enter Beadles"; in the quarto we have "Enter *Sincklo,* and three or four officers." And the name *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. Sincklo is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew:* he was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

18. *"you shall have a dozen of cushions";* evidently insinuating that the *child* of which Mistress Doll is so careful is but one of Mrs. Quickly's dozen *cushions.* So in *Greene's He Conycatcher:* "To wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child."—H. N. H.

cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I 'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Aye, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

23. *"thin man in a censer";* Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttery of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burned most necessary utensils.—H. N. H.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of

13. *"to have made new liveries"; i. e.* to have them made.—C. H. H.

18, 20, 22. *"it doth so";* Q. assigns these three speeches to Pistol, Ff. the first to Shallow, the others to Pistol. Hanmer was undoubtedly right in giving them all to Shallow.—C. H. H.

nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

32. *"obsque hoc nihil est"; "'tis all in every part";* the second and later Ff. correct *obsque* to *absque,* but the error may have been intentional on the author's part. Pistol uses a Latin expression "ever the same, for without this there is nothing," and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial expression, "All in all, and all in every part," which he seems to give as its free rendering.—I. G.

41. *"rouse up Revenge,"* etc. Probably an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy,* Act iv. end, where the Ghost's cry, "Awake Revenge" (or Alecto) is four times reiterated.—C. H. H.

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

54–79. Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give much the same account of this matter. In Holinshed it runs thus: "Whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion unto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence, (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred,) inhibiting them upon a great paine, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his court; calling to mind how once, to hie offence of the king his father, he had with his fists striken the cheefe justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutlie commanded himselfe also into streict to ward, and he (then prince) obeied."—The king's treatment of his old make-sport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes,—"If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."—H. N. H.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir

John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a color.

Shal. A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers

101. *"soon at night";* this very night.—C. H. H.

107. *"si fortuna,"* etc., so in Q. Pistol had quoted his motto before (2 ii. 4. 201) in an equally incorrect but indifferent form according to the old texts; he is not intended to be either correct or consistent. His use of it in his present situation may be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga (as pointed out by Farmer), "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits Fits and Fancies*:—

Si Fortuna me tormenta
Il Speranza me contenta."—C. H. H.

Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

113. *"I heard a bird so sing";* a proverbial expression still extant. —I. G.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine

Epilogue. Shakespeare's authorship of this epilogue has been doubted, and it has been described as "a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It.*" It is noteworthy that it occurs already in the Q. (1600), though with one important difference; the words *"and so kneel down . . . queen"* (ll. 36, 37) are printed there at the end of the first paragraph, after *"infinitely."* It seems probable, therefore, that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the remaining lines were added somewhat later. One is strongly tempted to infer that the additions to the epilogue were called forth by the success of the first and second parts of the play of *Sir John Oldcastle,* written evidently to vindicate the character of Falstaff's original, and put on the stage as a counter-attraction to *Henry IV,* hence the words, added in a spirit of playful defiance, *"for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man"* (l. 33). The first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* was performed for the first time about November 1, 1599, the second part, dealing with the Lollard's death, was evidently written by the end of the year. *The First Part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham,* appeared in two editions in 1600; Shakespeare's name had been impudently printed on the title-page of the former and less correct edition; the authors were Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle. The "Second Part" is not known to exist.—I. G.

own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our

31, 32. *"our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine in France";* Shakespeare changed his mind. "The public was not to be indulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. . . . Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. . . . There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth; he must find refuge 'in Arthur's bosom.'" But the public would not absolve "our humble author of his promise, and they were to make merry again with their favorite

round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter.'"—I. G.

humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

41. *"pray for the queen";* most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina,* at the bottom of our modern play bills.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; (Qq., *"a"*; Ff., *"hee"* or *"he"*); I. ii. 52.

Abated, *"reduced to lower temper,* or as the workmen call it, *let down* (Johnson); I. i. 117.

Abide, undergo, meet the fortunes of; II. iii. 36.

Able, active; I. i. 43.

Abroach; "set a.," cause, ? set flowing; IV. ii. 14.

Accite, summon; V. ii. 141.

Accites, incites (Ff. 3, 4, *"ex- cites"*); II. ii. 69.

Accommodated, supplied (satirized as an affected word); (Q., *"accommodate"*); III. ii. 75.

Achitophel, Ahithopel, the counselor of Absalom, cursed by David (F. 2, *"Architophel"*); I. ii. 43.

Aconitum, aconite; IV. iv. 48.

Address'd, prepared; IV. iv. 5.

Advised, well aware; I. i. 172.

Affect, love; IV. v. 145.

Affections, inclinations; IV. iv. 65.

After, according to; V. ii. 129.

Against, before, in anticipation of; IV. ii. 81.

Agate, a figure cut in an agate stone and worn in a ring or as a seal; a symbol of smallness (Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"agot"*); I. ii. 20.

Aggravate, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *moderate;* II. iv. 181.

All, quite; IV. i. 156.

Allow, approve; IV. ii. 54.

Amurath, the name of the Turkish Sultans; Amurath III died in 1596, leaving a son Amurath, who, on coming to the throne, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled, in order to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. This is probably the circumstance which is here referred to (the allusion helps to fix the date of the play); V. ii. 48.

An, if (Q., *"and"*; Ff., *"if"*); I. ii. 63.

Anatomize, lay open, show distinctly (F. 4, *"anatomize"*; Q., *"anothomize"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Anathomize"*); Induct. 21.

Ancient, ensign; II. iv. 76.

Angel, with play upon angel, the gold coin, of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 195.

Anon, anon, Sir, the customary reply of the Drawers; II. iv. 316.

Antiquity, old age; I. ii. 219.

Appertinent, belonging; I. ii. 203.

Apple-johns, a particular kind

of apple, which shriveled by keeping; II. iv. 2.

APPREHENSIVE, imaginative; IV. iii. 109.

APPROVE, prove; I. ii. 225.

AFTER, more ready; I. i. 69.

ARGUMENT, subject; V. ii. 23.

ARMED, with spurs (Q., *"armed"* Ff., *"able"*; Pope, *"agile"*); I. i. 44.

ASSEMBLANCE, aggregate, *tout ensemble* (Pope, *"semblance"*; Capell, *"assemblage"*); III. ii 285.

ASSURANCE, surety; I. ii. 38.

AT A WORD, in a word, briefly; III. ii. 331.

ATOMY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *"anatomy,"* skeleton (Ff., *"Anatomy"*); V. iv. 36.

ATONEMENT, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.

ATTACH, arrest; IV. ii. 109.

ATTACHED, seized; II. ii. 3.

ATTEND, await, waits for; I. i. 3.

AWAY WITH; "could a. w. me," *i. e.* could endure me; III. ii. 220.

AWFUL, inspiring awe; V. ii. 86.

AWFUL BANKS, bounds of respect, reverence (Warburton, *"lawful"*); IV. i. 176.

BACK-SWORD MAN, fencer at single-sticks; III. ii. 72.

BALM, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. v. 115.

BAND, bond (Ff., *"bond"*); I. ii. 39.

BARBARY HEN, a hen whose feathers are naturally ruffled; II. iv. 111.

BARSON, corruption of Barston, in Warwickshire; V. iii. 95.

BARTHOLOMEW BOAR-PIG, roast pig was one of the attractions of Bartholomew Fair; II. iv. 256.

BASINGSTOKE, in Hampshire, about fifty miles from London (Q., *"Billingsgate"*); II. i. 191.

BASKET HILT, the hilt of a sword with a covering of narrow plates of steel in the shape of a basket, and serving as a protection to the hand; II. iv. 145.

BASTARDLY, ? dastardly; II. i. 58.

BATE, contention; II. iv. 280.

BATE, remit; Epil. 17.

BATTLE, army; IV. i. 154.

BATTLE, battalion; III. ii. 174.

BAWL OUT, bawl out from (Q., *"bal out"*; Capell *"bawl out from"*); II. ii. 29.

BAYING, driving to bay (a term of the chase); I. iii. 80.

BEAR-HERD, leader of a tame bear (F. 4, *"bear-herd"*; Q., *"Berod"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Beare-heard"*; F. 3, *"Bear-heard"*); I. ii. 200.

BEAR IN HAND, flatter with false hopes, keep in expectation; I. ii. 44.

BEAVERS, movable fronts of helmets; IV. i. 120.

BEEFS, oxen, (?) cattle (Ff., *"beeues"*); III. ii. 368.

BEFORE, go before me; IV. i. 228.

BEING YOU ARE, since you are (Gould conjectured *"seeing"*); II. i. 208.

BELIKE, I suppose; II. ii. 12.

BESEEK, beseech; II. iv. 181.

BESONIAN, base fellow, beggar; V. iii. 120.

BESTOW, behave; II. ii. 194.

BESTOWED, spent; V. v. 14.

BIG, pregnant; Induct. 13.

BIGGEN, "nightcap"; properly, a

coarse headband or cap worn by the Béguines, an order of Flemish nuns; IV. v. 27.

Bleed, be bled; IV. i. 57.

Bloody, headstrong, intemperate; IV. i. 34.

Blubbered, blubbering, weeping; II. iv. 437.

Blue-bottle rogue; alluding to the blue uniforms of the beadles; V. iv. 25.

Blunt, dull-witted; Induct. 18.

Bona-robas, handsome wenches; III. ii. 26.

Borne with, laden with; II. iv. 407.

Bounce, bang; III. ii. 314.

Brave, defy; II. iv. 238.

Brawn, mass of flesh; I. i. 19.

Break, am bankrupt; Epil. 14.

Breathe, let take breath, rest; I. i. 38.

Bruited, noised, rumored abroad; I. i. 114.

Buckle, bow, bend (Bailey conjectured *"knuckle"*); I. i. 141.

Bung, sharper; II. iv. 142.

Burst, broke, cracked; III. ii. 362.

Busses, kisses; II. iv. 300.

But, except; V. iii. 94.

By, on, consequent upon; IV. v. 87.

By cock and pie, a slight oath commonly used; *cock,* a corruption of *God*; *pie* (= Latin *pica*) was the old name of the Ordinate; V. i. 1.

By God's liggens, an oath, probably of the same force as "bodikins" (omitted in Ff.); V. iii. 70.

By the rood, by the holy cross, an asseveration; III. ii. 3.

By yea and nay, without doubt, III. ii. 10.

Caliver, a very light musket; III. ii. 299.

Calm, qualm; II. iv. 40.

Came, became; II. iii. 57.

Canaries, canary wine (F. 4, *"Canary"*); II. iv. 29.

Candle-mine, magazine of tallow; II. iv. 326.

Canker'd, polluted; IV. v. 72.

Cankers, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.

Cannibals, Hannibals; II. iv. 186.

Capable, susceptible; I. i. 172.

Carat, quality (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Charract"*; F. 4. *"Carract"*; Q., *"Karrat"*); IV. v. 162.

Caraways, a kind of confection made with cumin seeds, "caraway seeds"; V. iii. 3.

Care, mind; I. ii. 148.

Cast, calculated; I. i. 166.

Cavaleros, cavaliers (Q., *"cabileros"*; Ff., *"Cauileroes"*); V. iii. 63.

Censer; *"thin man in a censer"*; censers were used for burning perfumes in dwelling-houses; they were made of thin metal, and often had rudely hammered or embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid; V. iv. 23.

Chance; "how c.," how comes it; IV. iv. 20.

Channel, gutter (Pope, *"kennel"*); II. i. 55.

Chapt, worn, wrinkled (Q., Ff., *"chopt"*); III. ii. 304.

Charge; "in c.," *i. e.* "ready for the charge"; IV. i. 120.

Charge, pledge; II. iv. 135.

Cheater; "a tame ch.," a low gamester; a cant term (Q., *"cheter"*; some eds. *"chetah,"* a leopard); II. iv. 109.

CHEATER, escheator, an officer of the exchequer; II. iv. 114.

CHECK, reproof; IV. iii. 35.

CHECKED, reproved; I. ii. 232.

CHURLISH, rude, rough; I. iii. 62.

CIVIL, well-ordered; IV. i. 42.

CLAPPED I' THE CLOUT, hit the white mark in the target without effort; III. ii. 52.

CLOSE, make peace; II. iv. 366.

COHERENCE, agreement, accord; V. i. 73.

COLD, calm; V. ii. 98.

COLDEST, most hopeless; V. ii. 31.

COLOR, pretense; V. v. 96.

COLORS; "fear no colors," fear no enemy, fear nothing; V. v. 99.

COLOR, excuse; I. ii. 292.

COMMANDMENT, command; V. iii. 146.

COMMIT, commit to prison; V. ii. 83.

COMMODITY, profit; I. ii. 294.

COMMOTION, insurrection; IV. i. 36.

COMPANION, fellow, used contemptuously; II. iv. 136.

COMPLICES, accomplices, allies; I. i. 163.

CONDITION, "official capacity"; IV. iii. 91.

CONFIRMITIES, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *infirmities*; II. iv. 64.

CONFOUND, exhaust; IV. iv. 41.

CONGER, sea-eel (Q., *"Cunger"*); II. iv. 58.

CONSENT, agreement; V. i. 79.

CONSENT, agree, decide (Collier MS. *"Consult"*); I. iii. 52.

CONSIDERANCE, consideration; V. ii. 98.

CONSIGNING TO, confirming; V. ii. 143.

CONSIST UPON, claim, stand upon (Rowe, *"insist"*); IV. i. 187.

CONTAGIOUS, pernicious; V. v. 38.

CONTINUANTLY, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *continually* (Qq., *"continually"*); II. i. 29.

CONVERSATIONS, habits; V. v. 111.

COPHETUA; alluding to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar* to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (Q., *"Couetua"*; Ff., *"Couitha"*); V. iii. 107.

CORPORATE, Bullcalf's blunder for *corporal*; III. ii. 242.

CORPSE, corpses (Ff. 1, 2, *"Corpes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Corps"*; Dyce, *"corpse"*); I. i. 192.

CORRECTIONER, one who inflicts punishment; V. iv. 26.

COST; "part-created cost," partly erected costly building; (Vaughan conjectured *"part-erected, castle"*; Herr conjectured *"part-erected, cast"*; Keightley, *"house"*); I. iii. 60.

COSTERMONGER, commercial, petty dealing; (Q., *"costar-mongers times"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Costor-mongers"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"costermongers days"*); I. ii. 199.

COTSWOLD MAN, a man from the Cotswold Downs, celebrated for athletic games and rural sports of all kinds, hence an athlete (Qq., *"Cotsole man"*; Ff., *"Cot-sal-man"*; Capell, *"Cotsall man"*); III. ii. 23.

COURTESY, curtsy (F. 1, *"Curtsie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Curtesie"*; Q., *"cursie"*); Epil. 1.

COVER, lay the table; II. iv. 11.

CRACK, "a pert little boy"; III. ii. 34.

CRAFTY-SICK, feigning sickness; Induct. 37.

Crosses, coins stamped with a cross (used quibblingly); I. ii. 267.

Crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 108.

Current, genuine, with pun upon *sterling*; II. i. 139.

Curry with, curry favor with; V. i. 83.

Cuttle, knife used by cut-purses, hence, cutpurse; II. iv. 144.

Day, day of battle, battle; I. i. 20.

Dear, earnest; IV. v. 141.

Debate, contest; IV. iv. 2.

Defensible, furnishing the means of defense (F. 4, *"sensible"*); II. iii. 38.

Depart, leave; IV. v. 91.

Derives itself, descends; IV. v. 43.

Descension, descent, decline (Ff., *"declension"*); II. ii. 199.

Determined, put an end to, settled; IV. v. 82.

"Devil's book," "alluding to the old belief that the Devil had a register of the persons who were subject to him"; II. ii. 53.

Directly, in a direct manner, plainly; IV. ii. 52.

Discharge, disband, dismiss; IV. ii. 61.

Discolors; "d. the complexion of my greatness"=makes me blush; II. ii. 5.

Discomfort, uneasiness (Capell conjectured *"discomfit"*): I. ii. 123.

Discoverers, scouts (Ff. 3, 4, *"discoveries"*); IV. i. 3.

Distemper'd, disordered, out of health; III. i. 41.

Distracted, made mad; II. i. 122.

Dole, dealing, interchange; I. i. 169.

Doubt, fear, suspect; Epil. 7.

Draw, draw together, muster; I. iii. 109; withdraw; II. i. 171.

Drew, drew aside; I. i. 72.

Drollery, (probably) a humorous painting; II. i. 164.

Drooping, declining; Induct. 3.

Dub me knight, referring to the custom of the time, that he who drank a large potation on his knees to the health of his mistress, was said to be dubbed a knight, and retained the title for the evening; V. iii. 79.

Duer, more duly (Q., *"dewer"*; Pope, *"more duly"*); III. ii. 342.

Dull, soothing, drowsy; IV. v. 2.

Easy, easy to be borne; V. ii. 71.

Ebon, black, dark; V. v. 41.

Effect, suitable manner; II. i. 150.

Element, sky; IV. iii. 59.

Endear'd, bound (Q., *"endeere"*); II. iii. 11.

Ending, dying; IV. v. 80.

Enforcement, application of force; I. i. 120.

Engaged, bound, tied; I. i. 180.

Engraffed to, firmly attached to; II. ii. 72.

Engrossed, piled up, amassed; IV. v. 71.

Engrossments, accumulations; IV. v. 80.

Enlarge, extend, widen; I. i. 204.

Ephesians, jolly companions (a cant term of the day); II. ii. 172.

Equal with, cope with; I. iii. 67.

Ever among, "perhaps a corrup-

tion of *ever and anon;* V. iii. 24.

Exclamation, outcry against you; II. i. 92.

Exion, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *action* (Ff. 3, 4, *"action"*) · II. i. 33.

Extraordinarily, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *ordinarily*; II. iv. 26.

Face-royal, used equivocally for (i) a royal face, and (ii) the figure stamped upon "a royal," a coin of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 27.

Faitors, evil-doers (Q., *"faters"*; Ff., *"Fates"*) II. iv. 178.

Familiarity, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *familiar* (Ff., *"familiar"*); II. i. 113.

Fancies and good-nights, the common title of little poems; III. ii. 356.

Fantasy, imagination; V. ii. 13.

Fear, frighten; IV. iv. 121.

Fear, a fearful thing; I. i. 95.

Fearful, full of fear; Induct. 12.

Fears, causes of fear; IV. v. 196.

Fennell, an inflammatory herb; II. iv. 275.

Fetch off, make a prey of, fleece; III. ii 335.

Few; "in f.," in a few words, in short; I. i. 112.

Fig, insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; V. iii. 126.

Fillip, strike; I. ii. 270.

Flap-dragon, snap-dragon; II. v. 267.

Fleet, the prison for debtors; V. v. 102.

Flesh'd, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Capell conjectured *"flush'd"*); I. i. 149.

Foin, make a thrust in fencing; II. i. 18.

Follow'd, followed up the advantage gained; I. i. 21.

Fond, foolish; I. iii. 91.

Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.

Foolish-compounded, composed of absurdity; I. ii. 8.

For, in spite of; I. i. 93.

Force perforce, an emphatic form of *perforce*; (Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"forc'd, perforce"*); IV. i. 116.

Forehand shaft; "an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward, concerning which Ascham says it should be big breasted" (Nares); (Collier MS., *"foure-hand"*); III. ii. 54.

Forgetive, inventive; IV. iii. 110.

Forspent, utterly worn out (*for* intensive); I. i. 37.

Fortune; "in the f.," by the good fortune; I. i. 15.

Fourteen and a half, *i. e.* two hundred and ninety yards; the maximum distance reached by the archers of the time being three hundred yards; III. ii. 54.

Foutre, an expression of contempt; (Q., *"fowtre"*; Ff., *"footra"*); V. iii. 104.

Frank, sty; II. ii. 169.

Fright, affright, terrify; I. i. 67.

Fubbed off, deluded with false promises; II. i. 38.

Fustian, nonsensical; II. iv. 209.

Fustilarian, a word of Falstaff's coinage (? connected with *"fusty,"* or perhaps from *"fustis,"* with reference to the cudgel of the bailiff; II. i. 69.

Gainsaid contradicted; I. i. 91.

GALLED, injured, annoyed; IV. i. 89.

GALLOWAY NAGS, a small and inferior breed of horses; common hackneys; II. iv. 210.

'GAN, began; I. i. 129.

GARLAND, crown; V. ii. 84.

GAULTREE, the ancient forest of Galtres to the north of the City of York (Ff., *"Gualtree"*); IV. i. 2.

GAVE OUT, described; IV. i. 23.

GERMAN HUNTING; "hunting subjects were much in favor for the decoration of interiors, and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke); (Q., *"Iarman"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Germane"*); II. i. 165.

GIBBETS ON, hangs on; alluding to the manner of carrying beer-barrels, by hanging them on a sling; III. ii. 291.

GIDDY, excitable, hot-brained; IV. v. 214.

GIRD, jeer, gibe; I. ii. 7.

GOD'S LIGHT, by God's light; an oath; (Ff., *"what"*); II. iv. 146.

GOOD CASE, good circumstances; II. i. 121.

GOOD FAITH, indeed (Ff., *"good-sooth"*); II. iv. 40.

GRAFFING, grafting; V. iii. 3.

GRATE ON, vex, be offensive; IV. i. 90.

GREEN, fresh; IV. v. 204.

GRIEF, (1) pain; (2) sorrow; I. i. 144.

GROAT, a coin of the value of four-pence; I. ii. 278.

GROWS TO, incorporates with; I. ii. 105.

GUARDED WITH RAGS, trimmed, ornamented with rags (Pope, *"goaded"*; Singer, *"rags"*; Q., Ff., *"rage"*); IV. i. 34.

HALED, dragged (Q., *halde"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Hall'd"*; F. 4, *"Hal'd"*; Pope, *"Hauld"*); V. v. 39.

HALF-KIRTLES, jackets, or the petticoats attached to them; V. iv. 27.

HALLOING, shouting (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"hallowing"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"hollowing"*); I. ii. 224.

HANDS; "of my h.," of my size; II. ii. 78.

HANGS, suspends; IV. i. 213.

HAPLY, mayhap, perhaps; I. i. 32.

HARRY TEN SHILLINGS; "four H. t. s. in French crowns"; there were no ten-shilling pieces till the reign of Henry VII; French crowns were worth somewhat less than five shillings each; III. ii. 243.

HAUNCH, hinder (*i. e.* latter) part; IV. iv. 92.

HAUTBOY, a wind-instrument (Q., *"hoboy"*; Ff., *"Hoe-boy"*); III. ii. 366.

HAVE AT HIM, I am ready; I. ii. 229.

HEAD; "make head," raise an army; I. i. 168.

HEADLAND, a strip of unplowed land at the end of the furrows; V. i. 16.

HEART, will, intention; V. iii. 31.

HEAT, pursuit; IV. iii. 27.

HENCE, henceforth; V. v. 59.

HILDING, base, menial (Ff., *"hielding"*); I. i. 57.

HINCKLEY, a market town in Leicestershire (Q., *"Hunkly"*); V. i. 26.

HIS, its (F. 4, *"its"*); I. ii. 137.

History, relate; IV. i. 203.
Hold, fastness, fortress (Theobald's correction of Q. and Ff., *"Hole"*); Induct. 35.
Hold sortance, be in accordance; IV. i. 11.
Holland, a kind of linen; with a quibble upon *Holland*; II. ii. 28.
Honey-seed, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicide*; II. i. 61.
Honey-suckle, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicidal;* II. i. 59.
Hook on, don't lose sight of her; keep close to her; II. i. 184.
How, what price; III. ii. 43.
Humane, human (omitted in Ff.); IV. iii. 137.
Humorous, capricious; IV. iv. 34.
Humors of blood, caprices of disposition; II. iii. 30.
Hunt counter, are on the wrong scent; I. ii. 108.
Hurly, hurly-burly, tumult; III. i. 25.
Husband, husbandman (Ff. 3, 4, *"husbandman"*); V. iii. 13.

Imbrue, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
Immediate, next in line; IV. v. 42.
Imp, youngling; V. v. 48.
In, with; I. iii. 7.
Incertain, uncertain (Ff. 1, 2, *"incertain"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"uncertain"*); I. iii. 24.
Incision, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
Indifferency, moderate dimensions; IV. iii. 23.
Indited, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *invited;* (Ff. 3, 4, *"invited"*); II. i. 30.
Infer, suggest; V. v. 16.
Infinitive, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *infinite*; II. i. 26.
Inset, set (Ff., *"set"*); I. ii. 20.
Insinewed, allied; IV. i. 172.
Instance, proof; III. i. 103.
Intelligencer, mediator; IV. ii. 20.
Intended, understood; IV. i. 166.
Intervallums, intervals; V. i. 93.
Intreasured, stored; III. i. 85.
Invested, invested with authority; IV. iv. 6.
Investments, vestments; IV. i. 45.
Iron man, armed man, clad in armor (Q., *man talking"*); IV. ii. 8.
It = its; (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"it"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"its"*); I. ii. 137.
It is, he is; used contemptuously; II. iv. 79.

Jade, a term of pity for a maltreated horse; I. i. 45.
Joined-stools, a kind of folding chairs; II. iv. 277.
Juggler, trickster, cheat; II. iv. 145.
Juvenal, youth; I. ii. 23.

Keech, "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump; hence a name given to a butcher's wife"; II. i. 106.
Kickshaws, trifles; V. i. 29.
Kindly, natural; IV. v. 84.
Kirtle, a jacket with a petticoat attached to it; II. iv. 306.

Larum-bell, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
Law, justice; V. ii. 87.
Lay, stayed, resided; III. ii. 309.
Leather-coats, a kind of apple, brown-russets; V. iii. 44.
Leer, simper, smile; V. v. 7.
Leman, sweetheart, lover; V. iii 50.

LETHE, the river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness (Q., *"lethy"*); V. ii. 72.

LIE, lodge; IV. ii. 97.

LIEF, willingly (Q., *"liue"*); I. ii. 50.

LIGHTEN, enlighten; II. i. 217.

LIKE, (?) look (Ff., *"look"*); III. ii. 96.

LIKE, likely; I. iii. 81.

LIKING, likening (Ff., *"lik'ning him"*); II. i. 102.

LINED, strengthened; I. iii. 27.

LISTEN AFTER, enquire for; I. i. 29.

LIVERS, formerly considered the seat of the passions; I. ii. 207.

LOATHLY, loathsome; IV. iv. 122.

LOOK BEYOND, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.

LOOKED, anticipated, expected; I. ii. 52.

LUBBER'S-HEAD, Libbard's-head, *i. e.* Leopard's-head, the sign of a house (Ff., *"Lubbars"*); II. i. 31.

LUMBERT STREET, Lombard Street; in early times frequented by the Lombardy merchants (Ff., *"Lombard"*); II. i. 31.

LUSTY, lively, merry; III. ii. 17.

MALMSEY-NOSE, red-nosed; II. i. 45.

MALT-WORMS, ale-topers; II. iv. 375.

MANAGE, handle; III. ii. 302.

MANDRAKE, "the plant *Aropa Mandragora*, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and even death, when torn from the ground"; I. ii. 17.

MAN-QUELLER, manslayer, murderer; II. i. 62.

MANY, multitude (Douce conjectured *"meyny"*); I. iii. 91.

MARE, nightmare; II. i. 87.

MARKS; a mark is of the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence; I. ii. 228.

MARRY, a corruption of *Mary;* a mild form of oath (Q., *"Mary"*; Ff., *"Why"*); II. ii. 46.

MARTLEMAS, Martinmas, the Feast of St. Martin, which marked the close of autumn; used figuratively = an old man; II. ii. 118.

MATTER; "no such m.," it is nothing of the kind; Induct. 15.

MECHANICAL, vulgar, occupied in low drudgery; V. v. 40.

MEDICINE POTABLE, alluding to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists; IV. v. 163.

MELTING, softening, pitying (Q., *"meeting"*); IV. iv. 32.

MESS, "common term for a small portion of any thing belonging to the kitchen"; II. i. 108.

MET, obtained; IV. v. 186.

METAL, ardor, high courage (used in both senses, *"metal"* and *"mettle"*); (F. 4, *"metal"*; Q., *"mettal"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Mettle"*); I. i. 116.

METE, judge of; IV. iv. 77.

MILE-END GREEN, the usual ground for military drill, and also for public sports; III. ii. 308.

MISDOUBTS, apprehensions; IV. i. 206.

MISCARRIED, perished; IV. i. 129.

MISORDER'D, disordered; IV. ii. 33.

MISTOOK, mistaken, misunderstood; IV. ii. 56.

MODE, form of things (Q. and Ff., *"mood"*); IV. v. 200.

MODEL, plans; I. iii. 42.

More and less, high and low; I. i. 209.

Much! an exclamation of ironical admiration; II. iv. 147.

Much ill, very ill; IV. iv. 111.

Muse, wonder, am surprised; IV. i. 167.

Neaf, fist; II. iv. 206.

Near, in the confidence; V. i. 82.

Neighbor confines, neighboring boundaries; IV. v. 124.

New-dated, recently dated; IV. i. 8.

Nice, over-delicate, dainty; I. i. 145; trivial, petty; IV. i. 191.

"Nine Worthies"; these were commonly enumerated as follows:—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; II. iv. 245.

Nobles, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 175.

Noise, company of musicians; II. iv. 12.

No other, nothing else (Q., *"otherwise"*); V. ii. 62.

Nut-hook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; V. iv. 9.

Obedience, obeisance; IV. v. 147.

Observance, obeisance, homage; IV. iii. 16.

Observed, deferred to; IV. iv. 30.

O'er-posting, getting clear of; I. ii. 179.

Offer, menace; IV. i. 219.

Offices, domestic offices, apartments (especially servants' quarters); I. iii. 47.

Omit, neglect; IV. iv. 27.

On, of; I. iii. 102.

One, *i. e.* mark, score; pronounced *"own"* (Theobald conjectured *"Lone"=loan;* Collier MS., *"score"*); II. i. 36.

Opposite, adversary, opponent; I. iii. 55.

Orchard, garden; V. iii. 1.

Ostentation, outward show; II. ii. 58.

Ouches, ornaments; II. iv. 53.

Ousel, blackbird; (Q., *"woosel"*; Ff., *"Ouzel"*); III. ii. 9.

Out; "will not out," will not fail you; a sportsman's expression; V. iii. 72.

Outbreathed, out of breath, exhausted; I. i. 108.

Overlive, outlive; IV. i. 15.

Over-rode, caught him up, outrode; I. i. 30.

Overscutched, (?) over-scotched, or, overwhipped; (Q., *"ouerschucht"*; Grant White, *"over-switched"; "over-switched housewife"*=(according to Ray) a strumpet); III. ii. 354.

Overween, think arrogantly; IV. i. 149.

Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; II. iv. 265.

Parcels, small parts, particulars; IV. ii. 36.

Parcel-gilt, part-gilt, generally only the embossed portions; II. i. 98.

Part, depart; IV. ii. 70.

Part, "characteristic action"; IV. v. 64.

Particular; "his particular," its details; IV. iv. 90.

Passing, surprisingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.

"Pauls"; "The body of old St. Paul's Church in London was a constant place of resort for

business and amusement. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed" (Nares); I. ii. 62.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 112.

Peasant, rural, provincial (Collier MS., *"pleasant"*); Induct. 33.

Peascod-time, the time when peas are in pod; II. iv. 429.

Persistency, persistency in evil; II. ii. 54.

Peruse, survey, examine; IV. ii. 94.

Picking, petty; IV. i. 198.

"Pie-corner," near Giltspur Street; the Great Fire ended at this corner; II. i. 29.

Please it, if it please; I. i. 5.

Point, a signal given by the blast of a trumpet (Collier MS., *"report"*; Singer, *"a bruit"*); IV. i. 52.

Point, a tagged lace, used to tie parts of the dress; I. i. 53.

Points, mark of commission; perhaps the same as the shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants; II. iv. 147.

Ports, portals; IV. v. 24.

Posts, post-horses; IV. iii. 40.

Pottle-pot, a tankard holding two quarts; II. ii. 90.

Power, armed force; I. iii. 29.

Precepts, summonses; V. i. 14.

Precisely, exactly; IV. i. 205.

Pregnancy, ready wit; I. ii. 201.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 81.

Presented, represented; V. ii. 79.

Prick, mark, put him on the list; III. ii. 130.

Pricked down, marked; II. iv. 372.

Proface; "an Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia;* "much good may it do you"; V. iii. 30.

Project, expectation; I. iii. 29.

Proof; "come to any proof," show themselves worth anything when it comes to the test; IV. iii. 99.

Proper, handsome; II. ii. 77.

Proper, appropriate; I. iii. 32.

Proper, own; V. ii. 109.

Proposal, suppose; V. ii. 92.

Pulsidge, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *pulse;* II. iv. 26.

Punish by the heels, the technical term for committing to prison; I. ii. 147

Purchased, "used probably in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act,* as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone); IV. v. 200.

Push, thrust; II. ii. 44.

Quantities, small pieces; V. i. 70.

Quean, contemptible wench, hussy; II. i. 54.

Queasiness, sickly feeling, nausea; I. i. 196.

Question; "in q.," under judicial trial; I. ii. 72.

Quit, safe, free; III. ii. 263.

Quittance, requital, return of blows; I. i. 108.

Quiver, nimble; III. ii. 311.

Quoif, cap or hood; "sickly q.," cap which is the badge of sickness; I. i. 147.

Quoit, throw, pitch (Q., *"Quaite"*); II. iv. 212.

Ragged'st, roughest (Theobald conjectured, *"rugged'st"*); I. i. 151.

Ralph (Q., *"Rafe"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Raphe"*); III. ii. 115.

Rampallian, an abusive epithet (*cp. "rapscallion"*); II. i. 68.

RAPIER, a small sword used in thrusting; II. iv. 221.

RASCALS; originally lean deer not fit to hunt or kill; II. iv. 45.

RASH, quickly ignited; IV. iv. 48.

RATED, chided; III. i. 68.

RECORDATION TO, memory of; II. iii. 61.

RED LATTICE, an ale-house window, commonly red; II. ii. 92.

RED WHEAT, late wheat, spring wheat; V. i. 17.

REMEMBER'D, mentioned; V. ii. 142.

REMEMBRANCE, memory; II. iii. 59; admonition; V. ii. 115.

RENDER'D, reported, told; I. i. 27.

RESOLVED CORRECTION, the chastisement determined upon; IV. i. 213.

RESPECT, regard, consideration; I. i. 184.

RHEUMATIC, probably a blunder for *splenetic;* II. iv. 62.

RIDES THE WILD-MARE, plays at see-saw; II. iv. 276.

RIGOL, circlet; IV. v. 36.

RIPE, mature; IV. i. 13.

RISING, insurrection; I. i. 204.

ROUNDLY, without much ceremony; III. ii. 20.

ROUTS, gangs; IV. i. 33.

ROWEL-HEAD, the axis on which the wheel-shaped points of a spur turns; I. i. 46.

ROYAL FAITHS, faith to the king (Hanmer conjectured, *"loyal"*); IV. i. 193.

SACK; generic term for Spanish wines; I. ii. 222.

SAD, sober, serious; V. i. 95.

SADLY, soberly; V. ii. 125.

SAMINGO, probably a blunder for *San Domingo,* the patron saint of topers; a common burden of drinking-songs; V. iii. 80.

SAVING YOUR MANHOODS, saving your reverence; II. i. 29.

SCAB, a term of contempt and disgust; III. ii. 306.

SCATTERED STRAY, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.

SEAL'D UP, fully confirmed; IV. v. 104.

SECT, sex; II. iv. 41.

SEMBLABLE, similar; V. i. 73.

SET OFF, (?)= cast out, ignored, or = rendered account for (Clarke); (perhaps the phrase is intentionally vague); IV. i. 145.

SET ON, begin to march; I. iii. 109.

SEVEN STARS, the Pleiades; II. iv. 207.

SHADOWS; "s. to fill up the musterbook," *i. e.* "we have in the musterbook many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson); III. ii. 154.

SHALL, will; I. ii. 26.

SHERRIS-SACK, sherry; a Spanish wine, so called from the town of Xeres; IV. iii. 105.

SHOT, marksman; III. ii. 305.

SHOVE-GROAT; "s. shilling," alluding to a game which consisted in pushing pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks; II. iv. 212.

SHREWD, mischievous; II. iv. 234.

SHROVE-TIDE, a time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season; V. iii. 38.

SIGHTS, eye-holes; IV. i. 121.

SIGN OF THE LEG, the sign over a boot-maker's shop; II. iv. 279.

SILKMAN, silk mercer; II. i. 32.

SINGLE, simple, silly (used quibblingly); I. ii. 217.

Slops, loose breeches; I. ii. 36.

Smack, taste, savor; I. ii. 116.

Smooth-pates, sleek-headed; "a synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Q., *"smoothy-pates"*); I. ii. 45.

Sneap, snubbing, rebuke; II. i. 141.

So, so be it; III. ii. 260.

Soft; "s. silencing," gently reproving; V. ii. 97.

Something a, a somewhat (Collier MS., *"something of"*); I. ii. 223.

Soon; "soon at night," this very night; V. v. 101.

Sort, manner; IV. v. 201.

South, south wind; II. iv. 406.

Spirits, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 198.

Spoke on, spoken of (Ff., *"spoken of"*); II. ii. 74.

Stand; "s. my good lord," be my kind master, patron; IV. iii. 89.

Stand upon, insist upon; I. ii. 44.

State, regal character; V. ii. 99.

State of floods; "the majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone); (Hanmer, *"floods of state"*); V. ii. 132.

Stick, hesitate; I. ii. 27.

Stiff-borne, obstinately pursued; I. i. 177.

Still, continually; Induct. 4.

Still-discordant, ever-discordant; Induct. 19.

Still-stand, standstill; II. iii. 64.

Stomach, appetite; IV. iv. 105.

Stops, the holes in a wind instrument by the opening or closing of which by the fingers the sounds are produced; Induct. 17.

Strained, excessive; I. i. 161.

Strange-achieved, (?) strangely acquired (by wrong means); according to some, "gained in foreign lands"; (Schmidt, "gained and not yet enjoyed"); IV. v. 72.

Stratagem, "anything amazing and appalling"; I. i. 8.

Strengths, armies, forces; I. iii. 76.

Strond, strand; I. i. 62.

Studied, inclined; II. ii. 10.

Success, succession, continuation; IV. ii. 47.

Successively, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.

Sufferance, suffering; V. iv. 31.

Suggestion, temptation; IV. iv. 45.

Supplies, additional forces, reserves; IV. ii. 45.

Surecard; "surecard was used as a term for a *boon-companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century" (Malone); (Qq., *"Soccard"*); III. ii. 100.

Suspire, breathe; IV. v. 33.

Swaggerers, bullies, blusterers; II. iv. 85.

Sway on, move on (Collier *"Let's away"*); IV. i. 24.

Swinge-bucklers, roisterers; III. ii. 24.

Swinged, whipped; V. iv. 24.

Tables, table-books, memorandum books; II. iv. 298.

Ta'en up, taken up, levied (Q., *"tane"*; Ff., *"taken"*); IV. ii. 26.

Take the heat, get the start of him; II. iv. 335.

Take such order, give such orders; III. ii. 206.

Take up, encounter; I. iii. 73.

Taking up, obtaining on trust; I. ii. 48.

Tall, used ironically; V. i. 65.

TALL, sturdy; III. ii. 69.
TAP FOR TAP, tit for tat; II. i. 215.
TEMPERING, becoming soft like wax; IV. iii. 145.
TEMPERALITY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *temper;* II. iv. 25.
TENDS, contributes (Ff., *"tends"*; Q., *"intends"*); I. ii. 10.
TESTER, sixpence; III. ii. 306.
TEWKSBURY MUSTARD, mustard made in Tewksbury; II. iv. 269.
THAT THAT, that which; IV. iv. 82.
THAT, so that; I. i. 197.
THEME, business; I. iii. 22.
THEWES, muscles and sinews; III. ii. 285.
THICK, fast; II. iii. 24.
THIN MAN IN A CENSER, evidently meaning that the officer wore some kind of cap which is here likened to a censer; V. iv. 23.
THREE-MAN BEETLE, "a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it"; I. ii. 270.
TILLY-FALLY, an exclamation of contempt; II. iv. 92.
TIRRITS, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for (?) *terrors;* II. iv. 225.
TO, compared to; IV. iii. 57.
TO, for; III. ii. 186.
TOLLING, ringing for (Q., *"tolling"*; Ff., *"knolling"*); I. i. 103.
TOWARD, in preparation; II. iv. 220.
TOYS, trifles; II. iv. 189.
TRADE, activity, intercourse with; I. i. 174.
TRAVERSE, march; III. ii. 301.
TRIMM'D, trimmed up, furnished with (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"trimm'd up"*; Vaughan, *"Cramm'd"*); I. iii. 94.
TRIP, defeat; V. ii. 87.
TURK; "the Turk," the Grand Turk—the Sultan; III. ii. 343.
TURNBULL STREET, a corruption of Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell; the resort of bullies, rogues, etc. (Ff., *"Turnball"*); III. ii. 341.
TWELVE SCORE, twelve score yards; III. ii. 52.

UNEASY, uncomfortable; III. i. 10.
UNFIRM, weak; I. iii. 73.
UNSEASON'D, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
UP-SWARM'D, raised in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
UTIS; "old utis," great fun (utis, *cp. huit;* originally applied to the eighth day of a festival); II. iv. 21.

VAIL HIS STOMACH, lower his haughty pride; I. i. 129.
VALUATION; "our v.," the estimation of us; IV. i. 189.
VARLET, knave, rascal; V. iii. 14.
VAWARD, vanguard (Theobald conjectured *"rearguard"* or *"waneward"*; I. ii. 209.
VENT, small hole made for passage; Induct. 2.
VENTURE, let us venture; I. i. 185.
VESSEL; "the united v. of their blood," the vessel of their united blood; IV. iv. 44.
VICE, grip, grasp, (Q., *"view"*); II. i. 24.
VICE'S DAGGER, the wooden dagger carried by the *Vice* of the old Morality plays; III. ii. 357.

WANTON, luxurious, effeminate; I. i. 148.
WARDER, staff of command; IV. i. 125.
WASSAIL CANDLE, a large candle lighted up at a feast; I. ii. 187.

WATCH-CASE, sentry-box; III. i. 17.

WATER-WORK, water colors; II. i. 166.

WELL CONCEITED, clevered, retorted; V. i. 38.

WELL ENCOUNTER'D, well met; IV. ii. 1.

WHAT, an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 2.

WHAT, who; I. i. 2.

WHAT THE GOOD-YEAR, supposed to be a corruption from *goujère, i. e.* the French disease; a mild oath; II. iv. 64.

WHEESON, Whitsun; (Ff., *"Whitson"*); II. i. 100.

WHIPPING-CHEER, whipping fare; V. iv. 6.

WHO, which; V. ii. 128.

WINKING, closing his eyes; I. iii. 33.

WITH, by; I. i. 204.

WITHAL, with; IV. ii. 95.

WITHIN A KEN, in sight; IV. i. 151.

"WITNESS'D USURPATION"="witnesses, or traces, of its usurpation"; I. i. 63.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with grief; (Bentley conjectured *"Ucalegon"*); I. i. 71.

WOMAN-QUELLER, woman-killer; II. i. 62.

WONCOT, Wilnecote, a village near Stratford (Collier MS., *"Wilnecot"*); V. i. 41.

WO'T, wouldst; "Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?" (Q., *"thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta"*; Ff., *"Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?"*); II. i. 66, 67.

WROUGHT THE MURE, worn away the wall; IV. iv. 119.

YEA-FORSOOTH KNAVE; "one saying *yea* and *forsooth*; alluding to the mild quality of citizen oaths"; I. ii. 43.

YEOMAN, a kind of under-bailiff, sheriff's officer; II. i. 4.

YET, still; I. i. 82.

ZEAL; "z. of God," *i. e.* "devotion to God's cause" (Capell conjectured *"seal"*); IV. ii. 27.

STUDY QUESTIONS

II

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. When was Part Two first published? Was this first edition a Quarto or a Folio?

2. Does the variety of Part Two make up for the solidity of Part One? Give reasons for opinion.

3. Characterize Part Two in comparison with Part One. Which part is significant of military conflict and which of political warfare?

4. Whom do you consider to be the hero of this play—King Henry or Prince Henry? Why?

ACT I

5. What author gave Shakespeare the idea for the personified character of Rumor? What is the dramatic value of such an introduction?

6. How does Northumberland discern, from Morton's behavior, that his son is dead? What effect does the news have upon his illness?

7. By what appeal does the Archbishop of York arouse the rebels to fight?

8. How do Falstaff's words (scene ii), "I am . . . . . the cause that wit is in other men," reveal his dramatic value to the play?

9. What is the significance of "Paul's" and "Smithfield" (scene ii)?

10. Is Falstaff's impudence (scene ii) to the Lord Chief Justice merely a cloak to cover up his guilt, or a vehicle for his wit?

II

11. What metaphor does Bardolph employ to determine whether or not the rebels have sufficient strength to engage in battle?

12. How does the Archbishop convey the fact of the fickleness of the rebels?

ACT II

13. Judging from Mrs. Quickly's behavior, was she fond of Falstaff or not? How does he make use of his military office upon her charge against him?

14. Why does Prince Henry refrain from tears and seek gay company during his father's illness? Wherein does Falstaff's levity become of service to the Prince, at this time?

15. What is the gist of Falstaff's letter to the Prince?

16. How does the scene (iii) with his wife and daughter help to reveal Northumberland's sense of honor?

17. Relate an incident to show that Prince Henry insulted Falstaff (scene iv).

18. What is Shakespeare's motive in introducing the characters, Doll and Poins?

19. What influence does the extravagant vulgarity of scene iv have upon Prince Henry and his friendship with Falstaff?

20. What announcement occurs to break up the revel at the tavern?

ACT III

21. What is the King's mood at the opening of Act III? Does his soliloquy express regret for his past life?

22. What expedition is the King very desirous of taking and why?

23. Characterize and compare Shallow and Silence.

24. Does Shakespeare invent the selection of soldiers by Falstaff as one more opportunity for the latter to display his entertaining wit?

25. Comment on Falstaff's young life as deduced from his reunion with Shallow.

26. How does Falstaff intend to make use of his meeting with Shallow?

ACT IV

27. Where does Act IV open?

28. What words spoken by the Archbishop convey his opinion of Northumberland's inability to lend aid?

29. What news is received immediately after the message from Northumberland?

30. What is Westmoreland's manner when presenting the overture from the King to the rebels?

31. Explain the Archbishop's words, "the summary of all our griefs . . . . .Which long ere this we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience"?

32. What is the individual reception of Northumberland by Mowbray and the Archbishop?

33. What is the meaning of "his foes are so enrooted with his friends" (scene i)? How do they help to foretell the result of the peace conference?

34. How does Prince John's greeting to the rebels (scene ii) resemble that of Westmoreland in the previous scene?

35. Does Prince John intend to deceive the Archbishop by flattery?

36. What is the result of the peace conference?

37. How does Prince John justify his arrest of the rebels after his friendly overtures?

38. To whom does Falstaff refer when he says "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome" (scene iii)?

39. What is meant (in this scene) by celebrating anything in a "ballad"?

40. What is Falstaff's defence of much wine-drinking?

41. Where does scene iv open? What two sons of the King are here first given prominence?

42. What characteristics of Prince Henry are brought to his brother Thomas's attention by their father?

II

43. What excuse does Warwick give the King for Henry's association with low companions?

44. How does the King receive the news of the victory?

45. What act of Prince Henry's (scene v) arouses his father's suspicion of his filial respect and loyalty?

46. How does Prince Henry absolve himself of his father's accusation?

47. What farewell advice does the King give to Prince Henry?

48. Where does the King die? What is the significance, if any?

ACT V

49. Compare Shallow's words, "I will use him [Falstaff] well," with Falstaff's last words in Act III, scene ii.

50. What is the general opinion of the Court as to the future of the kingdom under Henry V?

51. What is the ancient grudge here (scene ii) revived by the Lord Chief Justice, and where has there been previous mention of it in this play?

52. In scene iii what forms of merriment does Silence indulge in?

53. What news does Pistol bring to Falstaff?

54. What is the dramatic value of scene iv?

55. What treatment does Falstaff receive at the hands of Henry V? Is the King's virtue genuine or assumed?

56. What delusion does Falstaff cherish after the King's dismissal of him?

57. What lines in the Epilogue prepare the reader for Shakespeare's play, *Henry V*?

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